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"*NELSON indeed may be regarded as the tutelary deity of the Naval Exhibition.*"

Mr. PUNCH, musing by moonlight hard by the model of the ever memorable *Victory*, mentally quoted and approved. Mr. PUNCH was musing of many things. Mainly of his own Jubilee, or rather the Jubilee of his immortal Journal, the One Hundredth Half-Yearly Volume of which was in his hands.

"This Show," he reflected, "demonstrates what colossal changes—many of the best of them owing their origin to Me!—have taken place since, Fifty Years ago, I penned the Preface to my First Volume, in the Year of Grace 1841!"

The search-light from the top of the Eddystone Lighthouse almost dazzled the Sage's upturned eyes, but for all that he could hardly be mistaken in his instant identification of a Shadowy Presence which shaped itself before him. Where is there an Englishman who would *not* recognise that small but striking and spirit-suffused figure, that keen, unconquerable glance, that ardent yet almost ascetic-looking face, that familiar star-decked uniform, that hanging coat-sleeve?

Mr. PUNCH rose and doffed his hat in respectful salutation to the Illustrious Shade, murmuring as he did so—

"For gods they are, through high Jove's counsels good,
Haunting the earth, the guardians of mankind."

"Ah," said the Shade, smiling deprecatingly, "'twas so Mr. SOUTHEY, in ending the story of my life, spake of 'the spirits of the great and the wise, which continue to live and to act after them.' But things have indeed changed, Mr. PUNCH, since *that* last went into action!" And he pointed, as he spoke, to the black and yellow poop of the *Victory*.

"Not so far changed, that there is a single British heart which does not thrill more at the sight of the mimic scene in yon dimly-lighted cockpit than at that of the huger *Victoria* of to-day, though it can hurl in one colossal shot as much iron as a broadside and a half of the *Victory* of yours, my Admiral."

"Ah! I wonder what BENBOW would have thought of 'The Mimic Naval War on the Lake'?" pursued Mr. PUNCH's interlocutor. "We did not play at pitched battles, or rehearse Trafalgar with toy-ships, in our belligerent but less scientifically ingenious days."

"Not much play, my HORATIO, about the encounter between the *Almirante Lynch* and the *Blanco Encalada*, the other day," said Mr. PUNCH, smiling. "The fact is, Admiral, a naval engagement in our Titanically-armed times must be so complicated, so sensational and so sanguinary a drama, that a little mimic 'rehearsal' is perhaps advisable.

"Doubtless, doubtless!" murmured the Shade.

"Nevertheless," pursued Mr. PUNCH, cheerily, "I will wager that the model of the *Victory* and the Nelson Relics will draw more British visitors to this Exhibition than all the Cyclopean wonders and Titanic marvels of the Armstrong Gallery. Vulcan has not yet superseded Neptune in the worship of the English-speaking peoples."

The Hero's ardent eyes gleamed with gratification.

"Doleful dumps for duffers!" cried Mr. PUNCH. "A stout heart is never long in the doldrums. You yourself once lost hope for a little,—after the loss of your dexter fin at Teneriffe. 'A left-handed Admiral,' you wrote, 'will never again

be considered as useful.' And that was before the Nile and the Baltic! Aha! but right soon 'the radiant orb suspended in your mind's eye which urged you onward to renown' (to quote your own vivid words), resumed its star-y-pointing sway."

"You combine the dauntless pluck of DRAKE with the cheery optimism of DIBDIN, Mr. PUNCH," said the Hero. "But, the Laureate of the Victorian Navy would have other materials for his metre than CAMPBELL or DIBDIN dealt with."

"Three-quarters of a ton of iron, hurled by the explosion of 960 lbs. of powder from the muzzle of a 110-ton gun, with an energy equal to 55,253 foot tons, through 28 inches of iron and steel, 20 feet of the hardest oak, 5 feet of solid granite, 11 feet of concrete, and 6 feet of brick—40 feet of tough material all told! By Thor, Admiral, that *ought* to afford Titanic inspiration to some lyrical Son of Thunder! We may say, indeed, parodying CAMPBELL's immortal ode—

"Like leviathans afloat
Lie our bulwarks on the brine;
Scarce the rocks the Titans threw,
Or the bolts of Jove divine,
Matched the missiles of to-day, immense, sublime—

"As they hew their headlong path,
Fraught with shrieking, shattering death,
The most bold may hold his breath
For a time!"

"Good!" said the Shade. "It seems to me, Sir, considering the part the English Navy has played in the English Story, that it has hardly been adequately sung by our Bards or set forth by our Statesmen. Truly this Big Show is something—by way of a beginning. But why should there not be a *permanent* Naval Exhibition, always on view, and so ordered and arranged that every British boy shall, as a matter of course, become familiarised with the heroic memories of the past, the great actualities of the present, and the splendid possibilities of the future?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mr. PUNCH, musingly. "Heroic HORATIO, you have accurately hit it! Of the British Boy it may be said—

"The British Fleet he cannot see,
Because 'tis not in sight.

That is, the Naval history of our country, and its Naval needs, are not, as they should be, forced home to his intelligence by every device of pedagogue, poet, paterfamilias, show-shaper, and statesman. When they are, we shall, perhaps, have less official fumbling, financial waste, and Naval inefficiency."

"Look to it, Mr. PUNCH!" murmured the Shade of the Great Admiral, in a voice faint but emphatic, his form slowly dislimning in the sheen of the search-light.

"Trust me, Mighty Sailor," responded the Sage. "And as evidence of the patriotic spirit in which I shall play my part, I present you with my own particular (and portable) 'Search-Light,'—powerful, penetrative, all-pervading. For Fifty Years now it has periodically flared forth and lustrously illuminated the Universe. It will make clear to you many things that perchance may strike you as obscure and nubibustic—in the Shades. At the end of my Fiftieth Volume I invited the World to my Jubilee this year—now arrived. May I beg the favour of your presence at my Centenary 'At Home,' on the 17th of July, 1941? Meanwhile, this—and its successors—may profit and please you!"

Whereupon England's favourite Sage politely proffered to England's favourite Hero his

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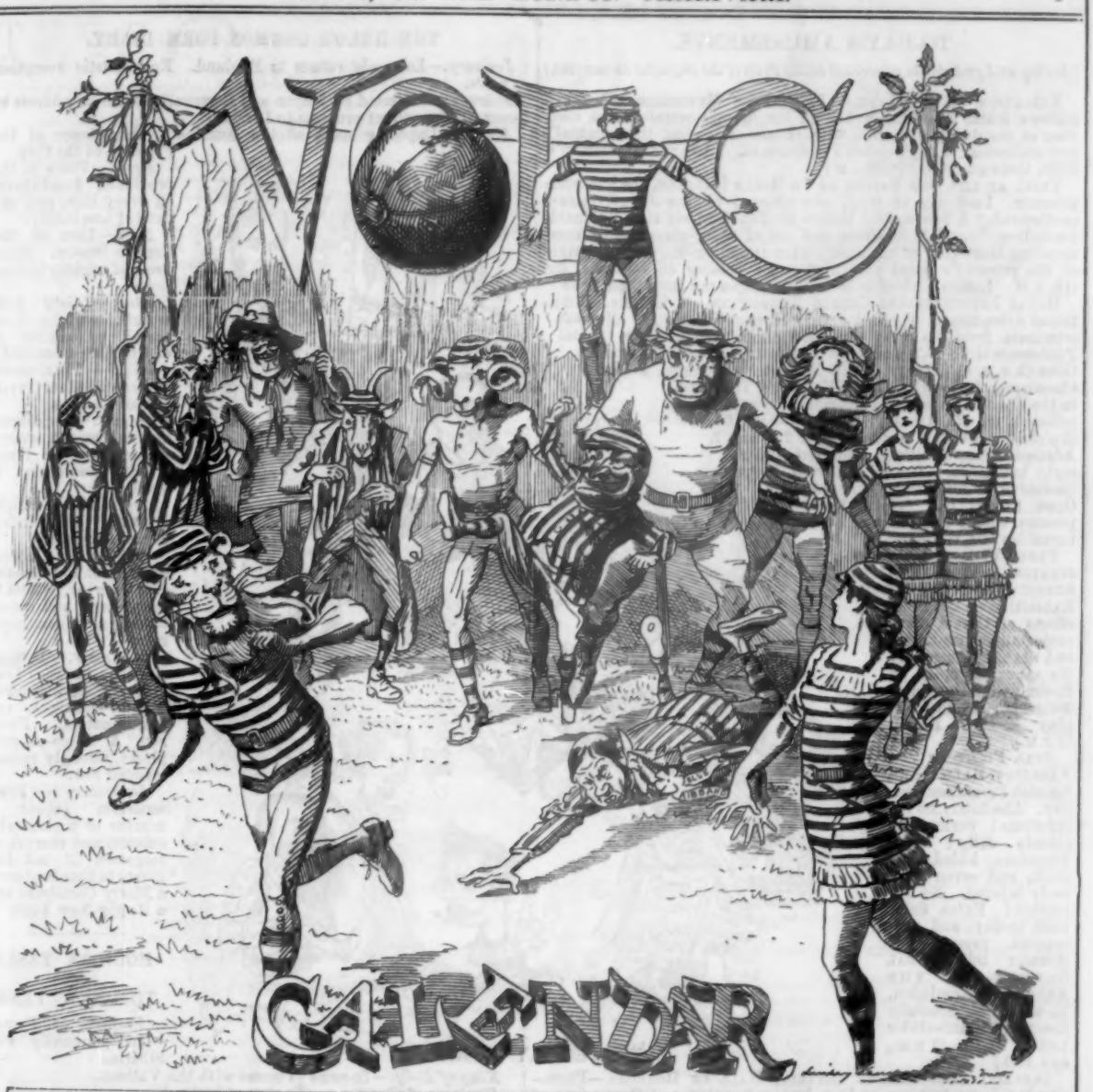

JANUARY xxxi Days.			
1 Th	N. Year's D.	17 S	Franklin b.
2 F	Abydos t.	18 M	2 S. af. Epip.
3 S	L. Hunt b.	19 T	Watt b.
4 S	2 S. af. Chr.	20 W	Fabian
5 M	Scarborough	21 W	Agnes
6 T	Epiphany	22 Th	Vincent
7 W	Bp. Ely d.	23 F	Pitt d. 1806
8 Th	Cam. L.T. b.	24 S	Fez b. 1749
9 F	S. r. 8 h. 0 m.	25 S	Septuag. S.
10 S	S. s. 4 h. 10 m.	26 M	Small Ches.
11 S	1 S. af. Epip.	27 Tu	J. Gibson d.
12 M	Hil. Sit. b.	28 W	Prescott d.
13 Tu	R. Canon	29 Th	Capit. Paris
14 W	Orl. L. T. b.	30 F	Chas. I. bhd.
15 Th	Orsini plot	31 S	B. Jonson b.
16 F	B. Cervantes		

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.			
1 S	Sexagesi. S.	16 M	Burke exc.
2 M	B. Lincoln	17 Tu	Brahan d.
3 Tu	Bonivi d.	18 W	Luther d.
4 W	S. r. 7 h. 36 m.	19 Th	Copernic. b.
5 Th	Galvani d.	20 F	J. Hume d.
6 F	S. s. 6 h. 56 m.	21 S	Trinidad t.
7 S	Dickens b.	22 S	2 S. in Lent
8 S	Quinqu. S.	23 M	S. Brookes d.
9 M	Burnley m.	24 Tu	Matthieg
10 Tu	Q. V. exer.	25 W	Wren d.
11 W	Ash. Wed.	26 Th	T. Moore d.
12 Th	Collins d.	27 F	Benevento
13 F	Revel. 1688	28 S	J. Tennisl
14 S	Valentine		
15 S	1 S. in Lent.		

MARCH xxxi Days.			
1 S	2 S. in Lent	17 Tu	St. Patrick
2 M	Wesley d.	18 W	Sons cal. op.
3 Tu	R. Merton	19 Th	Lookeow t.
4 W	Somers b.	20 F	B. Alexand.
5 Th	S. r. 6 h. 30 m.	21 S	Benedict
6 F	Du Maurier	22 S	Palm S.
7 S	S. s. 6 h. 6 m.	23 M	Nat. Gal. f.
8 S	3 S. in Lent	24 Tu	Q. Eliz. d.
9 M	Cobbett b.	25 W	Lady Day
10 Tu	Schiller b.	26 Th	D. Camb. b.
11 W	Inc. T. imp.	27 F	Good Frid.
12 Th	Gregory	28 S	Cotton
13 F	Tailford d.	29 S	East. Sun.
14 S	Byng shot	30 M	St. Holiday
15 S	4 S. in Lent	31 Tu	Haydn b.
16 M	Du. Kent d.		

APRIL xxx Days.			
1 W	All Fools	16 Th	Thiers b.
2 Th	S. r. 5 h. 35 m.	17 F	B. Colleton
3 F	S. s. 6 h. 34 m.	18 S	Grenad. d.
4 S	Ambrosday	19 S	2 S. af. Eas.
5 S	Low Sun.	20 M	Sun. S. dos.
6 M	O. Lady-Day	21 Tu	Hp. Heber b.
7 Tu	Pr. Leop. b.	22 W	Odessa bom.
8 W	B. Barrem	23 Th	St. George
9 Th	Fire Ins. ex.	24 F	B. Leaden.
10 F	Cam. H. T. b.	25 S	Pr. Alice b.
11 S	Counting d.	26 S	4 S. af. Eas.
12 S	1 S. af. Eas.	27 M	Gibbon b.
13 M	Handel d.	28 Tu	B. Tooke
14 Tu	Pr. Sunr. b.	29 W	S. Cath. S.
15 W	S. Mason.	30 Th	Pitway d.

MAY xxxi Days.			
1 F	May Day	17 S	Whit Sun.
2 S	S. r. 4 h. 32 m.	18 M	St. Holiday
3 S	Regatta d.	19 Tu	Dunstan
4 M	Spring. tide.	20 W	Columbus d.
5 Tu	S. s. 7 h. 27 m.	21 Th	Cawnpore
6 W	John Evan.	22 F	Dacent b.
7 Th	Holy Thurs.	23 S	M. Lemon d.
8 F	Le Sage b.	24 S	Trin. Sun.
9 S	Hf. qr. Day	25 M	Pr. Hol. b.
10 S	5 af. Easter.	26 Tu	Augustine
11 M	Chesham d.	27 W	Ven. Bede
12 Tu	Abbt. Mem. c	28 Th	Corp. Christ.
13 W	O. May Day	29 F	Chas. II. res.
14 Th	Gresham d.	30 S	Pope d.
15 F	O'Connell d.	31 S	1 Ev. af. Tr.
16 S	B. Albuera		

JUNE xxx Days.			
1 M	Nicomede	16 Tu	Wat. Tyl. d.
2 Tu	Harvey b.	17 W	St. Alban
3 W	S. r. 3 h. 8 m.	18 Th	Waterloo
4 Th	S. s. 9 h. 7 m.	19 F	B. Warren
5 F	Weber d.	20 S	Q. Vic. Ac.
6 S	Calpes tkn.	21 S	4 Sn. af. Tr.
7 S	2 Sn. af. Tr.	22 M	B. Fered
8 M	D. Jerrold d.	23 Tu	B. Pinsey
9 Tu	Paston d.	24 W	Midsm. D.
10 W	Hellebeg	25 Th	S. Alitria
11 Th	Barnabas	26 F	Sov. IV. d.
12 F	B. Wilton	27 S	Cairo tkn.
13 S	Hastgs. bhd.	28 S	5 Sn. af. Tr.
14 S	3 Sn. af. Tr.	29 M	St. Peter
15 M	Mag. Charta	30 Tu	Roscoe d.

JULY xxxi Days.			
1 W	B. Boyne	17 F	Punch b. '41
2 Th	S. r. 3 h. 55 m.	18 S	Sherlock d.
3 F	B. Sadowa	19 S	9 Sn. af. Tr.
4 S	S. s. 9 h. 17 m.	20 M	Margaret
5 S	6 Sn. af. Tr.	21 Tu	R. Burns d.
6 M	Old Mid. D.	22 W	Salamanca
7 Tu	J. Hess bt.	23 Th	Lgoost b.
8 W	A. Smith d.	24 F	Gilbert. tkn.
9 Th	Fire Ins. ex.	25 S	St. James
10 F	Sp. Fell d.	26 S	9 Sn. af. Tr.
11 S	K. Oudes.	27 M	Talavera
12 S	7 Sn. af. Tr.	28 Tu	Robsp. exe.
13 M	D. Orleans d.	29 W	B. Boylan
14 Tu	Bastile des.	30 Th	W. Penn d.
15 W	St. Swithin	31 F	M. Fuss d.
16 Th	Scanger d.		

AUGUST xxxi Days.			
1 S	Lammas	17 M	Ad. Blake d.
2 S	10 Sn. af. Tr.	18 Tu	B. Spurs
3 M	St. Holiday	19 W	Ocoolooc
4 Tu	Cyrac. Sen. c.	20 Th	Saragossa
5 W	S. r. 4 h. 31 m.	21 F	Blck. Ch. c. b.
6 Th	Dn. Rds. b.	22 S	B. Bosworth
7 F	S. s. 7 h. 37 m.	23 S	13 S. af. Tr.
8 S	Ottway b.	24 M	St. Bartholo.
9 S	11 S. af. Tr.	25 Tu	J. Watt d.
10 M	C. Keene b.	26 W	P. Cons. b.
11 Tu	Trin. Sit. c.	27 Th	Thomson d.
12 W	Grouse c. b.	28 F	R. Leipzic
13 Th	O. Lammas	29 S	Jas. Sp. bh.
14 F	L. Clyde d.	30 S	14 S. af. Tr.
15 S	W. Scott b.	31 M	Bunyan d.
16 S	12 S. af. Tr.		

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.			
1 Tu	Part. sh. c.	16 W	Jas. II. d.
2 W	Capit. Boden	17 Th	Lambert
3 Th	S. r. 5 h. 17 m.	18 F	Gen. I. bmd.
4 F	S. s. 6 h. 32 m.	19 S	B. Poidiers
5 S	Comte d.	20 S	17 S. af. Tr.
6 S	15 S. af. Tr.	21 M	St. Matth.
7 M	Buncrobes	22 Tu	Virgil d.
8 Tu	Nat. B. V. M.	23 W	Autm. G. b.
9 W	B. Fleddon	24 Th	B. Butler d.
10 Th	B. Quesnay	25 F	Powers d.
11 F	S. of Delhi	26 S	St. Cyprian
12 S	O. F. Riots	27 S	18 S. af. Tr.
13 S	16 S. af. Tr.	28 M	Wagnella
14 M	Holy Cross	29 Tu	Mich. Day
15 Tu	B. Ragglan	30 W	St. Jerome

OCTOBER xxxi Days.			
1 Th	Cam. M. T. b	17 S	Ethelreda
2 F	Antgo d.	18 S	21 S. af. Tr.
3 S	S. r. 6 h. 6m.	19 M	Kneller d.
4 S	19 S. af. Tr.	20 Tu	B. Navarino
5 M	S. s. 5 h. 35m.	21 W	Trafalgar
6 Tu	Faith	22 Th	B. Edge Hill
7 W	Abp. Lond b	23 F	Irish Rob.
8 Th	B. Actium	24 S	F. Leigh d.
9 F	St. Denys	25 S	22 S. af. Tr.
10 S	Ox. M. T. b.	26 M	Deanes b.
11 S	20 S. af. Tr.	27 Tu	Cap. Cook b.
12 M	Amorica d.	28 W	J. Leake d.
13 Tu	Rdr. Conf.	29 Th	J. Leech d.
14 W	S. Scalar	30 F	Tower brnt.
15 Th	Fire Ins. ex.	31 S	All Hallows
16 F	Boleoum t.		

NOVEMBER xxx Days.			
1 S	23 S. af. Tr.	16 M	J. Bright b.
2 M	All Souls	17 Tu	Hugh Sp. b.
3 Tu	Fall of Acre	18 W	Wilkie b.
4 W	Will. III. b.	19 Th	B. Arcola
5 Th	S. r. 7 h. 5m.	20 F	Ld. Elgin d.
6 F	S. s. 4 h. 32m.	21 S	J. Hogg d.
7 S	B. Montes	22 S	26 S. af. Tr.
8 S	24 S. af. Tr.	23 M	St. Clement.
9 M	F. of Wis. b.	24 Tu	J. Knox d.
10 Tu	M. Luther b.	25 W	Chantrey d.
11 W	St. Martin	26 Th	G. Grtd d.
12 Th	Hf. qr. Day	27 F	Dr. Tosh b
13 F	Brighn	28 S	Burnes d.
14 S	Lubeck d.	29 S	1 S. in Adv.
15 S	25 S. af. Tr.	30 M	Burnand b.

DECEMBER xxxi Days.			
1 Tu	Fra. Wis. b.	17 Th	Ord. M. T. c.
2 W	B. Austrel.	18 F	D. Th. 4tm.
3 Th	Sendbury b.	19 S	Cam. M. T. c.
4 F	Rishelieu d.	20 S	4 S. in Adv.
5 S	S. r. 7 h. 51m.	21 M	St. Thomas
6 S	2 S. in Adv.	22 Tu	Wis. Q. b.
7 M	S. s. 3 h. 51m.	23 W	Jas. II. abd.
8 Tu	Baxter d.	24 Th	Christ. Eve
9 W	Vendyke d.	25 F	Christ. Day
10 Th	Milton b.	26 S	St. Holiday
11 F	Jac. Gay d.	27 S	Sun. af. Chr.
12 S	Ribbet d.	28 M	Innocents
13 S	3 S. in Adv.	29 Tu	Stafford rp.
14 M	F. Cons. d.	30 W	Pope acad.
15 Tu	J. Walton d.	31 Th	Silvester
16 W	V. Weber b.		

TO-DAY'S AMUSEMENTS.

(As they will probably be advertised in the Press of the day after to-morrow.)

EXECUTION OF THE LITTLE PEDLINGTON MURDERER.—Reserved gallows seats, immediately behind the drop, commanding a clear view of the dying struggles, with chance of hearing the criminal's last confession; Lady's ticket Two Guineas. Lady and Gentleman's, ditto, three guineas. (8·30 A.M.)

TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY OF LA BELLE ISABELLE, the husband-poisoner. Last day of trial, summing-up of the Judge, intense excitement. A few special tickets at Ten Guineas still obtainable (including "snack" luncheon and use of opera-glasses), and commanding front view of the Judge when summing-up, and close sight of the prisoner's facial play during the passing of sentence, &c. (11. A.M. Ladies advised to be in their places not later than 10 30.)

GREAT INTERNATIONAL CRIMES EXHIBITION AT BŒOTIA.—Additional Attractions. Portrait groups in WAX, life-size, of all great criminals from CAIN to CHARLES PEACE; Lecture on Capital Punishments in all Ages, with illustrations and demonstrations (3 P.M. and 7 P.M.) Old Newgate. Mediæval Torture Chamber in full work. Grand Execution Tableaux, in the grounds; realistic renderings of punishments inflicted on RAVAILLAC, DAMIENS, &c., &c. (3 o'clock and 6·30.) *Auto-da-Fé* at 2·30 and 7. Admission One Shilling. Children under eight half-price. Ladies' Reserved Seats (inclusive of all Shows) One Guinea. Open 10 till 10. (Thirty thousand persons, chiefly Ladies, passed the turnstiles last Wednesday.)

PUBLIC VIVISECTION DEMONSTRATION AT THE SENSATIONAL SURGICAL SOCIETY'S ROOMS.—Exhibition of the droll effects of Curari upon subjects under the knife, and the actual cautery. No annoying noise, or disconcerting struggles! Bulgarian Band will play Popular Pieces. (3 P.M.)

BULL FIGHT AT THE ARCADIAN HALL.—Full Spanish Programme this day. Absolutely no restrictions! Serious accidents daily! Two Toreadors killed last week, and seven seriously injured. No deception! Extra fierce bulls to-day, and consequent prospect of HIGHLY SENSATIONAL SCENES IN THE ARENA!!! Admission, 1s. to £5 5s. Specially Reserved Front Seats for Ladies, £7 7s. (3 P.M., and 8·30.)

IMPERIAL PHONOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, HALL OF HORRORS.—Phonographic Reproductions of Last Dying Speeches and Confessions of Criminals. Sobs and Hysterical Attacks of Persons under trial (Women especially). Reports of Cases tried *in Camerâ*. Private Conversations of parties to *Causes Célèbres*, &c., &c., &c. Highly realistic revelations, and Sensational Vocal Scenes. Admission, Half a Guinea. (8 P.M.)

PORNOGRAPHIC ART GALLERIES.—Now open daily. Admission by private card only. Illustrated Catalogue (purchase of which is compulsory), Two Guineas. Special coloured copies including reproduction of pictures in Special Art Sanctum, £10 10s. (10 till 4 only.)

GHOUL THEATRE.—*The Society Beauty and the Blood Bath, or, The Demon of Dahomey!* Strongly Sensational Melodrama, in Five Acts, and a Special Death Dance Tableau!!! The Toilet! The Torture!! The Tub!!! Beauty unadorned and Bloodshed Undisguised! Mirth-moving Murders and Side-splitting Suicides! Fun and Funerals! Roars of Laughter and Tremendous Thrills of Pleasing Horror Nightly! Open at 7 30. Commence at 8.

Moving in Society at 9! Great Toilet Scene at 9 30!
The Blood-Bath at 10 45! Death Dance Tableau at 11·5!
Carriages at 11·10!

Enormous Success! Two-hundred-and-fifty-second Night, and still crowded with the *élite* of Fashion! Be in time!!!

THE HERO'S COMMON-FORM DIARY.

January.—Leisurely return to England. Enthusiastic reception *en route*.

February.—Greeted by Mayor and Corporation with an address at Dover. Triumphant progress to London.

March.—Imposing scene at the Guildhall. Acceptance of the Freedom of the City.

April.—Visits to the provinces. Loud cheers on every side, and unlimited hospitality.

May.—Lion of the London Season. Hundreds of nightly invitations.

June.—Gaiety from morning to night. Universal recognition of distinguished conduct.

July. — Phenomenal success of book of travels and adventures.

August.—Popularity at its height everywhere, save in town, which now begins to empty.

September. — Slight reaction. Rejoinders begin to appear.

October. — Unpleasantness on the increase. Interviewing, letters to the papers, and sensational journalism generally.

November.—Demonstration at the Lord Mayor's Show. Charges, counter-charges, and recrimination. First-rate A 1, go-as-you-please, strongly recommended row.

December. — Fresh sensation (about a murder or a charitable scheme) and everything forgotten (if not forgiven) in time to observe a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"LITERARY STARS."

HOLIDAY TASKS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Emperor of R-ss-a.—To personally visit Siberia.

King of It-ly.—To come to terms with the Vaticaan.

Emperor of G-rm-ny.—To stay at home.

King of P-rtug-l.—To accept the situation in Africa.

President C-rn-t.—To forget the existence of Egypt.

King of Sp-n.—To master the difficulties of the Alphabet.

Emperor of A-str-a.—Between Kingdom and Empire, to make both ends meet.

Lord S-l-sb-ry.—To prepare for the General Election.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—To explain Home Rule.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll.—To give up racing in favour of politics.

Mr. H. M. St-nl-y.—To re-write *Darkest Africa*.

General B-th.—To publish a balance-sheet that will please all.

Mr. Sheriff A-g-st-s H-rr-s.—To attend to his professional duties, and get through his official work.

And Mr. P-nch.—To bear as gaily as ever the weight of half a century.

SUGGESTION FOR MR. W. B. AT THE T. R. O.—Should Mr. WILSON BARRETT contemplate giving another *Matinée* of that out-of-date play, *The Lady of Lyons*, why not change its title to *The Old Lady of Lyons?* No extra charge for this suggestion.

GENUINE ORANGE BITTERS.—Police Protection to TIM HEALY.

VOCES POPULI.

THE IMPROMPTU CHARADE-PARTY.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country-House; the tables and chairs are heaped with brocades, draperies, and properties of all kinds, which the Ladies of the company are trying on, while the men rack their brains for a suitable Word. In a secluded corner,* Mr. NIGHTINGALE *and* MISS ROSE *are conversing in whispers.*

Mr. Whipster (*Stage-Manager and Organiser—self-appointed*). No—but I say, *really*, you know, we *must* try and decide on something—we've been out half an hour, and the people will be getting impatient! (*To the Ladies.*) Do come and help; it's really no use dressing up till we've settled what we're going *to do*. Can't *anybody* think of a good Word?

Miss Larkspur. We ought to make a continuous story of it, with the same plot and characters all through. We did that once at the Grange, and it was awfully good—just like a regular Comedy!

Mr. Whipster. Ah, but we've got to hit on *a Word* first. Come—nobody got an idea? NIGHTINGALE, you're not much use over *there*, you know. I hope you and Miss ROSE have been putting your heads together?

Mr. Nightingale (*confused*). Eh? No, nothing of the sort! Oh, ah—yes, we've thought of a *lot* of Words.

Miss Rose. Only you've driven them all out of our heads again!

[*They resume their conversation.*

Mr. Wh. Well, do make a suggestion, somebody! Professor, won't *you* give us a Word?

Chorus of Ladies. Oh, *do*, Professor—you're sure to think of something clever!

Professor Pollen (*modestly*). Well, really, I've so little experience in these matters that—— A Word *has* just occurred to me, however; I don't know, of course, whether it will meet with approval—(*he beams at them with modest pride through his spectacles*)—it's "Monocotyledonous."

Chorus of Ladies. Charming! Monocottle——Oh, can't we *do* that?

Mr. Wh. (*dubiously*). We might—but—er—what's it *mean?*

Prof. Pollen. It's a simple botanical term, signifying a plant which has only one cup-shaped leaf, or seed-lobe. Plants with *two* are termed——

Mr. Wh. I don't see how we're going to act a plant with only one seed-lobe myself—and then the syllables—"mon"-"oh"-"cot"-"till"—we shouldn't get done before *midnight*, you know!

Prof. Pollen. (*With mild pique*). Well, I merely threw it out as a suggestion. I thought it could have been made amusing. No doubt I was wrong; no doubt.

Mr. Settee (*nervously*). I've thought of a word. How would—er—"*Familiar*" do?

Mr. Wh. (*severely*). Now, *really*, SETTEE, *do* try not to footle like this! [Mr. SETTEE *subsides amidst general disapproval.*

Mr. Flinders. (*With a flash of genius*). I've got it—*Gamboge!*

Mr. Wh. Gamboge, eh? Let's see how that would work:—"Gam"-"booge." How do you see it yourself?

[Mr. FLINDERS *discovers, on reflection, that he doesn't see it, and the suggestion is allowed to drop.*

Miss Pelagia Rhys. I've an idea. *Familiar!* "Fame"-"ill"-"liar," you know. [*Chorus of applause.*

Mr. Wh. Capital! The very thing—congratulate you, Miss RHYS!

Mr. Settee (*sotto voce*). But I say, look here, *I* suggested that, you know, and you said——!

Mr. Wh. (*ditto*). What on earth *does* it matter who suggests it, so long as it's right? Don't be an ass, SETTEE! (*Aloud.*) How are we going to do the first syllable "Fame," eh? [Mr. SETTEE *sulks.*

Mr. Pushington. Oh, that's easy. One of us must come on as a Poet, and all the ladies must crowd round flattering him, and making a lot of him, asking for his autograph, and so on. I don't mind doing the Poet myself, if nobody else feels up to it.

[*He begins to dress for the part by turning his dress-coat inside out, and putting on a turban and a Liberty sash, by way of indicating the eccentricity of genius; the Ladies adorn themselves with a similar regard to realism, and even more care for appearances.*

AFTER THE FIRST SYLLABLE.

The Performers return from the drawing-room, followed by faint applause.

Mr. Pushington. Went capitally, that syllable, eh? (*No response.*) You might have played up to me a little more than you did—you others. You let me do everything!

Miss Larkspur. You never let any of us get a word in!

Mr. Pushington. Because you all talked at once, that was all. Now then—"ill." I'll be a celebrated Doctor, and you all come to me one by one, and say you're *ill*—see?

[*Attires himself for the rôle of a Physician in a dressing-gown and an old yeomanry helmet.*

MODERN VERSION OF "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

Mr. Whipster (*huffily*). Seems to me I may as well go and sit with the audience—I'm no use *here!*

Mr. Pushington. Oh, yes, WHIPSTER, I want you to be my confidential butler, and show the patients in.

[Mr. W. *accepts—with a view to showing* PUSHINGTON *that other people can act as well as he.*

AFTER THE SECOND SYLLABLE.

Mr. Pushington. Seemed to *drag* a little, somehow! There was no necessity for you to make all those long soliloquies, WHIPSTER. A Doctor's confidential servant wouldn't chatter so much!

Mr. Whipster. You were so confoundedly solemn over it, I had to put some fun in *somewhere!*

Mr. P. Well, you might have put it where someone could see it. Nobody laughed.

Professor Pollen. I don't know, Mr. PUSHINGTON, why, when I was describing my symptoms—which I can vouch for as scientifically correct—you persisted in kicking my legs under the table—it was unprofessional, Sir, and extremely painful!

Mr. Pushington. I was only trying to hint to you that as there were a dozen other people to follow, it was time you cut the interview short, Professor—that one syllable alone has taken nearly an hour.

Miss Buckram. If I had known the kind of questions you were going to ask me, Mr. PUSHINGTON, I should certainly not have exposed myself to them. I say no more, but I must positively decline to appear with you again.

Mr. Pushington. Oh, but really, you know, in Charades one gets carried away at times. I assure you, I hadn't the remotest (*&c., &c.—until* Miss BUCKRAM *is partly mollified.*) Now then—last syllable. Look here, I'll be a regular impostor, don't you know, and all of you come on and say what a liar I am. We ought to make that screamingly funny!

AFTER THE THIRD SYLLABLE.

Mr. Pushington. Muddled? Of *course* it was muddled—you all called me a liar before I opened my mouth!

The Rest.—But you didn't seem to know how to begin, and we *had* to bring the Word in somehow.

Pushington. Bring it in?—but you needn't have let it *out*. There was SETTEE there, shouting "liar" till he was black in the face. We must have looked a set of idiots from the front. I shan't go in again (*muttering*). It's no use acting Charades with people who don't understand it. There; settle the Word yourselves!

AFTER THE WORD. AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

General Murmur. What *can* it be? Not *Turk*, I suppose, or Magician?—Quarrelling?—Parnellite?—Impertinence? Shall we give it up? No, they like us to guess, poor things; and besides, if we don't, they 'll do another; and it is getting *so* late, and such a *long* drive home. Oh, they 're all coming back; then it *is* over. No, indeed, we can't *imagine*. "*Familiar!*" To be sure—*how* clever, and *how* well you all acted it, to be sure—you must be quite tired after it all. I am sure *we*—hem—are deeply indebted to you. . . . My dear Miss ROSE, how wonderfully you disguised yourself. I never recognised you a bit, nor *you*, Mr. NIGHTINGALE. What part did *you* take?

Mr. Nightingale. I—er—didn't take any particular part—wasn't wanted, you know.

Miss Rose. Not to *act*,—so we stayed outside and—and—arranged things.

An Old Lady. Indeed? Then you had all the hard work, and none of the pleasure, my dear, I 'm afraid.

Miss Rose (*sweetly*). Oh no. I mean yes!—but we didn't *mind* it much.

The O. L. And which of you settled what the Word was to be?

Mr. N. Well, I believe we settled that together.

[*Carriages are announced; departure of guests who are not of the house-party. In the Smoking-room,* Mr. PUSHINGTON *discovers that he does not seem exactly popular with the other men, and puts it down to jealousy.*

ROBERT'S XMAS BANKWET.

WE held our annywal Crismus Bankwet larst Satterday. Our principel Toast of course was, "Success to the Grand Old Copperashun, and may it flurrish for ewer!" with 3 times 3, and one cheer more for the bewtifool LADY MARESS, and may she flurrish for ewer too! Ah, we Waiters is a gallarnt race and knows our dooty to the fairer and weaker sects quite as well as ewen Aldermen theirselves. I next perposed the City Livvery Compnys, in a speech, as BROWN said, as ort for to be printed and sirculated. I had serttenly given a good deal of atention to it, and praps shood have dun ewen better if I hadn't quite forgot ewery word of the werry last part, which, unfortnitly, was all about the lots of money as they gives away. But I remembred all about their luvly dinners, and that was naterally more intresting to my hordience. I was werry much pressed to say which, in my opinion, of all the Nobel Livvery Cumpnys guv the most nobly scrumpshus Dinners of 'em all, but I declined, on the ground that it wood naterally cause a most enormous emount of gelosy, and was of too delicat and xquisit a natur to be thus publicly discussed. There was werry considerabel diffrens of opinion about their warious choice wines, but all agreed in praising them werry hily, but ewen more, the trew libberality with which they was served, and not poured out so close as to make the pore Waiter's dooty a thirsty and tanterlising one indeed.

We drank the Nobel Army of Hotel Keepers, most serttenly not forgettin the gentlemanly Manager of the truly "Grand," as ewerybody knows as is anybody, and drank to their great success, for werry ewident reesons.

Young FRANK returned thanks for the Ladies, and, with all the reckless ordassity of a young feller of forty, was rash enuff to say, as how as he werrily believed, that if the prinsiple Hotel Keepers was to hintroduce pretty Gals as Waiters, all us old Fogys, as he rudely called us, wood have to go and git our seweral livings in a more manly employment! Of course boys will be boys, so we kindly forgave him, more specially as he stands six foot one in his stockings, let alone his boots. However he made up for his bad manners by singing with his capital voice, his new Song of "*Old Robert the Waiter*," being a raypher complementary Parody, as he called it, upon "*Old Simon the Cellerer*," which was receeved with emense aplause. So he gave, as an arncore, the Waiter's favrite Glee of "*Mynear Van Dunk*," with its fine conwincing moral against Teetotaling and all such cold rubbish.

BROWN wound up the armony of our truly appy heavening by singing his new song of, "The LORD MARE leads a nappy life," and we sort our seweral nupshal couches as happy and contented a lot as his Lordship hisself, our werry larst drink all round being to the follering sentiment given out by me as the prowd Chairman: "May all the well to do in this grand old London of ours enjoy as merry a Crismus as we have enjoyed to-night, and may they all give a kind thort, and a liberal stump-up, to all the poor and needy who so badly wants it this bitter weather."

ROBERT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME, or, more easily pronounced, "Mr. JERUMKY JERUM," is occasionally very amusing in his book for Christmastide, entitled *Told After Supper*. What he wants, that is, what he ought to have whether he wants it or not, is judicious editing. Had this process been applied to this eccentric haphazardy book, scarcely more than a third of it would have been published. "His style, in this book at least, and, for my part," says the Baron, "I say the same of his *Three Men in a Tub*, suggests the idea of his writing being the work of a young man who, among his companions and admirers, has earned the reputation of being a 'deuced funny chap,' and so has to struggle to live up to this reputation, or to live it down." JERUMKY JERUM still somewhat affects Yankee humour, not, however, in so forced and vulgar a manner as in his overpraised *Three Men in a Boat*. Two of the Ghost Stories are humorous, but their setting is unworthy of them. Had they been introduced into a tale as DICKENS (of whose style there is a very palpable attempt at imitation in the description of a stormy winter's night) brought in his story of *Tom Smart*, and of the inimitable *Gabriel Grub*, their mirth-raising value would have been considerably enhanced. As it is, these choice morsels—sandwich'd in between heavy slabs of doughy material—stand a chance of not being tasted. To anyone who comes across the book the Baron says, "read about the Curate and the Card-trick, and JOHNSON and EMILY. The tinted paper on which it is printed is a mistake, as are also most of the amateurish illustrations."

Toll'd after Supper. Subject for a Knellegy.

WOMAN—not "lovely woman" who "stoops to folly"—nor woman who in our hour of ease is uncertain, coy, and hard to please. But Woman, the weekly *Woman* who is doing uncommonly well and in her fifty-third number, gave the week before Christmas, her idea of a Christmas dinner, and, but for "sweetbread cutlets," a very good and simple dinner it was. The same *Woman* gave also, among a variety of next-day's treatments of Turkey, *Turkey in Aspic*. Turkey in Europe, and Turkey in Asia—yes—but what about "Turkey in Aspic"? It doesn't look well; much better in French. But we dare say it's very good, though, for breakfast or supper, "devilled Turkey" is "hard to beat."

I have been trying to read LEIGH HUNT. His Biography interested me muchly, and I had always heard, in time past, so much of his writings, though I do not remember ever having heard the titles of his works mentioned, that, when a neat-looking volume was sent me by Messrs. PATERSON & Co. of *Leigh Hunt's Tales*, I anticipated great pleasure from their perusal. Alas! the pleasure was only in anticipation. I have tried, as the song says, "A little bit here, and a little bit there — Here a bit, There a bit, And everywhere a bit,"—but, hang me, says the Baron, if I can tackle any one of them. The matter doesn't interest me, and the style doesn't fascinate me. This may be rank heresy, but I can't help it. I have tried, and failed. Well, better to have tried, and failed, than never to have tried at all. But I shan't try again,—at least, not on this collection of Tales.

Goblins.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.—A good collection of pictures and sculpture—including works by Messrs. BURNE-JONES, ONSLOW FORD, ALFRED GILBERT, W. L. WYLLIE, and others—is on view at the Royal Arcade Gallery, Old Bond Street. These are to be sold for the benefit of the family of R. A. LEDWARD, the clever young sculptor, who died only a few weeks ago. Lots more to say, but you won't stand it, and will probably say, "*Par! si bête!*" So no more at present from yours par-ontally,

OLD PAR.

LEGAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL DEFINITION.—A Sheriff's Officer: a Writ-ualist.

A FORECAST FOR 1891.

(Being some Extracts from the Gloomy Outlooker's Diary.)

Old Sol. "Happy New Year, Mr. Punch!"
Mr. P. "Hope we shall see something more of you in future!"

January.—Continuation of "good old-fashioned winter." London "snowed up." Locomotion by Hansom drawn by four drayhorses, the fare from Charing Cross to Bayswater being £2 15s. Milk, 10s. the half-pint, meat unprocurable. Riot of Dukes at the Carlton to secure the last mutton chop on the premises, suppressed by calling out the Guards. People in Belgravia burn their banisters for want of coals. The Three per Cents go down to 35.

February.—Railway incursion into the centre of the Metropolis makes progress. Sir EDWARD WATKIN gets his line through Lords, crosses Regent's Park, comes down Bond Street, and secures a large centre terminus in the Green Park, with a frontage of a quarter of a mile in Piccadilly.

March.—Football atrocities on the increase. A match is played at the Oval between the Jaw Splitting Rovers and the Spine Cracking Wanderers, in which nine are left dead on the field, and fifteen are carried on stretchers to the nearest hospital.

April.—Increase of danger from electricity. A couple of large metropolitan hotels catching fire from over-heated wires, nineteen waiters, twenty-three policemen, and fifty-five members of the fire brigade getting entangled in them in their efforts to extinguish the flames, are killed on the spot, much to the satisfaction of the holders of gas shares.

May.—The "Capital and Labour" Question reaches an acute stage. The "Unemployed Other People's Property Rights League" being patted on the back by philanthropists, formulate their programme, and seize the Stock Exchange and the Mansion House.

June.—The "Capital and Labour" Question reaching a still acuter stage, 20,000 unemployed East End Lodgers break into the Bank of England, and give a banquet to the LORD MAYOR and Corporation to celebrate the event, at which Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in returning thanks for the "Arts and Sciences," says he thinks "the takings" of their hosts must have been "enormous."

July.—Results of Gen. BOOTH's "Darkest England" scheme. Triumphant return of the Submerged Tenth, who having enjoyed themselves immensely, have come back to the Slums with a view to having another innings at "the way out."

August.—The Authorities at the Naval Exhibition wishing to stimulate the public taste for the undertaking, fire one of the hundred-ton guns which, "by some oversight" being loaded, sends a shell into the City, which brings down the dome of St. Paul's, but, bursting itself, lays Chelsea in ruins, and causes the appearance of a letter in the *Times* from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, saying that the matter will be "the subject of a searching inquiry" by his Department.

September.—A few Dukes in the Highlands, using several Hotchkiss guns with their guests asked down to the shooting, exceed the known figures of any previous *battue* to such an extent that birds sell in Bond Street at 3*d.* a brace, with the result that the whole of Scotland is said to be completely cleared of game for the next seven years.

October.—The great strike of everybody commences. Nothing to be got anywhere. Several Noblemen and Members of Parliament meet the "food" crisis by organising an Upper-class Co-operative Society, and bring up their own cattle to London. Being, however, unable to kill them professionally without the aid of a butcher, they blow them up with gunpowder, and divide them with a steam-scythe, for which proceedings they are somewhat maliciously prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

November.—The Strike continuing, and times being very bad, several Peers take advantage of the 5th of the month, and make a tour of their immediate neighbourhoods in their own arm-chairs, thereby realising a very handsome sum in halfpence from a not unsympathetic public.

December.—First signs of a probable second edition of a "good old-fashioned Christmas" recognised. General panic in consequence. Attempt to lynch the Clerk of the Weather at Greenwich, only frustrated by the appearance of a strong force of Police. 1891 terminates in gloomy despair.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

(One More Version.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I beg of you to hear my tale of woe,
My case is really one of those I'm sure you'd like to know;
How EDWIN and myself, at last, have quarrelled and have parted,
And I am left to shed a tear—alone, and broken-hearted.

We were engaged for eighteen months—he often said that life
Would not be worth the living, if I would not be his wife.
My eyes, though brown, were "blue" to him, my hair a "silken tangle,"
He'd given me his photograph, and such a lovely bangle!

I had called upon his mother, and had often stayed to tea—
She said that EDWIN had, indeed, a lucky catch in me.
I thought him quite a model youth—hard-working, loyal, steady,
A thrill of pleasure filled me when he wrote, "Your own, own EDDY."

Oh! a brighter and a gladder day is surely never known
Than when EDWIN calls his darling ANGELINA his "own own."
It warmed me with the glow of love, it cheered me up when lonely,
Yet I didn't feel so happy, when it came to be, "Yours only."

The extra syllable indeed did not increase the charm,
I tried, however, to believe it didn't mean much harm;
So confident was I that naught our love could hurt or sever,
But it looked suspicious when next time he only put, "Yours ever."

He only called me darling once! how different from before!
Oh, could it be he liked me less (or other maiden more)?
And was he tired of me—the girl he loved so fondly, dearly?
It could not be! And then he wrote, "I am, Yours most sincerely."

Yes—was he going to fling me off as though a worn-out glove?
You can't do with Sincerity if what you need is Love!
I could not think such ill of him, although it did look queerly,
That in his next the "most" was gone, and he was mine "sincerely."

Yet even then I loved him still, for in the human breast
Hope springs eternal, so I dared to hope on for the best;
And, after all, such things as these ought not to weigh unduly,
But it *was* more than I could bear to have to read, "Yours truly."

The truth was clear—I quickly sent him back his lovely *cartes*,
His bangle, and his poetry of Cupid and his darts.
I said to him how grieved I was his love had thus miscarried—
And then I found out everything; alas! the wretch was married

So here am I, as beautiful as anyone I know,
You couldn't get a better wife, no matter where you go.
And if you know, dear *Mr. Punch*, a husband, say you've seen a
Nice girl, who'd make him happy and whose name is

ANGELINA.

WHY THE DUES WERE THEY DONE AWAY WITH?—Under the beneficent influence of the early coal dews—subsequently spelt coal dues—which have existed from the earliest times, City and Metropolitan Improvements have sprung up into existence. Now, thanks to ignorant, but well-meaning County Councillors, the coal dues being abolished, up goes the price of coal, up go the rates, and there is no surplus for improvement of any sort. If those ancient days of coal dues were considered "hard times," then sing we, in chorus, "Hard times, come again once more!"

PRIG-STICKING.

Little Prigson. "OH! AS FOR GRIGSON, HE'S DISTINCTLY THE MOST OBJECTIONABLE LITTLE PRIG IN ALL ENGLAND; BUT HIS SISTAH'S *QUITE* THE NICEST GIRL I EVER MET."

Aunt Eliza. "DEAR ME! WHAT SWEEPING ASSERTIONS! YOU *MIGHT* HAVE HAD THE DECENCY JUST TO MAKE THE TRADITIONAL EXCEPTION IN FAVOUR OF *PRESENT COMPANY!*"

Cousin Maud. "YES; IN *BOTH* CASES, YOU KNOW!"

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Mr. Punch, loquitur:—

A HAPPY New Year? I should think so, my boy,
Tossed thus in the arms of your PUNCHY right cheerily,
'Midst all that a youngster should love and enjoy,
At least, you're beginning most merrily.
Under the Mistletoe Bough
You make a good start, anyhow.
With a kiss from the lips that can never betray,
There's many a girl would be greeted *that* way!

You're welcome, my lad! It is *Punch's* old style
To hail with stout heart all such annual new-comers;
In winters of chill discontent he'll still smile,
His warmth seems to turn 'em to Summers!
Under the Mistletoe Bough
All doldrums are bosh and bow-wow.
He doesn't mix rue in his big New Year Bowl,
Whose aim is to cheer up the national soul.

Sursum corda! That motto's the best of the bunch;
Make it yours, young New Year, and 'twill keep up your pecker.
Giving way to the Blues, you may take it from *Punch*,
Never helped one in heart or exchequer.
Under the Mistletoe Bough
You cannot do better, I vow,
Than make that same maxim your boyhood's first rule,
As your very first tip in your very first school.

Don't look like a pedagogue, do I, my lad?
And indeed I am not an Orbilius Plagosus,
Like him who made juvenile FLACCUS so sad.
How well the Venusian knows us!
Under the Mistletoe Bough
He never kissed maid, but somehow
Our Dickensish Season he seemed to divine
With his fondness for friendship, and laughter, and wine.

No, boy, I don't greatly believe in the birch,
(Though sometimes my *bâton* must play—on rogues' shoulders.)
Love's rather too apt to be left in the lurch
By Orbilian smiters and scolders.
Under the Mistletoe Bough
A kiss is best treatment, I trow.
A salute from the lips of your *Punch* you'll not spurn,
And the young guests around you shall each take a turn.

The outlook, my lad, seems a little bit drear,
There are clouds and storm-shadows about the horizon,
But—well, you're a chubby and rosy Young Year,
As ever your PUNCHY set eyes on.
Under the Mistletoe Bough
You look mighty kissable—now.
So here goes another, for luck like, my dear,
As we wish everybody A Happy New Year!

Old Morality's Christmas Card and New Year Wishes.

THIS communication is designed to convey the expression of the wish that on the 25th of December and proximate days you, and those not distantly connected with you by family ties, may have enjoyed a season of Wholesome Hilarity, and that the new period of twelve months, upon which we are about to enter, may be Suffused with Happiness. (*Signed*) W. H. S.

Henley-on-Thames, New Year's Eve, 1890.

THE PERFECT UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE is exemplified in the title and name of BISHOP KING.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

"DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."

"In these days of conflicts between Counsel, I propose to make a few additions to my usual forensic costume."—*Extract from a Letter of Mr. Welnown Kewsee, Q.C., to a young Friend.*

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

TO A FRIEND.

Do you remember how we sat,
We two, in this same room together
Last year, and talked of this and that,
And warmed our toes and cursed the weather?

And dreamed of fame, and puffed a cloud
(We both smoked briars, I remember),
And sipped our whiskey hot, and vowed
To do or die ere next December?

We spoke without respect of BEN,
BEN who was ploughed, or very nearly;
Now BEN bamboozles jurymen,
And makes his thousand guineas yearly.

We both despised the wretched JOE,
My fag at school, your butt at College.
Dull, elephantine, pompous, slow,
Choked with absurdly useful knowledge.

Yet JOE assists to give us laws,
Speaks in the House, and shows his fat form,
'Midst empty thunders of applause,
Erect on many a Tory platform.

And poor, inconsequential JACK,
His mind a maze, like Mr. TOOTS's,
Has married money, keeps a hack,
And has a big account at COUTTS's.

TOM owns a house in Belgrave Square,
And DICK is noted for his dinners—
Life is a race, but was it fair, [winners?
We asked, that *these* should be the

We, too, would win; and Heaven knows
What vows we uttered fiery-hearted,
While '89 drew to its close,
And '90 found us—so we parted.

* * * *

And here, good lack, while '90 wanes,
Our candles flaring in their sockets,
We sit once more and count our gains—
Wrinkles, grey hairs, and empty pockets.

Yet, Heaven be thanked that made us friends;
Men prate of wealth in empty words, I
Sit here content as '90 ends,
And sip my grog, and smoke my bird's-eye.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

SEASONABLE.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is a new irritating and explosive Stimulant.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the Universal Restorer.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sends the sleeping baby instantly flying out of the cradle.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER makes the invalid Grandfather suddenly mount to the fifth storey by leaps and bounds.

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PICK-ME-UP PEPPER turns head-ache into delirium.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER literally blows up the brain tissues.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sets a whole household on the sneeze.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER establishes fever in the Infant School.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER paralyses the Hippopotamus.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER drives a Chief Justice off the Bench.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER irritates the Solicitor.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER maddens the dentist.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sets the Archbishop dancing a break-down.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER hurries the Philosopher into a Lunatic Asylum.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER staggers the rising Politician.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER causes the resignation of the Prime Minister.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER makes a four-wheeler cab-horse win the Derby.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the sheet-anchor for Practical Jokers.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER may be safely relied on by Master TOMMY.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, put in the baby's bottle, will divert the Nursery.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, introduced into the Soup at a dinner-party, will lead to a serious riot in the dining-room.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, administered in a sandwich, will choke an Uncle.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the general disorganiser of every Household.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—A Pinch will thoroughly banish sleep for a whole fortnight.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—"AN OCTOGENARIAN CONSUMER" writes:—"I was in a comatose condition for twenty years, when I came across your Pepper. I had scarcely tried it ere I bounded up from my arm-chair, and have danced a continual fandango ever since. I carry it loose in all my pockets, and scatter it on all my friends whenever I meet them. This has got me kicked out of all their houses in turn; but I do not in the least mind. I'm as merry and as mad as a March hare—and your Pepper has done it."

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—The Proprietors beg to inform their Friends and Patrons that they can supply this highly combustible and explosive compound in felt safety cases, carefully packed at their bomb-proof establishment in Barking Marshes, at the usual retail prices, viz., 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 11*s.*, 21*s.*, and 31*s.* 6*d.*, &c., &c.

SHADOWS FROM MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to address you on a subject that I feel sure will enlist your kind attention and sympathy. How am I to get through Yule Tide? Ought I to give up the dispatch of "cards," or ought I to send them to all my relatives, friends, and acquaintances? If I drop the custom, people who like me will think I am cutting them, and persons with whom I am less popular will

Tossing up for Turkey at Christmas Time.

imagine that economy, not to say meanness, is the cause of my ceasing to trouble the Post Office. Suppose that I "hang the expense," and *do* send the cards. Well, I am in this position; it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to get a suitable greeting to all those who receive my annual benediction. If I have "Wishing you and yours every happiness," with my appended name and address lithographed, the greeting seems cold, and even inappropriate, if addressed to, say, a favourite Maiden Aunt; and unduly familiar if forwarded to the acquaintance I saw for the first time in my life the day before yesterday. Then if I trust to the ordinary Christmas Cards of commerce, I am often at a loss to select an appropriate recipient for a nestful of owls, or the picture of a Clown touching up an elderly gentleman of highly respectable appearance with a red-hot poker! If I get a representation of flowers, the chances are ten to one that the accompanying lines are of a compromising character. It is obviously cruel to send to a recently-widowed Uncle some verses about "*Darby and Joan*," and my Mother-in-law is not likely to feel complimented if I forward to her a poetically expressed suggestion that there is no pleasanter place than her own home—away, of course, from her Son-in-law! And yet these are the problems that meet the would-be Yule Tide card distributer at every turn! I remain, my dear *Mr. Punch*, yours sincerely,

ONE WHO WISHES TO AVOID A ROW.

P.S.—If this arrives late, thank the cards that have overtaxed the postal arrangements.

The United Service Diary for 1891.

Extremes Meet.

January to March.—Soldiers on leave. Sailors at sea. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

April to June.—Soldiers at play. Sailors in harbour. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

July to September.—Soldiers at sea (autumn manœuvres). Sailors at play (*ditto*). Civil Servants away (*ditto*).

October to December.—Soldiers on leave. Sailors at sea. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

FOLLIES OF THE YEAR.

IN THE LATEST STYLE.

(By Our Intrepid Interviewer.)

FEELING that your readers would be interested in learning Mr. CHOSE's own view of the unpleasant affair, I called upon the distinguished Arctic Explorer just as he was sitting down to breakfast.

"Now, Mr. CHOSE, is it really true," I asked, "that you stole the umbrellas?"

The face of the warrior flushed angrily, for a moment, and then regaining his composure, he replied that he could not see the point of possessing himself of articles that would be absolutely valueless in those extremely northern latitudes.

"That is not the question," I persisted. "I am sure you will forgive me, when you remember that I speak in the name of the Public; but what I want, and what they want to know is, Did you steal the umbrellas? Now, Mr. CHOSE, you can surely answer Yes or No."

"I don't see what either you or they have to do with it," replied the Arctic Explorer, cutting off the top of a boiled egg, "but as a matter of fact, I had nothing whatever to do with any of the luggage of the expedition. So, if it is said, that I walked about with a shower-protector that was not my own, you can value the story for what it is worth. Why, on the very face of it, the report is ridiculous!"

"Exactly," I agreed, "but, then, the world is uncharitable. However, Mr. CHOSE, perhaps you can tell me if it is true that your friend and colleague, Mr. BLANK, converted an aged Esquimaux into what he termed Iced Greenlander?"

"I have heard the story, certainly; but cannot say whether it is true or not. When the incident is alleged to have happened, I was in another part of the country, having been sent there to change novels at the local circulating library."

"But would you say it was probable?"

"Distinctly not. BLANK was a noble-hearted, chivalrous, merry, gladsome, gallant young fellow. He was the soul of honour. Why," he added, with deep emotion, "I have left as much as fourpence in coppers on a mantel-piece alone with him, and on my return have found every halfpenny of the money untouched!"

"Then do you not think he pushed the old man into the sausage-machine?"

"If he did, it must have been either accidentally, or to win a wager, or perhaps as practical joke. That he would do anything open to censure at the hands of the severest moralist, is absolutely incredible. Why, he is a Loamshire man!"

"So I have heard; and, now, Mr. CHOSE, as I see that you have finished your breakfast, I will put to you a purely personal question. Is it true that you poisoned your grandmother, drowned your uncle, stifled your niece, and hanged your brother-in-law?"

The Arctic Explorer pulled angrily at his moustache, and said something about the reports to which I referred being exaggerated.

"And may I take it that you have never been in gaol for picking pockets? And when it is said that you were turned out of a Club for cheating at cards——"

But at this point I was assisted to take my leave with so much abruptness, that I was forced to leave my last question but partially formulated. On finding myself once more in the street, I noticed that I was reclining in the gutter, bare-headed. A little later, however, my hat was thrown after me.

PICTORIAL NOTE TO HAMLET.

HAMLET AS HE REALLY OUGHT TO BE, ACCORDING TO SHAKSPEARE.

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt!"

Note.—Shakespeare was the originator of the æsthetic expression "Too, too."

Queen. "He's fat, and scant of breath,
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows."

POLITICS UP TO DATE.

(Specimen Leader from an Irish Paper in a Chronic State of Revolution.)

WEDNESDAY, 9 A.M.—We appear this morning awaiting the future with confidence and hope. So far, we have been able to conduct this journal on patriotic lines. We have denounced the Leader of the Party as the enemy of his country, and have applauded his opponents as the saviours of society. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the time may arrive when this policy may be reversed. The hour may come——

10 A.M.—It has! We have much pleasure in informing our readers that, after a vigorous fight (honourable to all who took part in it), we have conquered. This paper is in our hands, and henceforward we shall support, to the best of our ability, the Leader of the Party, and denounce the infamous pretensions of his opponents; still, it would be unwise to ignore the possibilities of the future. We may be overpowered by a tyrannical majority. The time may come——

11 A.M.—It has! Hurroo! It was hard fighting to get back; but here we are again, ready to denounce the leader, and support his opponents. For the moment we are victorious, but who shall prophesy what may be looming in the distant ages? The hour may come——

12 NOON.—It has! And now that we have again taken possession, we must say we have never had so elegant a quarrel. The shillelaghs were flinging about all over the place, cracking crowns in all directions, and the scrimmages were just magnificent! It was an elegant row entirely! But now to work. Our noble leader deserves his triumph, and his opponents are nowhere. Still in the moment of victory, it would be foolish to overlook the chances of to-morrow. The hour may come——

1 P.M.—It has! Be jabers, what a contest! But we have just slaughtered them! Oh, it was a fine sight entirely! How the ink-pots flew about! Easy now, let us to business. The shorter we make our remarks the better, as no one can say what will be happening hereafter. The hour may come——

2 P.M.—It has! With a vengeance! We have defeated them! Hurroo, boys! This is not the time for composition! Tread on the tail of my—we mean—our coat! Come on, ye dirty spalpeens! Hurroo!

[*Publication suspended until someone can be found—not otherwise engaged—to write and print it, while someone else starts a rival and "suppressed" edition.*

THE AMUSING RATTLE'S NOTE-BOOK FOR 1891.

January.—If dining out on the 1st, remember that the QUEEN was created Empress of Hindostan on that date in 1877, although the Opposition tried to *hinder her* from assuming the title. Work this out. Lent Term commences at Oxford and Cambridge. Can't be given away if only *lent*. This entertaining quibble (suitable to five o'clock teas in Bayswater) can be applied to other topics. Note the colours of the Universities, and bring in somehow "a fit of the blues." On the 13th PITT died, on the 14th FOX was born. First date suggestive of PITT, the second of *pity*. Good joke for the Midlands. Put it down to SHERIDAN.

February.—On the 3rd Lord SALISBURY born on St. Blaise's festival. Consequently might be expected to set the Thames on fire. This said with a sneer, should go splendidly at a second-rate Radical luncheon-party. On the 14th, if you receive an uncomplimentary missive, say it is less suggestive of *Valentine* than *Orson*. This capital jest should make you a welcome guest in places where they laugh until the end of the month.

March.—Not much doing. On the 8th Battle of Abookir, 1801. If you take care to pronounce the victory *A-book-er*, you may possibly get a jest out of it in connection with a welshing transaction on the turf, when you can call it "the defeat of *A-book-er*." Good at a hunting-breakfast where the host is a nonagenarian, who can observe "1801?—the year of my birth!"

April.—Remember BISMARCK was born on the 1st, so it can't be "*All* Fools' Day." Work this up to amuse a spinster aunt who reads the *Times*.

May.—You may say of the 1st, if it is cold, that it is a "naughty date." If you are asked for a reason for this assertion, apologise and explain that you meant a "*Connaughty* date, for it is Prince ARTHUR'S Birthday." The claims of loyalty should secure for this quaint conceit a right hearty welcome. In 1812, on the 22nd, GRISI the celebrated songstress was born. At a distance of four hundred miles from London, in extremely unsophisticated society, you may perhaps venture something about the notes of this far-famed artist being like "lubricated lightning" for evident reasons, but you must not expect any one to laugh.

June.—The name of this month may assist you to a joke here and there in regard to a well-known ecclesiastical lawyer and Queen's Counsel. This will be the more valuable, as the "remarkable days" are few and far between, according to WHITAKER.

July.—Note that on the 3rd the Dog Days commence, and that it is also the anniversary of the Battle of Sadowa. If you pronounce the victory "sad-hour" you should get a jest calculated to cause merriment amongst persons who have spent the best years of their lives on desert islands, or as Chancery Division Chief Clerks. On the 24th the Window Tax was abolished, of which you may say that although a priceless boon it was only a *light* relief. If you can only introduce this really clever *bon mot* into a speech at a wedding breakfast, a railway indignation meeting or a debate in the House of Lords, it is sure to go with howls not to say shrieks. PENN died on the 30th, and in founding Pennsylvania was mightier than the sword. This announcement is the nearest approach to levity that in common decency can be tolerated in a mourning coach.

August.—On the 1st, in 1834, no less than 770,280 British slaves were freed. You might ask satirically, how many slaves (be they husbands or be they wives) now exist? You might offer this to a clergyman to be used in a sermon. On the 26th, Anniversary of the Battle of Cressy. Opportunity for saying (at the breaking-up of an infant school) that on account of the extremely warm reception to which the French were welcomed on that occasion, the victory might be appropriately called, "the Battle of Mustard-and-Cressy." This will be found pleasing by a Colonial Briton home on furlough, and an Honorary Royal Academician living in retirement.

September.—On the 1st, Shooting at Partridges commences. Opportunity for aiming old jokes about firing off guns without loading, killing dead birds, &c., &c. On the 3rd, the present Lord Chancellor born in 1825—the name of GIFFARD entombed in Hals-*bury*. A little obscure this, but, if carefully worked out, will amply repay time and attention. On the 9th THOMAS WATTS (who may be amusingly called "Watts-his-name"), died in 1869. Not much in this, but may possibly fill up an awkward pause during the reading of a will, or the arrival of fresh hot water at a newly-married lady's initial hospitality at five o'clock tea.

October.—FIELDING, the novelist, *bowled out* on the 8th in 1754. Battle of Agincourt on the 25th—an awful example to habitual drunkards. Pheasant-shooting commences. Right time to tell that story about the Cockney who, dropping his "h's," shot *peasants* instead! This well-worn jest will be still found attractive by Australians who have spent the better part of their lives in the Bush.

November.—Good joke still to be made in the quieter suburbs about having special appointments for the 5th, when one has to take the chair at a meeting which perambulates the streets. Lord Mayor's Day on the 9th—opportunity for letting off "the Mayor the merrier," "£10,000 a Mayor's Nest-egg," &c., &c. Jests about the fog not now popular—the infliction is too serious for jocularity!

ALWAYS ENTERTAINING;
OR, VERY MUCH TAKEN CUM (CORNEY) GRAIN O!

December.—Holiday time for everyone, inclusive of that most melancholy of persons "the funny man." BOB LOWE (born in 1811) reaches the age of eighty, and the Grand Old Man (born in 1809) eighty-two! With this ingenious quibble the Amusing Rattle can wish himself a Merry Christmas, and the remainder of the world a Happy New Year.

APPROPRIATE.—Sir,—Was there ever a more appropriate Christmas legal case than appeared in the *Times* Law Report, December 20th, and which was entitled "*The Mayor, &c. of Bootle-cum-Linacre* v. *The Justices of Lancashire?*" What delightful names for a comic chorus to a *Bab Ballad* in a Pantomime.

Solo. Oh, did ye ne'er hear of His Worship the Mayor
Chorus. Of Bootle-cum-Linacre diddle-cum-dee;
Solo. Who went for the Justices of Lankyshare,
Chorus. Singing Bootle-cum-Linacre diddle-cum-dee.

Too late for the Burlesques and the Pantomimes, but it may still be serviceable at Music Halls and "places where they sing."

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

"Who are the Happy, who are the Free?

YOU TELL ME, AND I'LL TELL THEE.
Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye;
To Friend or to Foe,
To all above, and to all below,
THESE ARE THE HAPPY, THESE ARE THE FREE.
SO MAY IT BE WITH THEE AND ME."

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood-Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c. It prevents Diarrhœa, and removes it in the early stages.

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IT IS PLEASANT, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

YOU CANNOT OVERSTATE ITS GREAT VALUE IN KEEPING THE BLOOD PURE AND FREE FROM DISEASE.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to record my knowledge of the great efficacy of your 'FRUIT SALT' in Measles. A friend of mine, who had three grandchildren laid up with this complaint, administered frequent doses, with the result that all the children pulled through wonderfully in a short time, for which the mother was exceedingly grateful, thanks to you. For myself and family, your 'FRUIT SALT' is our universal remedy. Bordering on years as I am, I find a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' and a few of ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTOS' the greatest boon in the up-hill battle of this life. "I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"J. C. ENO, October, 1890. "A CITY MAN."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY of PURPOSE; WITHOUT it LIFE is a SHAM!"—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

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DENTIFRICE WATER

Beautifies and Preserves the TEETH.
Imparts a Sweet Fragrance to the BREATH.
Is Cooling and Refreshing to the MOUTH.
And takes away smell of TOBACCO.
N.B.—The success of this the first liquid Dentifrice made in England has led to many INFERIOR imitations. It is necessary for purchasers to see T. & C.'s signature band on each Bottle.
Bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores, or sent, post free, from
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HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

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Baths founded at Bath by the Romans in the First Century. The waters are well known as being most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and Skin Affections. The Corporation of Bath have recently enlarged and perfected the Baths at great expense. In the words of one of the greatest Hygienic Physicians, THE BATHS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN EUROPE. Band Daily in the Pump-Room. Letters to the Manager will receive attention and every information.

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THE DEAF MAY HEAR.

THE AUROPHONE is a new Scientific Invention of an Invisible Apparatus to be worn in the ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by anyone, and will almost instantaneously restore hearing to anyone not stone deaf. It can be tested ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST at THE AUROPHONE CO.'S ROOMS, 29, BAKER STREET, LONDON.
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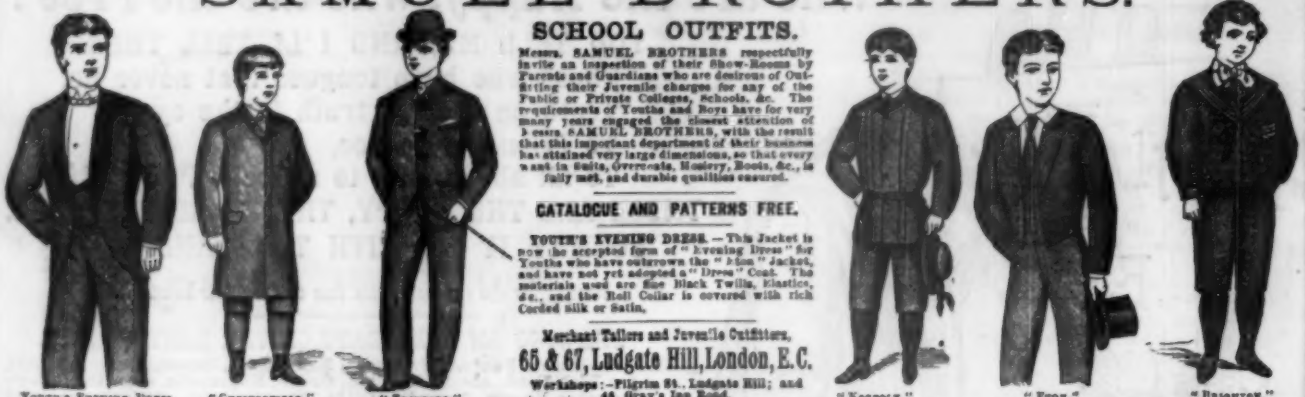
SAMUEL BROTHERS.



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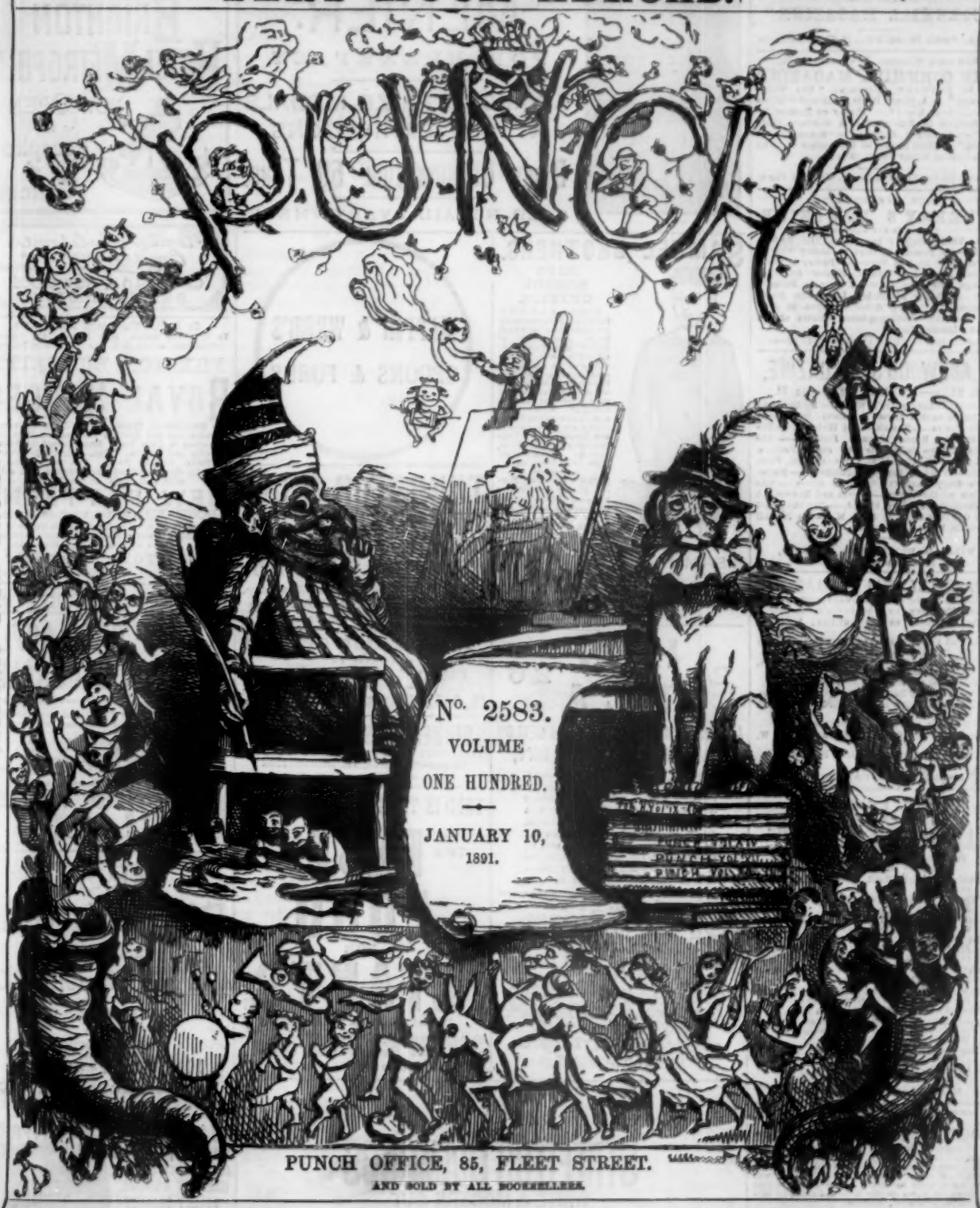

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THE BOOK OF STIFFUN ORRORS.

CHAPTER I.

STIFFUN ORRORS was a gigantic fair-haired man, whose muscles were like the great gnarled round heads of a beech-tree. When a man possesses that particular shape of muscle he is sure to be a hard nut to crack. And so poor PATRICKSEN found him, merely getting his own wretched back broken for his trouble. GORGON GORGONSEN was Governor of Iceland, and lived at Reykjavik, the capital, which was not only little and hungry, but was also a creeping settlement with a face turned to America. It was a poor lame place, with its wooden feet in the sea. Altogether a strange capital. In the month of Althing GORGON took his daughter to Thingummy-vellir, where there were wrestling matches. It came to the turn of PATRICKSEN and STIFFUN. STIFFUN took him with one arm; then, curling one leg round his head and winding the other round his waist, he planted his head in his chest, and crushing his ribs with one hand he gave a mighty heave, and clasping the ground, as with the hoofs of an ox, he flung him some two hundred yards away, and went and married RACHEL the Governor's daughter. That night he broke PATRICKSEN's back, as if he had been a stick of sugar-candy. After this he took his wife home, and often beat her, or set his mother on her. But one day she happened to mention PATRICKSEN, so he fled, cowed, humiliated, cap in hand, to Manxland, but left to her her child, her liberator, her FASON, so that she might span her little world of shame and pain on the bridge of Hope's own rainbow. She did this every day, and no one in all Iceland, rugged, hungry, cold Iceland, knew how she did it. It was a pretty trick.

The Characters Personally-Conducted by the Author to Reykjavik.

CHAPTER II.

THIS is the Isle of Man, the island of MATT MYLCHREEST, and NARY CROWE, but plenty of vultures, the island of Deemsters, and Keys, and Kirk Maughold, and Port y Vullin. Here at the Lague lived ADAM FATSISTER, the Deputy Governor, who had been selected for that post because he owned five hundred hungry acres, six hungrier sons, a face like an angel's in homespun, a flaccid figure, and a shrewd-faced wife, named RUTH. Hither came STIFFUN, to beg shelter. The footman opened the door to him, but would have closed it had not ADAM, with a lusty old oath, bidden him to let the man in. Hereupon STIFFUN's face softened, and the footman's dropped; but ORRORS, with an Icelander's inborn courtesy, picked it up, dusted it, and returned it to its owner. Shortly afterwards, STIFFUN became a bigamist and a wrecker, and had another son, whom, in honour of the Manxland Parliament, he christened MICHAEL MOONKEYS, and left him to be cared for by old ADAM, whose daughter's name was GREEBA. STIFFUN, as I have said, was a wrecker, a wrecker on strictly Homeric principles, but a wrecker, nevertheless. When storm-winds blew, he was a pitcher and tosser on the ocean, but, like other pitchers, he went to the bad ones too often, and got broken on the rocks. Then came KANE WADE, and CHALSE, and MYLCHREEST, and they sang hymns to him.

"Ye've not lived a right life," said one. "Now, by me sowl, ye've got to die," sang another. "All flesh is as grass," roared a third. Suddenly FASON stood beside his bedside. "This," he thought, "is my father. I must kill him." But he restrained himself by a superhuman effort—and that was the end of ORRORS.

THE BOOK OF MICHAEL MOONKEYS.

CHAPTER III.

MICHAEL and FASON were both the sons of ORRORS. They were both Homeric, and both fell in love with GREEBA, who flirted outrageously with both. These coincidences are absolutely essential in a tale of simple human passions. But, to be short, GREEBA married MICHAEL, who had become First President of the second Icelandic Republic. Thus GREEBA and MICHAEL were at Reykjavik. FASON followed, spurred by a blind feeling of revenge. About this time Mrs. FATSISTER took a dislike to her husband.

"Crinkum, crankum!" she said, "you'd have me toil and moil while you pat your nose at the fire."

"RUTH," said ADAM.

"Hoity toity!" cried she. "The house is mine. Away with you!" So poor old ADAM also set out for Reykjavik, and the boatmen cried after him, "*Dy banne jee oo!*" and he immediately jeeooed, as you shall hear. Last, GREEBA's six brothers packed up, and left for Reykjavik; and now that we have got all our characters safely there, or on the way, we can get on with the story. It may be mentioned, however, that Mrs. ADAM found a fever in a neglected cattle-trough. Being a grasping woman, she caught it, and took it home—and it killed her.

CHAPTER IV.

RED FASON meant to kill MICHAEL. That was plain. So he was tried by a Bishop and nine of his neighbours an hour or so after the attempt. And although the time was so short, all the witnesses had been collected, and all formalities completed. And FASON was dumb, but great of heart, and the Bishop condemned him to the sulphur-mines, for which he soon afterwards started with his long stride, and his shorn head, and his pallid face. Upon this the six brothers of GREEBA arrived, spread calumnies, and were believed. Their names were ASHER, JACOB, JOHN, THURSTAN, STEAN, and ROSS, but they preferred addressing one another as JOBBERNOWL, WASTREL, GOMERSTANG, BLUBBERHEAD, NUMSKULL, and BLATHERSKITE. It saved time, and made things pleasant all round. MICHAEL quarrelled with his wife, and there is no knowing what might have happened, if GORGON GORGONSEN, at the head of some Danish soldiers, had not upset the Republic, and banished MICHAEL to the sulphur-mines to join his brother.

THE BOOK OF RED FASON.

CHAPTER V.

POOR ADAM arrived too late, yet he has his use in the tale, for his words to GORGON GORGONSEN were bitter words, such as the cruel old Governor liked not. And he harried him, and worried him, but without avail. for in Reykjavik money was justice, and ADAM had spent his. What availed it that a grey silt should come up out of the deposits of his memory? That was a totally unmarketable commodity in Reykjavik, as ADAM found to his cost. And in the end intending to shoot MICHAEL they shot FASON. And yet it is perfectly certain that the next chapter of this Saga, had there been a next, would have found all the characters once more in the Isle of Man. For nothing is more surely established than this: that a good (or a bad) Icelander, when he dies (or lives), goes always to the Isle of Man, and every self-respecting Manxman returns the compliment by going to Iceland. And thus are Sagas constructed. And this is the End.

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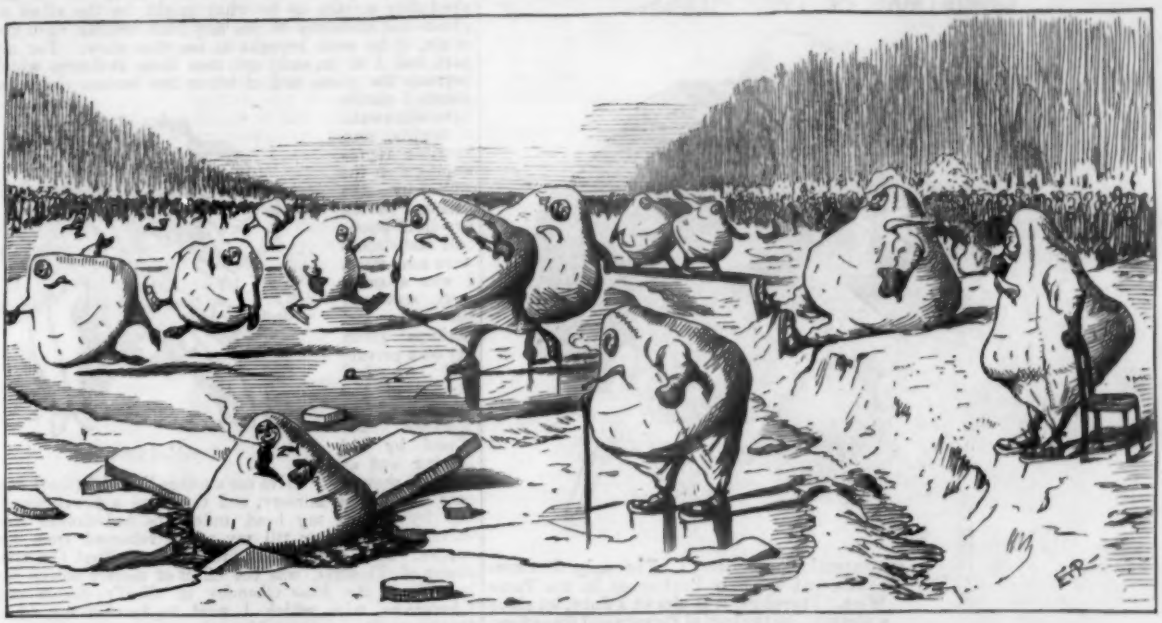
Launce. When a poor man's cur shall cost him some thirteen shillings and sixpence within the year, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up as a puppy; one of a mongrel litter that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind, breedless brothers and sisters went to it. Verily I will write to the *Standard* thereanent. Item—muzzle, two shillings; item—collar, under new order, two shillings and sixpence; item—engraving collar, under new order, one shilling and sixpence; item—licence, seven shillings and sixpence; total, thirteen shillings and sixpence, as aforesaid. Truly a poor man feeleth an amount like this, and hath to deny himself some necessary to preserve his affectionate companion, to wit, his dog. I have taught him, even as one would say, precisely, "thus would I teach a dog." O 'tis a foul thing when a dog cannot keep himself in all companies, but must grub for garbage in the gutter, and yap at constables' kibes! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon himself to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. And art thou so, *Crab?* But verily 'tis I who have taught thee, that have also to pay for thee; and, whether thou art wholly worth the cost, concerns not thee, but thy master. Thou hast of late many enemies in seats of office, and elsewhere; ministers, and scribes, and feeble folk in fidgety fear of hypothetical hydrophoby. "Out with the dog!" says one. "That cur looks mad!" says another; "Muzzle him!" says the third. "Knock me him on the head with a constable's staff!"



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cries the fourth; "Give him *euthanasia* at the Dog's Home!" suggests a fifth, with more sensibility; "Tax him, collar him, badge him, make his owner pay roundly for him!" saith the Minister of Agriculture. And they, between them, make me no more ado than whip me thirteen and six out of my pinched pocket to pay thee out of danger. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have paid the fines inflicted by austere Magistrates, when thou, *Crab*, hast surreptitiously slipped thy muzzle, otherwise thou hadst been executed; I have "tipped" angry constables when thou hast stolen out not "under control," otherwise thou hadst suffered for 't: thou thinkest not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick thou servedst me anigh the end of the year, when I had so far successfully dodged the Dog Tax for that season: did I not bid thee still mark me, and keep out of sight when the rate-collector called? When didst thou see me rush headlong upstairs and make madly for the collector's calves? Didst thou ever see me do such a fool's trick?

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"With pleasure," replied the White Knight, who had recently been elected as a Member of the Board. "It's a Tellurium."

"I see that it cost the ratepayers four pounds to buy. What is the use of it?"

"Use?" said the White Knight, in mild surprise. "Oh, it's a most useful thing. A child who can't think of the right answer to a question about the stars, only has to put this thing on its head—at Examination time, you know—and it at once remembers all about it. It's got Electricity or something inside it. And the shape is my own invention."

"That 's why it 's called a Tellurium, then," remarked the Auditor, who could hardly help laughing, it all seemed so strange; "because, when they put it on, the children *tell you* the answer you want?"

"Yes; and WILLIAM TELL put an apple on his head, or on somebody else's head, and I thought the name would remind the children of that fact."

"Then the School must win an increased Government Grant, with this thing to help them," said the Auditor.

"Well," said the Knight, more despondently, "they have hardly had time to try it yet. In fact," he added, still more gloomily, "their teachers won't let them try it. But it's really an admirable idea, if it *could* be tried." And the White Knight fastened the curious object on his own head, whence it immediately fell with a crash upon the floor.

"It's too ridiculous!" exclaimed the Auditor, bursting into a little laugh. "I declare a Hektograph would be as useful for the children as this thing!"

"Would it?" asked the White Knight. "Does a Hektograph work well? Then we'll get one or two—several."

"And I notice," the Auditor went on, "that there is a thing called a Cyclostyle put down in the accounts. Please will you tell me what a Cyclostyle is, and what use it is for purposes of elementary education?"

"With pleasure," replied the White Knight, who seemed quite cheerful again; "it's an apparatus for catching cycles, if any should take to going round and round the room when the children are at their lessons. It does it *in style*, you see."

"But," said the Auditor, "it's not very likely that any cyclists would care to wheel their machines into a Board School, is it?"

"Not very *likely*, I daresay," the Knight answered, eagerly; "but, if any *do* come, I don't intend that we shall be without a machine for catching them quickly. And the plan is my own invention!"

"I should suppose it was," the Auditor observed. "I am sorry to be obliged to disallow the costs of all these inventions, but the ratepayers must not be forced to pay for fads; and, as you take such an interest in them, I am sure you won't mind paying for them yourself. Good-day!"

Heinrich Schliemann.

(BORN, JANUARY, 1822. DIED, DECEMBER 26, 1890.)

HELEN, who fired the topmost towers of Troy,
Should spare a smile for the North-German boy,
Who, from a sketch of Ilium aflame,
Was fired with zeal which led so straight to fame.
'Twas a far cry from that small grocer's shop
To Priam's city; but will distance stop
Genius, which scorns to fear or play the laggard?
"The World's Desire" (as HELEN 's called by HAGGARD)
Might well have crowned on Ilium's windy cope,
This patient follower-up of "The Heart's Hope!"

SHOW OF THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—This Exhibition opened last Saturday. It was such a peasoupy day that the Artiest of our Fine Arts' Critics couldn't get there. Old Masters, indeed! it was a good Old Foggy that prevented him from being in his place (and he knows his place too) on that occasion.

CHRISTMAS IN TWO PIECES.

PANTOMIME! Pantomime!! The only DRURIOLANUS, and the only Pantomime in the Tame West. Therefore, it is almost a duty, let alone a pleasure, on the part of Parents and Guardians to take the young gentlemen from school, schools public and private, and the young ladies freed awhile from their Governesses, to see *Beauty and the Beast* at Drury Lane. "Is it a good Pantomime this year?" "*That*," as *Hamlet* once observed, though at that particular moment he was not thinking of Pantomimes, nor even of his own capital little drawing-room drama for distinguished amateurs, entitled *The Mousetrap*, "*that* is the question." And *Mr. Punch's* First Commissioner of Theatres can conscientiously answer, "Yes, a decidedly good Pantomime." If pressed further by those who "want to know" as to whether it's *the best* Pantomime he ever saw, the First Commissioner answers, "No, it is not *Beauty and the Best*," and he is of opinion that he must travel, in a train of thought on the line of Memory, back to the PAYNES and the VOKESES in the primest of their prime, if he would recall two or three of the very best, mind you, *the very best*, Pantomimes ever seen in the Tame West. For real good rollicking fun, the Pantomimes at the Surrey and the Grecian used to be worth the trouble of a pilgrimage; but it was a trouble, for the show used to commence early and end late, and indigestion was the consequence of a disturbed dinner and the unaccustomed heartiness of a most enjoyable supper.

"Sure such a pair," &c.

Drury Lane Pantomime commences at 7·30, and is not over till 11·30, and yet in these four hours there rarely comes over you any sense of weariness, except perhaps when the ballets are too long. From first to last the audience is expecting something, and is ready to accept every transition from one scene to another as a change for the better. Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL are, of course, funny to look at as the conventional proud sisters; only, as they admit in one of their duets, "it's been done before," in *Cinderella*, for example; and, by the way, in choosing this subject of *Beauty and the Beast*, all resemblance between the two stories should have been got rid of, as, up to the Ball Scene, except for the absence of the Pumpkin and the Mice, it is difficult to distinguish between the two fairy tales. But, when last I saw *Cinderella*, wasn't ROSINA VOKES the sprightly heroine, and her brother with the wonderful legs the *Baron*? I think so: but I will not be too much of a *laudator temporis acti*, and will be thankful that one of the youthful Commissioners thoroughly enjoyed this Pantomime, though he was not absolutely certain as to what might be the effect of ghosts and skeletons on his very little brother, aged five or six, if he were brought to see this show. For my part, had I at an early age seen these skeletons which pervade the piece, and of whom two become elongated ghosts, I should have lain awake o' nights, seen horrible reproductions on the wall by the glimmer of the fire-light (spectral rush-lights were used when I was a small boy), screamed for help, and perhaps given my own private and practical version of the Ghost Scene in *Richard the Third* by *not* leaping out of bed and shouting, "Give me another horse!" (there was only one in the nursery, and that was a towel-horse), but by putting my head under the bed-clothes and shivering with fear till my nurse returned from her supper. Such on me, your present brave First Commissioner of Theatres, was the effect of merely seeing the interior of the *Blue Chamber* in *Skelt's Scenes and Characters*, with which I used to furnish my small theatre on the nursery table.

Troubled Trots.

Well, this is all private and personal, and not much about the Drury Lane Pantomime, it is true; but, as everyone will see "The Only Pantomime" (we have reached the era of the "Onlys"), and be only too delighted, what need I say more than that the *libretto* is written by Mr. BILL-OF-THE-PLAY YARDLEY conjointly with Mr. DRURIOLANUS AUCTOR, and I daresay it was very witty and rhythmical and poetical, though I didn't catch much of it, and the songs were neither particularly well sung, nor remarkably humorous,—one, introduced by Miss VESTA TILLY (and, therefore, for this our joint authors are not responsible, except for permitting it to be done), being a distinct mistake, and utterly out of character with the part of the *Prince*, as written, which she was representing. And, *à propos* of songs, the music of this Pantomime lacks "go." WAGNER borrowed from pantomime his notion of dramatic music to carry on the action and tell the story of serious opera; but we don't want our Pantomimes to become Wagnerian; or, at all events, as the lamented GEORGE HODDER would have said, "Let's have plenty of the 'Wag,' and none of the 'nerian.'" What he would have exactly meant by this nobody would have known, but everyone would have laughed, as he was one of those self-patented jesters at whose witticisms the company laughed first and wondered afterwards.

Seeing the 'Mime, December 30; or, A Draught at Night.

DRURIOLANUS MAGNUS, not content with his own special pantomime-pie and a Drama at Covent Garden, has had a finger,—only a little one, perhaps, and not the thumb, with which JOHANNES HORNERIUS extracted the plum,—in the Christmas pie at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, of which the Manager is HORATIUS SEDGERIUS.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, *patres et matres, et*

tutores, if you want to know what to take your little children, your bigger children, your boys and girls to see, and what you yourselves, familiar with your THACKERAY as I take you to be, would enjoy seeing, I say emphatically and distinctly, without any evasion, reservation, or mental equivocation, "Go and see, and take them all to see, *The Rose and the Ring*, written by SAVILE CLARKE, with music composed for it by WALTER SLAUGHTER, put on the stage by *Les deux Ajax* CAROLUS and AUGUSTUS HARRIS,—Christmas CAROLUS being *facile princeps* at this difficult business.

There is an excellent orchestra here, playing the musical game of "follow my leader" to perfection, and kept together, as sheep, by a CROOK. Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE is very droll in the little he has to do. Mr. SHALE's speech as the Court Painter is capitally given, but there isn't enough of it. A touch more, a few more good lines, and the speech, as a showman's speech, would have been encored. Mr. S. SOLOMON as *Jenkins*, the Hall Porter, is made up so as to be the very *fac-simile* of THACKERAY's own illustration, and to reproduce that Master's sketches with more or less exactitude has evidently been the aim of all the actors; but *Jenkins* has been peculiarly successful, as has also *Prince Bulbo*, of whom more anon. As *Polly* in Act the First, and *General Punchikoff* in the Second, Miss EMPSIE BOWMAN was delightful, and her elder sister, Miss ISA BOWMAN, made every sharp point tell, and went right into the gold, of which success the name of BOWMAN is of good omen: and this is almost a rhyme. The part of *Prince Giglis*, in the absence of Miss VIOLET CAMERON, was satisfactorily rendered by Miss FLORENCE DARLEY. Miss MAUD HOLLAND looked and acted prettily as the *Princess Angelica*, and Madame AMADI was quite Thackerayan in her make-up as *Countess Gruffanuff*. Miss ATTALIE CLAIRE entered fully into the spirit of the merry piece; her rendering of a song with the refrain "Ah! well-a-day!" being deservedly encored.

After a Design by Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

I must not forget, indeed, I cannot forget, Mr. LE HAY as *Bulbo*, who, not only on account of his make-up being an exact reproduction of THACKERAY's sketch, gave us as good a grotesque performance as I've seen for some considerable time. To see him on the ground after the fight, tearing his hair out in handfulls, is something that will shake the sides of the most sedate or *blasé*, and among the audience that will crowd to see this juvenile show, there will be very few sedate (I hope) and still fewer (I am sure) *blasé*. It is an excellent performance throughout. But, my dear Mr. CAROLUS HARRIS, one word,—when you had that capitally-arranged and highly effective scene of *Bulbo* going to be beheaded, why did you not carry it a bit further, and make *Bulbo* on the point of kneeling down, and the burlesque axe poised in the air, and *then*, but not till *then*, the moment which, like the present winter, is "critical,"—*then*, I say, enter the *Princess* with the reprieve? As it is, the effect of this dramatically grouped scene is lessened by the absence of action, and *Bulbo* is off the scaffold ere the majority of the audience realise the peril in which his life has been placed.

I must not forget the army of children appearing from time to time as courtiers, cooks, fairies, soldiers, who will be the source of the greatest pleasure to children of all ages, from "little Trots" upwards. Nothing in this genuinely Christmas Piece is there which can do aught but delight and amuse the young people for whom primarily it was written. Let "all concerned in this" excellent piece of Christmas merriment accept the congratulations and best wishes for crowded houses—which they are sure to be for all the *Matinées*—from theirs truly,

MR. P.'S FIRST COMMISSIONER.

GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—Sir FRANCIS SANDFORD has created a profound feeling of disappointment among all classes of society by not having added, "and Merton," to his title. "Lord SANDFORD OF SANDFORD" is weak; but "Lord SANDFORD-AND-MERTON" would have been truly noble.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE's reply to President BLAINE: "The point o' this here obserwation lies in the Behring of it." (*Captain Cuttle adapted.*)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I TRIED *Criss-Cross Lovers* the other day, a Novel, in two or three vols., I don't remember which; but those may ascertain who are not choked off in the first hundred pages, as was the unfortunate Baron de B.-W. He had the presence of mind to put it down in time, and, after a few moments of refreshing repose, was, like *Richard*, "himself again," and able to tackle quite another novel.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine*, for this month, I have just read a most interesting account of a visit paid by the Very Rev. Dean of Gloucester to the Trappist Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, which, thanks to the marvellous spirit of the Order known as Chartreuse Verte or Chartreuse Jaune, is one of the Religious Confraternities not suppressed by the Anti-monkical majority in the French Government. The Baron—the umble individual who now addresses you—has himself entered within these Monastic walls, inspected the buildings, seen all the monastic practical jokes, known as "regular cells," and has come away the better for the visit, with much food for reflection and refection *en route* in the *voiture*, and with spirituous comfort in green and yellow bottles. This paper, in the *New Illustrated*, is well worth reading.

The Baron has for some weeks had on his table, *Golden Lines; The Story of a Woman's Courage*, by FREDERICK WICKS. The Baron being, as he is bound to admit, almost human, was warned off the book by its title, which seems to suggest something in the tract line. The Publishers' name (BLACKWOOD) is, however, an invariable stamp of good metal. So the Baron picked up the book, was attracted by the remarkably clever illustrations, and finally, beginning at the beginning, he read to the end. It is a novel, and one of the best published this season; and all the better for being in one stout handsomely-printed volume. The plot is constructed with rare skill, the writing is good, and the people all alive. If it is WICKS's first work (and the Baron never heard of FREDERICK before) he should go on making candles of the same kind. Their illuminating power is rare.

"*What shall we play at, and how shall we play it?*" The satisfactory answer to these two questions, specially important at Christmas time, will be found in Professor HOFFMANN's *Encyclopædia of Card and Table Games*, published by ROUTLEDGE. Here you will learn the mysteries of "Go-Bang," "Reverse,"—and after learning the latter, you, if Nature has blessed you with a tuneful voice, will be able to sing with GEORGE GROSSMITH (if he'll let you), "*See me Reverse.*" The motto for the Professor's book should have been the emphatic exclamation of the street Arab, "My heye! such games!"

This is the sixth year of *Hazell's Annual*. Whatever information you require it will be difficult not to find in *Hazell*, clearly and not at all Hazelly expressed. A youthful friend whose pun, says the Baron, I hereby nail to the counter, on seeing this book on my desk, observed, "Yes, I'm nuts on HAZELL." The Baron frowned, and the youth withered away, as ALICE did—not the one who went to Wonderland, but an elder ALICE, whom our old friend "BEN BOLT" remembers.

SAMPSON LOW, & Co. publish "*Wild Life on a Tidal Water*," by P. H. EMERSON, who gives the adventures of a house-boat and her crew on Breydon Water in Norfolk; the photo-etchings are by EMERSON and GOODALL, "and therefore," says the Baron, "All-good."

Look into *Harper's* for January; among the harpers, listen to M. DE BLOWITZ harping on the journalistic string—good; and, his talent having served him to a pretty tune, 'tis well he should harp on it in *Harper's*. The Baron hopes that M. DE B. has spent a Harpy Christmas. Allow the B. DE B.-W. to draw his friends' attention to "A Military Incident," and two other short papers, in *The Cornhill*.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—The Baron says he is not going to be let in for a disquisition on the merits of various Pocket-books; but, if asked which he affectionates most as a genuine book of pockets, and *for* pockets, he puts his finger to the side of his nose, and wisely replies—"Walker."

Survival of the Fittest.

(*At a Trial for Murder.*)

OH, dainty product of the March of Progress,
Oh, glorious outcome of the Course of Time,—
The watchful, well-attired Old Bailey ogress,
Still finding sweetest stimulus in—Crime!

SEASONABLE GREETING FOR SPIRITUALISTS.—I wish you a *rappy* New Year!

METROPOLITAN RAILWAY TYPES.

THE PARTY THAT *NEVER* SAYS, "THANK YOU!"

THE PARTY THAT *ALWAYS* SAYS, "THANK YOU!"

WHEN YOU OPEN THE DOOR, SHUT THE WINDOW, OR GIVE UP YOUR SEAT FOR HER.

BUMBLE AT HOME;

OR, THE WINTER OF *OUR* DISCONTENT.

"Notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said BUMBLE, "we have not been able to—do anythink."—*Oliver Twist.*

Mr. Bumble, loquitur:—

GR-R-R-R!!! Old-fashioned Winter, indeed! Well, I 'ope them as talks on it relishes it!
The City seems give up to snow; which I can't say it greatly embellishes it.
But, really, of all the dashed imperence,—s'posing of course as they *meant* it,—
The greatest is that of the Papers appealing to Me to pervent it!

Ah! it's a hinsolent Hage, and without no respect for Authority.
The cry of them demmycrat 'owlers is all for low In-fe-ri-or-ity.
Things is about bottom uppards, as far as I judges, already,
And if the porochial dignity's floored, what *is* left to stand steady?

Progressists, indeed! Ah, *I*'d "progress" 'em, pack o' perposterous hasses,
A regular pollyglot lot, breeding strife 'twixt the classes and masses.
The masses is muck; that's *my* motter, as who should have learnt it more betterer?
BUMBLE could hopen the heyes of them BOOTHSES, JOHN BURNSES, ancetterer.
Snow? Is it *me* brings the snow, and the hice, and the peasoupy slushiness,
Making the subbubs one slough? No! The Age is give over to gushiness.
Parties as writes to the Papers is snivellers, yus, every one of 'em,
Barring the few as cracks jokes, though I own as I can't see the fun of 'em.

Look at "UCALEGON," now, him as writes to a cheap daily journal,
Along o' the "'Orrors of 'Ampstead," as *he* calls hy—wot's it?—"hybernal,"
(Wotever that crackjaw may mean) or that fellow, "INFELIX THE"—blow it.
Sech names you can't write nor yet spell, if you're not a School Board or a Poet.
Talks of our "hard hide," does "INFELIX," I'd like to lay hands upon hisn!
All becos Upper 'Ampstead, it seems, is a sort of a dark ice-bound prison.
No 'busses, no trams, and no cabs, no grub, and no gas, and no water!
Ha! ha! Pooty pioter it is, and thanks be I don't dwell in *that* quarter!
But wot's it to do with poor Me? If he wants it himproved he had best try
Them proud County-Councillor coves, not come wallopping into the Westry.
Wot use, too, to talk of Wienna? Don't know where that is, and don't wanter,
But, 'cording to "SNOWSOUND," their style of snow-clearing beats ourn in a canter.
Ratepayers' Defencers may rave, and the scribblers may scold or talk funny,
But clean streets in Winter mean this,—*you must plank down a dollup more money!*

Me up and be doing meanwhile? No, not if I jolly well knows it.
I likes my own fireside too well to go snow-clearing, don't you suppose it.
A choice between slither and slush may come 'ard on the Mighty Metrolopus,
But Westrydom ain't on the job, 'owsomever they worry and wallop us.
Bless yor, we 've stood it before, and can stand it agen, all this fussing.
My game's a swig and a smoke; as for them—they can go on "discussing."

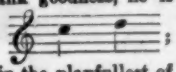
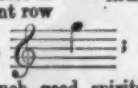
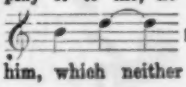
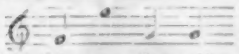
[*Shuts door, and retires to his snuggery for spirituous solace.*

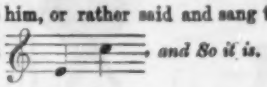
BUMBLE AT HOME; OR, "THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."

"CLEAR THE STREETS!—AND IN SUCH BEASTLY WEATHER?—UGH! NOT IF I KNOW IT!!"

(*December* 31, 1890, *and January*, 1891.)

THE COMPOSER COMING.

WE are looking forward to *Ivanhoe*, by Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, MUS. DOC. From what our Musical Critic has seen of the score, he is able to wink his eye wisely but not too well, and to hint that as *Mr. Guppy* says, "There are chords"; and to make these chords in combination, the strings are admirably fitted. There is one chord (will it be recognised as belonging to *Box?*) which—— But, as Sir ARTHUR says, "Where will be the surprise, if your Musical Critic tells everything beforehand?" He is right, quite right, and, thank goodness, he is quite well, and not  ; but the Composer is in the playfullest of humours, and laughs over his recent row with  ; in fact, he was in such good spirits, that, when I wanted to hear all about it, and I told him he could either sing it or play it to me, he replied, "You  !" Exactly like him, which neither of these two  is. However, I 'm not offended, as I said to him, or rather said and sang to him, by way of reply.

My Name 's  *and So it is.*

"H'Ive an hoe," by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Mus Doc.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL INTRODUCTION.

[BERRY was introduced in a semi-official way, and at once said, "Good morning, Ma'am."—*See Daily Papers on Mrs. Pearcy's execution.*]

KING DEATH has a great Ambassador who journeys through all the land,
With a cap, and a strap, and a slip-noosed rope all ready to his hand.
He 's a genial man with a joke for all, and a smile on his jovial face,
And a grip of the hand that is frank and free when he comes to the trysting place.
And, oh, when the gloomy winter night is fading into the day,
He comes to the cell and is introduced in a semi-official way;
With a jolly "Good morning, Ma'am," he comes, and as quick as a morning dream
He has corded his living parcel and flung it across the stream.

The stream flows silently onward, and the flood seems deep and strong,
And some of us pause on the hither-bank slow-footed, and linger long.
But early or late we must plunge in and battle across the tide,
Though the beckoning shapes look dark and grim that wait on the further side.
But they whom the King's Ambassador, or ever their race be run,
Has summoned, must leave at the moment the sight of the friendly sun.
He 's a kindly man, with a cheerful voice, but he never brooks delay
When once he has come and been introduced in a semi-official way.

And, ah, how lightly the minutes fly, that once seemed heavy as lead,
And the sleeper is fitfully tossing, alone on her prison bed. [toll,
At the hour of eight must the journey be, when the passing bell doth
And God, it may be, who is merciful, will pity a sinful soul. [gate,
"Arise," they say, "for you know full well who waits at the outer
With sheriffs to do his bidding, behold he is come in state.
The time is short, and the minutes fly, but ere we forget it, stay,
We must introduce the Ambassador in a semi-official way."

POLITE JUDGMENT.—A correspondence has been going on in the *St. James's Gazette* as to what six Gentlemen seated in a first class railway carriage ought to do if a Lady insists on thrusting herself upon them. *Truth* says, let her stand, unless she has been invited, and adds, that anyhow she, as an extra person, is a nuisance. *Mr. Punch* agrees with a difference, and says that the uninvited intruder who becomes a standing nuisance ought to be put down—by somebody giving her a seat.

COMPENSATION.

(*Soliloquy of Smelfungus whilst looking at the Pictorial Papers.*)

YES, it 's an ill-wind that blows nobody good,
Discomfort could hardly be greater,
For home-staying fogies of mollyish mood,
But think of the joy of the Skater!
GR-R-R-R-! Nose-nipped antiquity squirms in the street,
When the North-Easter sounds its fierce slogan;
But oh, the warm flush and the ecstasy fleet
Of the fellow who rides a toboggan!
FISH SMART's on the job in the ice-covered fens,
And at Hampstead and Highgate they 're "sleighing."
There is plenty of stuff for pictorial pens,
And boyhood at snowballs is playing.
To sit by the fire and to grumble and croak
At "young fools," I presume is improper,
Yet (*chuckle!*) the Skater *sometimes* has a "soak,"
The Sleigher *sometimes* comes a cropper! [*Left sniggering.*

LOST IN THE MIST OF AGES.

(*Extracts from a Critique on an Exhibition to succeed the Guelphian, in* 19—.)

No. 76. *Portrait of a Warrior.* This picture is described in the Catalogue as the Duke of WELLINGTON, who, it will be remembered, won, in the early part of the last century, the Battle of Waterloo, and invented a new kind of boots. The face is adorned with long black whiskers and moustaches, and an eyeglass not unlike the traditional portrait of the great W. E. GLADSTONE, Second Earl of BEACONSFIELD, as depicted by a now nearly forgotten artist, called DUNDREARY SOTHERN, or SOTHERN DUNDREARY. The Duke (if, indeed, it be the Duke) is wearing the uniform of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, a corps that was raised some ten years after His Grace's death, a fact that would argue that the painting was either a posthumous work, or intended to represent someone else. Accepting the alternative suggestion, the picture may hand down to posterity the features of BURDETT COUTTS (husband of the Baroness of that name), J. L. TOOLE, the popular Comedian, HENRY IRVING (his friend), the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, or (and this is the most likely hypothesis) PRINCE GEORGE of Wales.

No. 102. *Miniature of a Lady Unknown.* It is impossible at this lapse of time to identify the original of this portrait. No doubt she belonged to a short-lived and somewhat degraded class known as "professional beauties." In one hand she holds an instrument called an opera-glass, which was used in the last century at trials for murder at the Old Bailey. The hair she wears on her head is evidently false, and has been supplied from some foreign peasantry. Her hat is adorned with a stuffed bird, suggestive of the cruelty of her nature. As she holds in her other hand a book labelled, "*The Art of Nursing*," it may be conjectured that she is a frequent visitor to the Dissecting-Room, or the Accident Ward of a London Hospital. On the whole, perhaps, it is fortunate that her name has not been preserved by succeeding generations. She must, indeed, have been a contrast to her angelic descendants of the present day.

No. 2478. *An Utensil Made of Brass.* This strange-looking object may have been used by our ancestors as a helmet, or perhaps as a fish-kettle. It is, perhaps, rather large for the first, and a little too thick for the second. The Catalogue describes the exhibit as "a coal-scuttle." It is impossible to verify this assertion, as coal is now only found in specimen cases at museums, and a sketch of a coal-scuttle has not been seen for the last fifty years. It is, however, interesting as suggestive of a time when the world was not heated by volcanic hot water.

SEASONABLE REPLY (*By Our Own Politest Letter-Writer*).—This is a model for a cautious answer at this time of year to an invitation to witness an out-of-door ceremony, the laying of a first stone, &c., &c., returning to London same day:—

Seasonable "on this Head."

"Dear A——, if I am (1) alive, (2) well, (3) with no urgent business, (4) in London, and if the weather is (i.) fine, (ii.) fairly warm, (iii.) likely to last so, (iv.) wind S.W., (v.) no remains of sloshy thaw, (vi.) no frost; if there are comfortable conveyances to and from station; if there is a perfectly dry spot for me to stand on, and see and hear everything, and no draughts, and if there is a good lunch in a comfortable, dry, well-aired, and warmed room, with not too many guests, and plenty of good waiters, also with dry champagne,—say Pommery '80 or '84, for choice,—then you may expect me, and I accept, with the greatest possible pleasure.

"Yours ever, D. DASH."

TWELFTH-NIGHT DRAWINGS FOR FATHER TIME.

(Shadows of the Past and Coming Forms.)

"HONOURS EASY!"

(Omitted from the New Year's List last Week.)

Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A., to be raised to the Peerage as the Earl of BURLINGTON, in order to adorn the House of Lords.

Mr. HENRY IRVING, to be Lord LYCÆUM, to please Baron BEEFSTEAK.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE, to be Baron BEEFSTEAK, to satisfy Lord LYCÆUM.

Miss FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, to be Lady REDCROSS OF GENEVA; because she earned it nearly forty years ago.

"General" BOOTH, to be Viscount BOOMON, to collect subscriptions in the House of Lords.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Bart., will take the title of Lord DRINKWATER. N.B.—He will always have to appear in Court suit with pumps.

Viscount WOLSELEY will be made F.R.S., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., M.D., in order to add to his collection, if he hasn't them already.

Professor NORMAN LOCKYER will receive The Garter, to place among his Stars.

Lord TENNYSON, a Second Pension from the Civil List, to augment the one granted half a century or so ago.

The Donkey of the Brothers GRIFFITHS, the Order of the Thistle.

Some More of Them.—THE QUEEN has been further pleased to confer the dignity of a Peerage of the United Kingdom upon—

Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS, who will, on taking his seat in the Upper House, assume the title of Lord AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS OF LONG ACRE.

Mr. S. B. BANCROFT, who will take that of Lord HAYMARKET.

Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, who will in future be known as Lord SHEILA OF THULE.

Messrs. SWAN AND EDGAR, who will assume the dignity, respectively, under the titles of Lords PICCADILLY and REGENT'S CIRCUS, and the

BEADLE OF THE BURLINGTON ARCADE, who will accept the honour with the style and title of Lord BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA.

HER MAJESTY has also been further pleased to confer the dignity of a Baronetcy of the United Kingdom on the following Gentlemen; viz., Messrs. ENO, SCOTT, BEECHAM, CARTER, LAMPLOUGH, and COCKLE.

HER MAJESTY has further been pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on several Gentlemen greatly distinguished for their services respectively to Art, Literature, and Science, whose names, however, it is not necessary to mention, but whose labours, had they been rewarded with that financial success that attends the efforts of a pushing and advertising tradesman, would, doubtless, have earned them the more becoming dignity of a Peerage.

Her MAJESTY has further been pleased to confer the dignity of a Full Knight Grand Commander of the First Class of the most exalted Order of the Sceptre of India, on——

JOHN JAMES SMITH, Esq., THOMAS JENKINS ROBINSON, Esq., and JAMES WALLOP BROWN, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service.

And also that of an equal dignity of the same exalted Order, on His Royal Highness, GINGERRE BABIHOY, JABBERJEEHOY, the Reigning Jam of Jollipore.*

A WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Author. "DO YOU LIKE MY VERSES?"

Pompous Critic. "OH, IMMENSELY! I OBSERVE THAT THE EXIGENCIES OF RHYME HAVE OCCASIONALLY LED TO A FELICITY OF EXPRESSION WHICH—WHICH ALMOST COMPELS ONE TO ASSUME THE ORIGINAL EXISTENCE OF IDEAS!"

* JOHN JAMES SMITH, Esq., educated at Harrow, Commissioner of Gunenjore, 1878; Collector of Poojah, 1880; Acting-Deputy at Boorgipore, 1887, &c., &c.

THOMAS JENKINS ROBINSON, Author of *The Paper Rupee. What is its Commercial Value?* Sat on the Puttialah Commission in 1870. Suspended for insubordination, 1882. Removed to Gallichuddah, 1888. Part Author of *The Governor-General's Goose, and who is to Cook It?*

JAMES WALLOP BROWN, Esq., son of JOHN WALLOP BROWN, Esq., of The Nut-crackers, Upper Putney. Author of *Brown's Digest of Synthetical Illusions!* Collector of Naggerpore, 1885; Boorafoola, 1885; Chourmgee, 1886, &c., &c.

H.R.H. the Jam of JOLLIPORE, the 29th descendant in direct line from GINGER KHAN, the conqueror of the Moguls. Gave 100,000 Rupees to the foundation of the New Indian Hospital in the Mile End Road. Translater of SHAKSPEARE into the Puttialah dialect, &c., &c. Founder of the European University of Jollipore.

Latest Additions.—Messrs. A. & F. PEARS. To be Companions of the Bath.

"General" BOOTH. To be Knight Commander of the Bath. To enable him to deal more effectually with the "Submerged Tenth."

ZADKIEL and Old MOORE. The Most Distinguished Order of The Tinsel Star. For eminent services to Astronomy.

Mr. W. H. STEAD. The Most Honourable Order of the Golden Scoop. For his enterprise in reviewing Reviews, and gallantry in storming Magazines.

Mr. MACDOUGALL. The Order of the Free Pass. For services to Morality. Mr. O'BRIEN. The Order of Retreat. For a short period.

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

THE FRIEND'S REPLY.

I THOUGHT your lines a great success,
(You always did write rather neatly)
Although I must at once confess
I can't agree with you completely.

Of course I recollect quite well
How long we sat and smoked together,
And how our conversation fell
(As fall it will) upon the weather.

Our prospects then seemed bright and fair,
(Our language certainly got stronger)
We built our castles in the air,
And by degrees our drinks grew longer.

Yes—in the game of law BEN wins,
And many guineas in he's picking,
But have you heard his wife has twins,
And both of them alive and kicking?

And pompous JOE, now JOE, M. P.,
Is loubtless pleased at growing raucous
Through speaking, since he's proud to be
The Member for a Tory Caucus.

Yet I'm afraid for his poor brain,
That such success will surely turn it,
For every speech means so much strain,
Since off by heart he has to learn it!

And mazy JACK, whose chance in life,
We all of us considered shady,
Has married money (*and* a wife);
But tell me—do you know the lady?

DICK's dinners, too, I'm quite aware,
Are noted—yet he's far from steady,
Whilst TOM's fine house in Belgrave Square
Is mortgaged, so they say, already.

Life, after all, is surely more
Than guineas, Belgrave Square, or dinners.
Life is a race—but yet, before
You curse your luck, *are* these the winners?

* * * *

And so, old friend, content I jog
Along, amidst life's hurry-skurry,
And smoke my bird's-eye, sip my grog,
Without a care or thought to worry.

VOCES POPULI.

ON THE ICE.

SCENE—*The Serpentine. On the bank, several persons are having their skates put on; practised Skaters being irritable and impatient, and others curiously the reverse, at any delay in the operation.*

Chorus of Unemployed Skate-Fasteners. 'Oo'll 'ave a pair on for an hour? Good Sport to-day, Sir! Try a pair on, Mum! (*to any particularly stout Lady*). Will yer walk inter my porler, Sir? corpet all the w'y! 'Ad the pleasure o' puttin' on your skites last year, Miss! Best skates in London, Sir!

"Look here! This is rather a pretty figure."

[*Exhibiting a primæval pair.*

The Usual Comic Cockney (*to his Friend, who has undertaken to instruct him*). No 'urry, old man—this joker ain't 'arf finished with me yet! [*To Skate-Fastener.*) Easy with that jimlet, Guv'nor. My 'eel ain't 'orn, like a 'orse's 'oof! If you're goin' to strap me up as toight as all that, I shell 'ave to go to *bed* in them skites! . . . Well, what is it *now?*

Skate-Fastener. Reglar thing fur Gen'lm'n as 'ires skates ter leave somethink be'ind, jest as security like—*anythink* 'll do—a gold watch and chain, if yer got sech a thing about yer!

The C. C. Oh, I dessay—not *me!*

Skate-F. (*wounded*). Why, yer needn't be afroid! *I* shorn't run away—you'll find *me* 'ere when yer come back!

The C. C. Ah, that *will* be noice! But all the sime, a watch is a thing as slips out of mind so easy, yer know. You might go and forgit all about it. 'Ere's a match-box instead; it ain't silver!

Skate-F. (*with respect*). Ah, you *do* know the world, *you* do!

The C. C. Now, ALF, old man. I'm ready for yer! Give us 'old of yer 'and . . . Go slow now. What's the Vestry about not to put some gravel down 'ere? It's downright dangerous! Whoo-up! Blowed if I ain't got some other party's legs on! . . . Sloide more? Whadjer torking about! I'm sloidin' every way at once, *I* am! . . . Stroike out? I've struck sparks enough out of the back o' my 'ed, if that's all! . . . Git up? Ketch me! I'm a deal syfer settin' dayown, and I'll sty 'ere! [*He stays.*

A Nervous Skater (*hobbling cautiously down the bank—to Friend*). I—I don't know how I shall *be* in these, you know—haven't had a pair on for years. (*Striking out.*) Well, come—(*relieved*)—skating's one of those things you never forget—all a question of poise and equi——confound the things! No, I'm all right, thanks—lump in the ice, that's all! As I was saying, skating soon comes back to ——thought I was gone that time! Stick by me, old fellow, till I begin to feel my—— Oh, hang it *all!* . . . Eh? surely we have been on more than five minutes! Worst of skating is, your feet get so cold! . . . These *are* beastly skates. Did you hear that crack? Well, *you* may stay on if you like, but I'm not going to risk *my* life for a few minutes' pleasure! [*He returns to bank.*

The Fond Mother (*from bank, to Children on the ice*). That's right, ALMA, you're doing it *beautifully*—don't *walk* so much! (*To French Governess*). ALMA fay bocoo de progray, may elle ne glisse assez—nayse par, Ma'amzell?

Mademoiselle. C'est ELLA qui est la plus habile, elle patine déjà très bien—et avec un aplomb!

The F. M. Wee-wee; may ELLA est la plus viaile, vous savvy. Look at ELLA, ALMA, and see how *she* does it!

Mad. Vous marchez toujours—toujours, ALMA; tâchez donc de glisser un petit peu—c'est beaucoup plus facile!

Alma. Snay pas facile quand vous avez les skates toutes sur un côté—comme *moi*, Ma'amzell!

F. M. Ne repondy à Ma'amzell, ALMA, and watch ELLA!

Ella. Regardez-moi, ALMA. Je puis voler vite—oh, mais vite . . . oh, I *have* hurt myself so!

Alma (*with sisterly sympathy*). *That's* what comes of trying to show *off*, ELLA, darling! [ELLA *is helped to the bank.*

A Paternal Skate-Fastener. 'Ere you are, Missie—set down on this 'ere cheer—and you, too, my little dear—lor, *they* won't do them cheers no 'arm, Mum, bless their little 'arts! Lemme tyke yer little skites orf, my pooties. *I'll* be keerful, Mum—got childring o' my own at 'ome—the moral o' *your* two, Mum!

The F. M. (*to Governess*). Sayt un homme avec un bong ker. Avez-vous—er—des cuivres, Ma'amzell?

The P. S. (*disgustedly*). Wot?—on'y two bloomin' browns fur tykin' the skites orf them two kids' trotters! I want a shellin' orf o' you fur that job, *I* do . . . "Not another penny"? Well, if you do everythink as cheap as you do yer skiting, you orter be puttin' money by, *you* ought! That's right, tyke them snivellin' kids 'ome—blow me if ever I——&c., &c., &c.

[*Exit party, pursued by powerful metaphors.*

The Egotistic Skater (*in charge of a small Niece*). Just see if you can get along by yourself a little—I'll come back presently. Practise striking out.

The Niece. But, Uncle, directly I strike out, I fall down!

The E. S. (*encouragingly*). You will at first, till you get into it—gives you confidence. Keep on at it—don't stand about, or you'll catch cold. I shall be keeping my eye on you!

[*Skates off to better ice.*

The Fancy Skater (*to less accomplished Friend*). This is a pretty figure—sort of variation of the "Cross Cut," ending up with "The Vine;" it's done this way (*illustrating*), quarter of circle on outside edge forwards; then sudden stop—— (*He sits down with violence.*) Didn't quite come off that time!

The Friend. The sudden stop came off right enough, old fellow!

The F. S. I'll show you again—it's really a neat thing when it's well done; you do it all on one leg, like this——

[*Executes an elaborate back-fall.*

His Friend. You seem to do most of it on no legs at all, old chap!

The F. S. Haven't practised it lately, that's all. Now here's a figure I invented myself. "The Swooping Hawk" I call it.

His Friend (*unkindly—as the* F. S. *comes down in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross*). Y—yes. More like a Spread Eagle though, ain't it?

A Pretty Girl (*to* Mr. ACKMEY, *who has been privileged to take charge of herself and her plain Sister*). Do come and tell me if I'm doing it right, Mr. ACKMEY. You *said* you'd go round with me!

The Plain S. How can you be so *selfish*, FLORRIE? You've had ever so much more practice than *I* have! Mr. ACKMEY, I wish you'd look at my left boot—it *will* go like that. Is it my ankle—or what? And this strap *is* hurting me so! Couldn't you loosen it, or take me back to the man, or something? FLORRIE can get on quite well alone, can't she?

Mr. A. (*temporising feebly*). Er—suppose I give *each* of you a hand, eh?

The Plain S. No; I can't go along fast, like you and LAURA. You promised to look after me, and I'm perfectly helpless alone!

The Pretty S. Then, am I to go by myself, Mr. ACKMEY?

Mr. A. I—I think—just for a little, if you don't mind!

The Pretty S. Mind? Not a bit! There's CLARA WILLOUGHBY and her brother on the next ring, I'll go over to them. Take good care of ALICE, Mr. ACKMEY. Good-bye for the present.

[*She goes; ALICE doesn't think* Mr. A. *is "nearly so nice as he used to be."*

The Reckless Rough. Now then, I'm on 'ere. Clear the way, all of yer! Parties must look out fur theirselves when they see *me* a comin', I earn't stop fur nobody!

[*Rushes round the ring at a tremendous pace.*

An Admiring Sweeper (*following his movements with enthusiasm*). Theer he goes—the Ornimental Skyter! Look at 'im a buzzin' round! Lor, it's a treat to see 'im bowlin' 'em all over like a lot er bloomin' ninepins! Go it, ole FRANKY, my son—don't you stop to apollergise! . . . Ah, there he goes on his nut agen! 'E don't care, not 'e! . . . Orf he goes agin! . . . That's *another* on 'em down, and ole FRANKY atop—'e'll 'ave the ring all to isself presently! Up agin! Oh, ain't he *lovely!* I never see his loike afore nowheres . . . *Round* yer go—that's the stoyle! My eyes, if he ain't upset another—a lydy this time—she's done 'er skytin fur the d'y, any 'ow! and ole FRANK knocked silly . . . Well, I ain't larfed ser much in all my life! [*He is left laughing.*

The Curate to his Slippers.

TAKE, oh take those boots away
That so nearly are out-worn;
And those shoes remove, I pray—
Pumps that but induce the corn;
But my slippers bring again,
Bring again—
Works of love, but worked in vain,
Worked in vain!

OUR OWN First-class Clipper sends us the following from the *Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 11th:—

GROCERY.—Wanted, a live Sugar Wrapper. Apply, &c.

SHOE TRADE.—Wanted, good Hand-sewn Men. Apply, &c.

DRAPERY.—Wanted, for the first three weeks in January, several Men, for sale. Apply by letter, stating experience, &c., to ——.

Would a Spirit Rapper be accepted for the first? and a man who had got a stitch in his side for the second? As for the third, there are so many people sold at Christmas time, that to provide a few men for sale would be no very difficult task.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

LIQUEUR OF THE Gde. CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom, and at a considerably less price than formerly. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

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A Perfect Blending of the CHOICEST BRANDS of the Highest Classes of Fine Old Whiskies, in their Native Purity, as produced in Scotland.

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BLENDED OLD SCOTCH

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Eight " " 45s. " "
Five " " 42s. " "
Carriage Paid on Orders of 1 doz. and upwards.

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25s. the Gall., 60s. the Dozen. Cash only.

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FOR CHRISTMAS AND OTHER PRESENTS.
THE PRETTIEST AND MOST USEFUL CADEAU.
Insist upon the name "MILWARD," as a guarantee of quality.
Special Makes: The Tray Mounts case, the Household Needle Case, &c., &c. Upwards of 100 Varieties.

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ESTABLISHED 1825.

NEAVE'S FOOD For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and THE AGED.

BEST AND CHEAPEST.
Dr. BARTLETT, Ph.D., F.C.S., says:—"The Flesh and Bone-forming constituents are far above the average of the best Farinaceous Foods."

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS ONLY.

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SEND full Name and Address on Post Card for Rules to LEVER BROS., LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT, near BIRKENHEAD.

BEWARE!! Do not allow other Soaps said to be the same as the "Sunlight Soap," to be palmed off upon you. If you do, you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "Sunlight" is stamped upon every Tablet, and printed upon every Wrapper.

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FOR CLEANSING THE TEETH AND PERFUMING THE BREATH.
Tooth Elixir, 2s. 6d. per bottle. Tooth Powder, 6d. and 1s. per box. Tooth Paste, Clove flavour, 2s. 6d.; Peppermint flavour, 3s. per pot. Prepared by

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And of Chemists everywhere.

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PERFUME AND TOILET SOAP
are the most fashionable in the world.
Sold by all high class Perfumers.
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and
Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world. 2s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only, Put up in glass jars. Price 1s.

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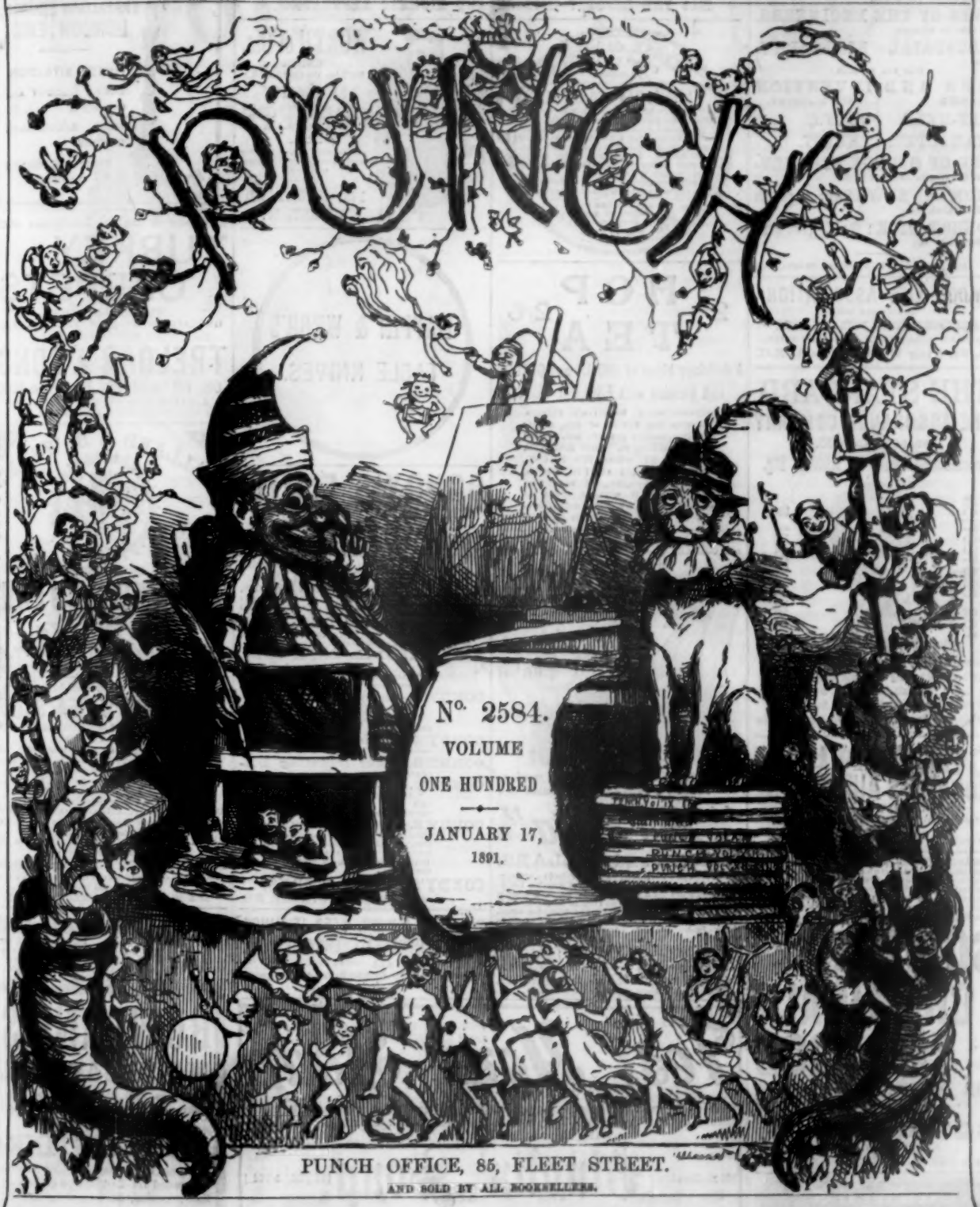

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Well-informed Visitor. That's Dr. KOCH, making his great discovery!

Unscientific V. What did *he* discover?

Well-inf. V. Why, the Consumption Bacillus. He's got it in that bottle he's holding up.

Unsc. V. And what's the good of it, now he *has* discovered it?

Well-inf. V. Good? Why, it's the thing that causes *consumption*, you know!

Unsc. V. Then it's a pity he didn't leave it alone!

Before a Scene representing "The Home Life At Sandringham."

First Old Lady (with Catalogue). It says here that "the note the page is handing *may* have come from Sir DIGHTON PROBYN, the Comptroller of the Royal Household." Fancy *that!*

Second Old Lady. He's brought it in in his fingers. Now *that's* a thing I never allow in *my* house. I always tell SARAH to bring all letters, and even circulars, in on a tray!

Before a Scene representing the late FRED ARCHER, *mounted, on Ascot Race-course.*

A. Sportsman. H'm—ARCHER, eh? Shouldn't have backed his mount in *that* race!

Before "The Library at Hawarden."

Gladstonian Enthusiast (to Friend, *who, with the perverse ingenuity of patrons of Wax-works, has been endeavouring to identify the* Rev. JOHN WESLEY *among the Cabinet in Downing Street).* Oh, never mind all that lot, BETSY; they're only the *Gover'ment!* Here's dear Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE in this next! See, he's lookin' for something in a drawer of his side-board—ain't that *natural?* And only look—a lot of people have been leaving Christmas cards on him (*a pretty and touching tribute of affection, which is eminently characteristic of a warm-hearted Public*). I wish I'd thought o' bringing one with me!

Her Friend. So do I. We might send one 'ere by post—but it'll have to be a New Year Card now!

A Strict Old Lady (before next group). Who are these two? "Mr. HENRY IRVING, and Miss ELLEN TERRY in *Faust*, eh? No—I don't care to stop to see them—that's play-actin', that is—and I don't 'old with it nohow! What are these two parties supposed to be doin' of over here? What—Cardinal NEWMAN and Cardinal MANNING at the High Altar at the Oratory, Brompton! Come along, and don't encourage Popery by looking at such figures. I *did* 'ear as they'd got Mrs. PEARCEY and the prambilator somewheres. I *should* like to see that, now.

IN THE CHILDREN'S GALLERY.

An Aunt (who finds the excellent Catalogue a mine of useful information). Look, BOBBY, dear (*reading*). "Here we have CONSTANTINE'S Cat, as seen in the '*Nights of Straparola*,' an Italian romancist, whose book was translated into French in the year 1585——"

Bobby (disappointed). Oh, then it *isn't* Puss in Boots!

A Genial Grandfather (pausing before "Crusoe and Friday"). Well, PERCY, my boy, you know who *that* is, at all events—eh?

Percy. I suppose it is STANLEY—but it's not very like.

The G. G. STANLEY!—Why, bless my soul, never heard of *Robinson Crusoe* and his man *Friday?*

Percy. Oh, I've *heard* of them, of course—they come in Pantomimes—but I like more grown-up sort of books myself, you know. Is this girl asleep *She?*

The G. G. No—at least—well, I expect it's "*The Sleeping Beauty.*" You remember her, of course—all about the ball, and the glass slipper, and her father picking a rose when the hedge grew round the palace, eh?

Percy. Ah, you see, Grandfather, you had more time for general reading than we get. (*He looks through a practicable cottage window.*) Hallo, a Dog and a Cat. Not badly stuffed!

The G. G. Why that must be "*Old Mother Hubbard.*" (*Quoting from memory*). "Old Mother Hubbard sat in a cupboard, eating a Christmas pie—or a *bone* was it?"

Percy. Don't know. It's not in *Selections from British Poetry*, which we have to get up for "rep."

The Aunt (reading from Catalogue). "The absurd ambulations of this antique person, and the equally absurd antics of her dog, need no recapitulation." Here's "*Jack the Giant Killer*" next. Listen, BOBBY, to what it says about him here. (*Reads.*) "It is clearly the last transmutation of the old British legend told by GEOFFREY of Monmouth, of CORINEUS the Trojan, the companion of the Trojan BRUTUS, when he first settled in Britain. But more than this"—I hope you're listening, BOBBY?—"*more* than this, it is quite evident, even to the superficial student of Greek mythology, that many of the main incidents and ornaments are borrowed from the tales of HESIOD and HOMER." Think of that, now!

[BOBBY *thinks of it, with depression.*

The G. G. (before figure of Aladdin's Uncle selling new lamps for old). Here you are, you see! "*Ali Baba*," got 'em all here, you see. Never read your "*Arabian Nights*," either! Is that the way they bring up boys nowadays!

Percy. Well, the fact is, Grandfather, that unless a fellow reads that kind of thing when he's *young*, he doesn't get a chance afterwards.

The Aunt (still quoting). "In the famous work," BOBBY, "by which we know MASÛDI, he mentions the Persian Hezar Afsane-um-um-um,—nor have commentators failed to notice that the occasion of the book written for the Princess HOMAI resembles the story told in the Hebrew Bible about ESTHER, her mother or grandmother, by some Persian Jew two or three centuries B.C." Well, I never knew *that* before! . . . This is "*Sindbad and the Old Man of the Sea*"—let's see what they say about *him*. (*Reads.*) "Both the story of *Sindbad* and the old Basque legend of Tartaro are undoubtedly borrowed from the *Odyssey* of HOMER, whose *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were translated into Syriac in the reign of HARUN-UR-RASHID." Dear, dear, how interesting, now! and, BOBBY, what *do* you think someone says about "*Jack and the Beanstalk*"? He says—"this tale is an allegory of the Teutonic Al-fader, the red hen representing the all-producing sun; the moneybags, the fertilising rain; and the harp, the winds." Well, I'm sure it seems likely enough, doesn't it?

[BOBBY *suppresses a yawn;* PERCY'S *feelings are outraged by receiving a tin trumpet from the Lucky Tub; general move to the scene of the Hampstead Tragedy.*

Before the Hampstead Tableaux.

Spectators. Dear, dear, there's the *dresser*, you see, and the window, broken and all; it's wonderful how they can *do* it! And there's poor Mrs. 'Ogg—it's real butter and a real loaf she's cutting, and the poor baby, too! . . . Here's the actual casts taken after they were murdered. Oh, and there's Mrs. PEARCEY wheeling the perambulator—it's the *very* perambulator! No, not the very one—they've got *that* at the other place, and the piece of toffee the baby sucked. Have they really! Oh, we *must* try and go there, too, before the children's holidays are over. And this is all? Well, well, everything very nice, I *will* say. But a pity they couldn't get the *real* perambulator!

BURNS VERSUS BURNS.

A SONG OF THE GREAT SCOTCH STRIKE. TUNE—"*Push about the Jorum!*"

"Oh, let us not like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided;
Till slap comes in an unco loon
And with a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrongs be righted!"
ROBERT BURNS'S "*Dumfries Volunteers.*"

Shade of BURNS, *loquitur:*—

O, rantin' roarin' JOHNNY BURNS,
My namesake—in a fashion,
You do my Scots the warst o' turns
Sae stirrin' up their passion.
Whence come ye, JOHNNY? Frae the Docks?
Or frae the County Council?
Sure Scots can do their ain hard knocks;
We take your brag and bounce ill!
Fal de ral, &c.

Does Cockneydom invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir!
Scotland, they'll find, is Scotland yet,
And for hersel' can fare, Sir.
The Thames shall run to join the Tweed,
Criffel adorn Thames valley,
'Ere wanton wrath and vulgar greed
On Scottish ground shall rally.
Fal de ral, &c.

A man 's a man for a' that, JOHN,
And ane 's as good as tither;
But that ship's crew is fated, JOHN,
That mutinies in bad weather.
Nae flouts to "honest industry"
Shall fa' frae the Exciseman;

But ane who blaws up strife like this,
Wisdom deems not a wise man.
Fal de ral, &c.

Scot business may be out o' tune,
True harmony may fail in't,
But deil a cockney tinkler loon
We need to rant and rail in't.
Our fathers on occasion fought,
And so can we, if needed;
But windy words with frenzy fraught
Sound Scots should pass unheeded.
Fal de ral, &c.

Let toilers not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided,
Till foreign Trade, which marks our Strikes,
Steps in, and we're derided.
Be Scotland still to Scotland true,
Amang oursels united;
'Tis not by firebrands, JOHN, like you
Our wrangs shall best be righted.
Fal de ral, &c.

The knave who'd crush the toilers doun,
And him, his true-born brither,
Who'd set the mob aboon the Crown,
Should be kicked out together.
Go, JOHN! Learn temperance, banish spleen!
Scots cherish throne and steeple,
But while we sing "*God save the Queen*,"
We won't forget the People.
Fal de ral, &c.

A LENGTHY NOVEL.—*A Thousand Lines of Her Own*, in 3000 vols., by the Authoress of *A Line of Her Own*, in 3 vols. N.B.—What a long line this must be to occupy three vols.! A work of and for a lifetime.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Small Stranger (to Master of the house). "OW MY! THE GENTLEMAN AS OPENS THE DOOR *WILL* GIVE IT YER, IF YER RING *THAT* BELL!"

OPERATIC GOSSIP.

DURING the preparation of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's new Opera, *Ivanhoe*, a grave objection to the subject occurred to him, which was, that one of the chief personages in the *dramatis personæ* must be "Gilbert"—*i.e., Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.* True, that *Sir Brian* is the villain of the piece, but this, to Sir ARTHUR's generous disposition, only made matters worse. It was evident that he couldn't change the character's name to *Sir Brian de Bois-Sullivan*, and Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE refused to allow his name to appear in the bill except as Lessee. "I can't put him in simply as *Sir Brian*," said the puzzled Composer, "unless I make him an Irishman, and I don't think my librettist will consent to take this liberty with SCOTT's novel." "But the name in the Opera isn't pronounced the same as W. S. G.'s," objected D'OYLEY. "It will be outside the Opera by ninety out of a hundred," answered Sir ARTHUR. "But," continued D'OYLEY, persistently, "it isn't spelt the same." "No," replied Sir ARTHUR, "that's the worst of it; there's 'u' and 'i' in it; we're both mixed up with this *Guilbert*." Fortunately, the Composer and the Author made up their quarrel, and as a memento of the happy termination to the temporary misunderstanding, Sir ARTHUR, in a truly generous mood, designed to call the character "*Sir Brian de Bois-Gilbert-and-Sullivan*." Whether the mysterious librettist, whose name has only lately been breathed in the public ear, insisted on SCOTT's original name being retained or not, it is now pretty certain that there will be no departure from the great novelist's original nomenclature.

A BREACH OF VERACITY.—According to the papers, the Chief Secretary's Lodge in Dublin is blocked with parcels of clothing designed for the poor in the West of Ireland, sent in response to the request of Lord ZETLAND and Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR. We understand there is no truth in the report, that amongst the first arrivals was a parcel containing Mr. O'BRIEN's br——s, with a note explaining, that as he was about to go to prison again, he had no further use for the article.

NAW IRISH DRINK.—The Parnellite "Split."

A REMINISCENCE OF C. K.

THE excellent article in the *Times* on the 6th inst. upon CHARLES KEENE was worthy of its subject. The writer in the *P. M. G.* of a day earlier performed his self-imposed task with a judicious and loving hand, and, as far as I can judge, his account of our lamented colleague seems to be correct. As to our CARLO's Mastership in his Black-and-White Art, there can be but one opinion among Artists. Those who possess the whole of the *Once a Week* series will there find admirable specimens of CHARLES KEENE in a more serious vein. His most striking effects were made as if by sudden inspiration. I remember a story which exactly illustrates my meaning. An artistic friend was in KEENE's studio, while CARLO was at work, pipe in mouth, of course. "I can't understand," said his friend, "how you produce that effect of distance in so small a picture." "O—um—easy enough," replied KEENE. "Look here,"—and——*he did it.* But when and how he gave *the* touch which made the effect, his friend, following his work closely, was unable to discover. F. C. B.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.—There is always something fresh coming out at Messrs. DOWDESWELL's Articultural Garden in Bond Street. Their latest novelty is the result of a caravan tour from Dieppe to Nice ("Dieppend upon it, he found it very nice!" said Young PAR, regardless of propriety and pronunciation) by Mr. C. P. SAINTON. CHARLES COLLINS utilised such an expedition from a literary point of view in his inimitable "*Cruise upon Wheels*," and this young artist has turned similar wanderings to good artistic account. His *cartes de visite*—no, I beg pardon, his *caravans de visite*—are numerous and varied. Verily, my brethren, all is caravanity! Not altogether, for Mr. SAINTON, in addition to returning with his caravan and himself, has brought back an interesting collection of original and delicate works in oil and silver-point—in short, taken every caravantage of his special opportunities. Yours parlously, OLD PAR.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR 'WARSHIPS.'"—Twenty-three American ships, 118 guns, and 3,000 men; six British ships, 52 guns, 1,229 men; and seven German ships, 42 guns, and 1,500 men—all in "Pacific" waters! Looks like Pacific, doesn't it?

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XI.—THE BOOK OF KOOKARIE.

By READER FAGHARD, *Author of "Queen Bathsheba's Ewers," "Yawn," "Guess," "Me," "My Ma's at Penge," "Smallun Halfboy," "General Porridge, D.T.," "Me a Kiss," "The Hemisphere's Wish," &c., &c.*

[IN a long communication which accompanied the MS. of this novel, the Author gives a description of his literary method. We have only room for a few extracts. "I have been accused of plagiarism. I reply that the accusation is ridiculous. Nature is the great plagiarist, the sucker of the brains of authors. There is no situation, however romantic or grotesque, which Nature does not sooner or later appropriate. Therefore the more natural an author is, the more liable is he to envious accusations of plagiarism . . . . . Humour may often be detected in an absence of leg-coverings. A naval officer is an essentially humorous object . . . . . As to literary style, it can be varied at pleasure, but the romantic Egyptian and the plain South African are perhaps best. In future my motto will be, '*Ars Longa Rider brevis*,' and a very good motto too. I like writing in couples. Personally I could never have bothered myself to learn up all these quaint myths and literary fairy tales, but LANG likes it."]

CHAPTER I.

MY name is SMALLUN HALFBOY, a curious name for an old fellow like me, who have been battered and knocked about all over the world from Yorkshire to South Africa. I'm not much of a hand at writing, but, bless your heart, I know the *Bab Ballads* by heart, and I can tell you it's no end of a joke quoting them everywhere, especially when you quote out of an entirely different book. I am not a brave man, but nobody ever was a surer shot with an Express longbow, and no one ever killed more Africans, men and elephants, than I have in my time. But I do love blood. I love it in regular rivers all over the place, with gashes and slashes and lopped heads and arms and legs rolling about everywhere. Black blood is the best variety; I mean the blood of black men, because nobody really cares twopence about them, and you can massacre several thousands of them in half-a-dozen lines and offend no single soul. And, after all, I am not certain that black men have any souls, so that makes things safe all round, as someone says in the *Bab Ballads*.

"Then a strange thing happened."

CHAPTER II.

I WAS staying with my old friend Sir HENRY HURTUS last winter at his ancestral home in Yorkshire. We had been shooting all day with indifferent results, and were returning home fagged and weary with our rifles over our shoulders. I ought to have mentioned that COODENT—of course, you remember Captain COODENT, R.N.—was of the party. Ever since he had found his legs so much admired by an appreciative public, he had worn a kilt without stockings, in order to show them. This, however, was not done from vanity, I think, but rather from a high sense of duty, for he felt that those who happened to be born with personal advantages ought not to be deterred by any sense of false modesty from gratifying the reading public by their display. Lord, how we had laughed to see him struggling through the clinging brambles in Sir HENRY's coverts with his eye-glass in his eye and his Express at the trail. At every step his unfortunate legs had been more and more torn, until there was literally not a scrap of sound skin upon them anywhere. Even the beaters, a stolid lot, had roared when old VELVETEENS the second keeper had brought up to poor COODENT a lump of flesh from his right leg, which he had found sticking on a thorn-bush in the centre of the high covert. Suddenly Sir HENRY stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand anxiously. We all imitated him, though for my part, not being a sportsman, I had no notion what was up. "What's the time of day, Sir HENRY?" I ventured to whisper. Sir HENRY never looked at me, but took out his massive gold Winchester repeater and consulted it in a low voice. "Four thirty," I heard him say, "they are about due." Suddenly there was a whirring noise in the distance. "Duck, duck!" shouted Sir HENRY, now thoroughly aroused. I immediately did so, ducked right down in fact, for I did not know what might be coming, and I am a very timid man. At that moment I heard a joint report from Sir HENRY and COODENT. It gave on the whole a very favourable view of the situation, and by its light I saw six fine mallard, four teal and three widgeon come hurtling down, as dead as so many door-nails, and much heavier on the top of my prostrate body.

When I recovered Sir HENRY was bending over me and pouring brandy down my throat. COODENT was sitting on the ground binding up his legs. "My dear old friend," said Sir HENRY, in his kindest tone, "this Yorkshire is too dangerous. My mind is made up. This very night we all start for Mariannakookaland. There at least our lives will be safe."

CHAPTER III.

WE were in Mariannakookaland. We had been there a month travelling on, ever on, over the parching wastes, under the scorching African sun which all but burnt us in our *treks*. Our *Veldt* slippers were worn out, and our pace was consequently reduced to the merest *Kraal*. At rare intervals during our adventurous march, we had seen Stars and heard of Echoes, but now not a single *Kopje* was left, and we were trudging along mournfully with our blistered *tongas* protruding from our mouths.

Suddenly Sir HENRY spoke—"SMALLUN, my old friend," he said, "do you see anything in the distance?"

I looked intently in the direction indicated, but could see nothing but the horizon. "Look again," said Sir HENRY. I swept the distance with my glance. It was a sandy, arid distance, and, naturally enough, a small cloud of dust appeared. Then a strange thing happened. The cloud grew and grew. It came rolling towards us with an unearthly noise. Then it seemed to be cleft in two, as by lightning, and from its centre came marching towards us a mighty army of Amazonian warriors, in battle-array, chanting the war-song of the Mariannakookas. I must confess that my first instinct was to fly, my second to run, my third, and best, to remain rooted to the spot. When the army came within ten yards of us, it stopped, as if by magic, and a stout Amazon, of forbidding aspect, who seemed to be the Commander-in-Chief, advanced to the front. On her head she wore an immense native jelibag, tricked out with feathers; her breast was encased in a huge silver *tureene*. Her waist was encircled with a broad girdle, in which were stuck all manner of deadly arms, *stuhpans*, *sorspans*, *spihts*, and *deeshecloutz*. In her left hand she carried a deadly-looking *kaster*, while in her right she brandished a massive *rolinpin*, a frightful weapon, which produces internal wounds of the most awful kind. Her regiments were similarly armed, save that, in their case, the breast-covering was made of inferior metal, and they wore no feathers in their head-dress. The Commander held up her hand. Instantly the war-song ceased. Then the Commander addressed us, and her voice sounded like the song of them that address the *butchaboys* in the morning. And this was the *torque* she hurled at us,—

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, wanderers from a far country, I am She-who-will-never-Obey, the Queen of the Mariannakookas. I rule above, and in nether regions, where there is Eternal Fire. Behold my Word goes forth, and the Ovens are made hot, and the *Kee-chen-boi-lars* are filled with Water. Over me no Mistress holds sway. All whom I meet I keep in subjection, save only the *Weekibuks*; them I keep not down, for they delight me. And the land over which I reign is made glad with fat and much stored up *Dripn*. Who are ye, and what seek ye here? Speak ere it be too late!" And as she ceased the whole army broke forth into a chorus, "She-who-will-never-Obey has spoken! The Word is gone forth! Speak, speak!" I confess I was alarmed, and my fears were not diminished when two of the *Skubrimehds* (a sort of native camp-follower) came up to COODENT and me, and actually began to make love to us in the most forward manner. But Sir HENRY maintained his calm demeanour. "She-who-will-never-Obey," he said, "we are peaceful traders. We bring no Commission——" how his sentence would have ended will never be known. Certain it is that what he said roused the Amazons to a frenzy of passion. They yelled and danced round us. "He who

brings no Commission must die!" they shouted; and in a moment we found ourselves bound tightly hand-and-foot, and marching as prisoners of war in the centre of the Mariannakookaland army.

CHAPTER V.

IT is unnecessary to go through the details of our marvellous escape from the lowest dungeon of the royal Palace of SURVAN TSAUL, where for months we were immured on a constant diet of suet pudding. Of course we did escape, but only after killing ten thousand Mariannakookas, and then swimming for a mile in their blood. COODENT brought with him a very pretty *Skulrimehd* who had grown attached to him, but she drooped and pined away after he lost his false teeth in crossing a river, and tried to replace them with orange-peel, a trick he had learnt at school. Sir HENRY's fight with She-who-will-never-Obey is still remembered. He will carry the marks of her nails on his cheeks to his grave. I myself am tired of wandering. "*Home, Sweet Home*," as the *Bab Ballads* have it, is the place for me.

THE END.

AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

(*By Our Own Reciter.*)

I WENT to see the Pantomime this Christmas in our town.
We laughed enough the opening night to bring the theatre down.

The piece was *Burleybumbo, the Old Giant, and his Men;*
Fairy Starlight, Little Popsey, and the Demon of the Glen.
The Supers were collected from the local talent round,
And for *Burleybumbo's* servant the Blacksmith, JOHN, they found:
A stalwart varlet was required to carry off his foes
To Burleybumbo Castle, where he ate them as he chose.
His minions, who wore hideous masks, had nothing much to say,
So an IRVING was not wanted to do their part of the play.

On this eventful night the house was packed from roof to pit,
And the Manager was jubilant at having made a hit.
The Curtain drawing slowly up, revealed a flowery glade,
In which the *Fairy Starlight* and her lovely maidens played.
The wicked Demon then came on, and round the stage did glower;
No mortal man could e'er withstand his wrath or evil power.
Last of all came *Burleybumbo* with his crew, a motley horde,
Our old friend, Blacksmith JOHN, was in attendance on his lord.
They were singing and carousing, when a man rushed in to say
That a dozen wealthy travellers were coming down that way.
The band dispersed, and hid themselves, in hopes that they might plunder
The unsuspecting wayfarers. Alas! now came the blunder:
Old JOHN he wouldn't hide himself, but coolly walked about
Advancing to the footlights, he looked around—but hark! a shout:—
"Confound you! Dash my——! Just come off! Hi, you! Who are you? JOHN!"
"Not if I knowsh it, jolly old pal! I've only just come on!"
Thus saying, he lumbered round the stage. The Prompter's heart had sunk:
No doubt about the matter—*Burleybumbo's* man is drunk!
"Come off! Come off!" from every wing was now the angry cry.
"Me off, indeed! Oh, would yer? Sh'like to see the feller try!"
Burleybumbo then appeared, and vainly tried to drag him back.
JOHN stove his pasteboard head in with a most refreshing crack.
The wicked Demon now rushed on; his supernatural might
Was very little use to him on this surprising night.
He tried to push him down the glade, but here again JOHN sold him;
He caught the Demon round the waist, and at the Prompter bowled him.
Ah! such a shindy ne'er was seen, such riot and such rage—
It was the finest "rally" ever seen on any stage!
'Mid shrieks and cat-calls, whistles shrill, hysterics and guffaws,
They rang the Curtain down amidst uproarious applause.
The piece is still a great success, but, I regret to say,
JOHN's name appears no longer in the bills of that fine play!

NOT INSIDE OUT.

FAIR Maiden, you're looking a vision of beauty,
You may comfort yourself you've no rival to fear;
But you won't take it ill if I feel it my duty
To whisper a word of advice in your ear.

Now, the word would be this—when the daylight is dawning,
Or, at any rate, when it's more early than late,
Pray remember the coachman, who, fitfully yawning
Outside in the street, finds it weary to wait.

You reck not at all of the hours that are fleeting,
You ask for an "extra"—you can't be denied.
But though, doubtless, soft nothings may set your heart beating,
Yet they're awfully cold for the people outside.

Want of thought, not of heart, is the reason as ever,
So if you find leisure to read through this rhyme,
When you order your carriage, in future endeavour
To prevent any waiting—by being in time.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Publisher of *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, earnestly requests the reviewer, appealing to his heart in the reddest of red ink, on a slip of paper pasted on to the cover of the Magazine, not to extract and quote more than one column of "Talleyrand's Memoirs," which appear in this number for January. The Publisher of the *C. I. M. M.* does not appeal personally to the Baron—who is now the last, bar one, of the Barons, and that bar one is one at the Bar,—but, for all that, the Baron hereby and hereon takes his solummest Half-a-Davey or his entire Davey, that he will not write, engrave, or represent, or cause to be, &c., for purposes of quotation, one single word, much less line, of *Tallyho*—beg pardon, of *Talleyrand*,—extracts from whose memoirs are now appearing in the aforesaid *C. I. M. M.* But all he will say at present is this, that, if the secret and private Memoirs haven't got in them anything more thrilling or startling, or out of the merest common-place, than appears in this number of the *C. I. M. M.*, then the Baron will say that he would prefer reading such contributions as M. de BLOWITZ's story of "How he became a Special," or *The Pigmies of the African Forest* by HENRY M. STANLEY in the same number of this Mag.

What the Baron dearly loves is, ELLIOT STOCK-IN-TRADE'S *The Book-worm*, always most interesting to Book-worms, and almost as interesting to Book-grubs or Book-butterflies. By the way, the publishing office of *The Book-worm* ought to be in Grub Street. For what sort of fish is *The Book-worm* an attractive bait? I suppose there are queer fish in the Old Book trade that can take in any number of Book-worms, as is shown from a modern instance, well and wisely commented upon in this very number for January, No. 38, which is excellent food for worms; the whole series, indeed, must be a very Diet of Worms. Success to the *Book-worm!* May it grow to double the size, and be a glow-worm, to enlighten us in the bye-paths of literature. "*Prosit!*" says the Baron.

I would that some one would write of BROWNING's work as HENRY VAN DYKE has written of TENNYSON'S. To the superficial and cursory reader of the Laureate, the Baron, sitting by the fire on a winter's night, the wind howling over the sea, and the snow drifting against the window, and being chucked in handfuls down the chimney, and frizzling on the fire, says, get this book, published by ELKIN MATHEWS: *ça donne à penser*, and this is its great merit. "Come into the Garden, Maud"—no, thank you, not to-night; but give me my shepherd's pipe, with the fragrant bird's-eye in it, with *τον γρογον*, while I sit by the cheerful fire, in the best of good company—my books.

OUR Mr. GRIFFITHES (CHESTER, MAYHEW, BROOME, AND GRIFFITHES) has been all the way *From Bedford Row to Swazieland*, and has written a lively narrative of his perilous journey. He went on a professional retainer. You don't catch Bedford Row in Swazieland on other terms. Being there, he kept his eyes open, saw a good deal, and describes his impressions in racy fashion. He did not like the coffee served *en route*, and was disappointed with the Southern Cross; but on the whole enjoyed the trip. One would naturally expect that the price of his book would be six-and-eightpence, or, regarding it in the form of a letter, three-and-fourpence, but BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co. issue it at a shilling.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Artist. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE PORTRAITS, MISS BUNNY? THE SITTERS ARE ALL OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS, I BELIEVE?"
Miss Bunny (triumphantly). "YES; AND, ONLY THINK, I'VE ACTUALLY MANAGED TO GUESS THEM ALL!"

ARBITRATION.

Seal, suddenly emerging, loquitur:—

BELAY, you two lubbers, avast there! avast there!
What signifies squalling and squabbling?
You're both argufying a good bit too fast there,
Whilst that which you stand on seems wobbling.
You'll be in a mess, Messmates, shortly, the pair of you.
Give *me* a thought in the matter!
My interest's at stake, and it isn't quite fair of you
Me to ignore 'midst your clatter.

If,'twere not for me, Mates, this cold Behring's Sea, Mates,
Would hardly strike you as so tempting.
Do grant your poor prey, if I may make so free, Mates,
From slaughter some annual exempting!
I'm worried and walloped without intermission
Until even family duties
Quite fail, whilst your countrymen cudgel and fish on.
By Jingo, some of 'em are beauties!

My poor wife and children have not half a chance, Mates.
That's not to your interest, I reckon.
Cease shindy, and on a new course make advance, Mates,
Where sense and humanity beckon.
There's not much of either in cruelly clubbing
My progeny all out of season;
And if you are bent upon mutual drubbing,
You must quite have parted with reason.

Mare clausum, be blowed! That's all BLAINE's big bow-wow, Mates.
Men can't thus monopolise oceans.
Diplomacy *must* find a compromise now, Mates,
And, well—I have told you *my* notions.
Give me a close-time,—I shall be very grateful—
And leave the Sea open! What more, Mates?
For brothers like you to be huffing, is hateful.
Be friends, think of me, and—*bong swor*, Mates!

[*Dives under.*

UP-TO-TIME TABLE, FROM THE NORTH.

	Morning Fast.	Mineral and Parl.	General Express.	Traffic and Even. Mail.
Edinburgh (Waverley Station)	7 A.M. to 9·30	11 A.M. A	Noon F	9 P.M. L
Carlisle	12·15	...	...	...
Hawick	4·30	B	...	...
Galashiels	9·45	...	2 15 G	1 A.M. M
Motherwell	1 P.M. (Stopped by riot)	4 P.M. C	3·19 H	3 20 N
St. Margaret's Works	3·30	5 D	...	...
Perth	9·45 A.M.	...	11 26 I	...
Glasgow	12·30 P.M.	...	...	...
Aberfeldy	6·13	...	...	...
Dundee	1 12 A.M.	3 A.M. to 9	...	...
Inverness	9 23	...	3 5 J	...
Aberdeen	11·6	7 P.M. ? E	1 A.M. K	O

A—Takes delayed pig-iron and third-class passengers. B—Half of train stops here through breaking an axle-pin. C—Passengers, for protection, get under seats of carriages. D—Stops for repairs. E—Having had a collision at the junction for Aberfeldy, will come on, if there are any passengers equal to finishing the journey.

F—Starts under the management of a Director, and, owing to a misunderstanding, dashes off to Aberdeen, without stopping. G—Doesn't stop, but knocks over a station-master. H—Is pelted as it tears through the station by *ex-employés*. I—Knocks over another station-master. J—Meets a pilot-engine, which it splits in half. K—Goes at full speed through the end of the terminus, depositing the passengers in a heap in the middle of the town.

L—Train starts, made up of horse-boxes and luggage-vans full of three weeks' arrears of parcels, first-class carriages, Post-office van, fifty coal-trucks, and a wild beast show, the Directors wishing to make up for lost time. M—Train breaking down here, mail and passengers only forwarded. N—Train attacked by rioters. Pitched battle with the passengers. O—Telegram from Motherwell saying, that owing to police intervention, train starts the day after to-morrow.

ARBITRATION.

THE SEAL. "BELAY, YOU TWO JOHNNIES!—AVAST QUARRELLING! GIVE ME A 'CLOSE-TIME,' AND LEAVE THE 'SEA' AN OPEN QUESTION."

SHOCKING!

Fair New-Englander (spending the Winter in the Old Country). "OH, WHAT A LOVE! AND IS IT THE FIRST YOU HAVE SHOT THIS YEAR, CAPTAIN RASPER?"

TOO CIVIL BY HALF; OR, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

(*A Drama Founded—more or less—upon Facts.*)

ACT I.—"PAST."—*Interior of the Savings Bank Department of the G.P.O.* Employés *engaged upon their work. The hour for customary cessation of labour strikes.*

Official of a Higher Grade. Officers and Gentlemen, the exigencies of the Public Service require your presence for some time longer. I beg you to continue your work.

A Hundred Employés. Never! (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! the employment of Female Clerks is avenged!

Off. (*almost in tears*). Reconsider your decision, I beg—I implore!

Another Hundred Employés. Never! (*Aside.*) Seven hours a day and no longer—shall be secured at one fell swoop!

Off. (*with indescribable emotion*). Oh, my country! Oh, my Savings Bank Depositors! Oh, my dignity of the Civil Service!

[*Faints in the arms of faithful* Employés, *whilst the other Clerks defiantly depart. Tableau.*

ACT II.—"PRESENT."—*Magnificent apartments of the* P.-M.-Gen. *in the G.P.O. Deputation of contrite* Employés *listening to the eloquent speech of their Official Chief.*

P. M. G. (*in effect*). I am delighted that you are such good fellows. Your conduct in owning that you were wrong in refusing to work after regular official hours, almost effaces a painful page in the history of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Let it be clearly understood that extra work is *not* compulsory, *but*, if *not* undertaken, may lead (as in the present instance) to immediate suspension, if not dismissal. Surely no one can object to that? (*Contrite* Officials *express mournful approval.*) And now good-bye, and A Happy New Year. As for the future—hope, my good friends, hope!

[*Exeunt the contrite* Employés, *leaving the* Officials of a Higher Grade *agitating the nerves controlling their eyelids spasmodically.*

ACT III.—"FUTURE."—*Same Scene as Act I.* Venerable Employés *discovered, after twenty years' further service.*

First Venerable Employé. Remember the words spoken a score of winters ago—Hope, brother, hope!

Second Venerable Employé. Yes—Hope, brother, hope!

[*As the Scene closes, the entire Establishment are left continuing the self-sustaining, but rather profitless employment, indefinitely. Curtain.*

A Son of the Pool. By the Author of *A Daughter of the Pyramids.*

Charles Keene.

BORN AUGUST 10, 1823. DIED JANUARY 4, 1891.

WHAT words avail to honour friends departed,
Gone from the gatherings which so long they graced?
What phrase seems fit when comrades loyal-hearted
Mourn a loved presence late by death displaced?

No formal elegiacs fashioned coldly,
Beseem the memory of that manly soul,
Whose simple, downright spirit trod so boldly
Life's most sequestered ways from start to goal.

Not rank's trim pleasance, nor parades of fashion
Tempted his genius; his the great highway
Where, free from courtly pride and modish passion,
Toil tramps, free humours crowd, rough wastrels stray.

Therein his magic pencil laboured gladly,
Fixing for ever on his chosen page
In forms fond memory now reviews so sadly
The crowded pageant of a passing age.

What an array! How varied a procession!
The humours of the parlour, shop, and street;
Philistia's every calling, craft, profession,
Cockneydom's cheery cheek and patter fleet.

Scotch dryness, Irish unction and cajolery,
Waiterdom's wiles, Deacondom's pomp of port;
Rustic simplicity, domestic drollery,
The freaks of Service and the fun of Sport;

And all with such true art, so fine, unfailing,
Of touch so certain, and of charm so fresh,
As to lend dignity to Cabmen railing,
To fustianed clods and fogies full of flesh.

Nor human humours only; who so tender
Of touch when sunny Nature out-of-doors
Wooed his deft pencil? Who like him could render
Meadow or hedgerow, turnip-field, or moor?

Snowy perspective, long suburban winding
Of bowery road-way, villa-edged and trim,
Iron-railed city street, where gas-lamps blinding
Glare through the foggy distance dense and dim?

All with that broad free force, whose fascination
All felt, and artists most, that dexterous sleight
Which gave our land the unchallenged consummation
Of graphic mastery in Black-and-White.

Pleasant to dwell on, and a proud possession,
Now the tired hand that shaped that world is still,
Leaving an ineffaceable impression
Upon the age that fired its force and skill.

Honoured abroad as loved at home, how ample,
The tribute to that modest spirit paid!
To pushing quackery a high example,
A calm rebuke to egotist parade!

Frank, loyal, unobtrusive, simple-hearted,
Loving his book, his pipe, his song, his friend,
Peaceful he lived and peacefully departed,
A gentle life-course, with a gracious end.

Irreparable loss to Art, deep sorrow
To those his comrades, who so loved the man,
And who had hoped for many a sunny morrow
To greet that gallant spirit in the van.

That tall, spare form, that curl-crowned head, the knitting
Of supple hands behind it as he sat,
That quaint face-wrinkling smile like sunshine flitting,
The droll, dry comment, the quotation pat;

The small oft-loaded pipe, of ancient moulding,
The brazen box that held the well-loved weed;
Who shall forget who once was graced by holding
In friendship's clasp the hand now still indeed?

Farewell, great artist, comrade staunch and loyal!
Few simpler lives our feverish age hath seen.
Could pomp high-pinnacled, or trappings royal,
Add honour to the memory of CHARLES KEENE?

GOBLIN TRANSFORMATION SCENE FROM THE IRISH EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE O'RIP VAN WINKLE.

Where the Home-Ruler of Butt's time awakes to find all the would-be dic-taters suddenly become mere mushrooms.

THE SHAH (LEFEVRE) AND THE SULTAN.

OVER a series of weeks preceding Christmas, Europe was disturbed by rumours of a momentous interview reported to have taken place on the banks of the unsuspecting Bosphorus. One of the parties to the conference was his Imperial Majesty the SULTAN. The other was an English Statesman, the trusted counsellor of an Ex-Premier, and believed in family circles to be the real author of some of his supreme measures. The naturally retiring disposition of the Statesman in question, and his inviolable reticence in respect of any matter concerning himself, made it difficult to arrive at the truth. Doubtless the stupendous event—the possible consequences of which on European affairs Time will work out—would have remained for ever hidden but for the ruthless action of "the London Correspondents of various provincial papers, who gave in their London letters more or less inaccurate reports of the event." How they came to know anything about it admits of only one conclusion. *The SULTAN must have told them.* The event was too important to be left to this haphazard kind of record, and, accordingly, the *Speaker* has been favoured with a narrative of what took place, the signature disclosing the fact that the other party to the interview was the SHAH LEFEVRE.

The SHAH's account, regarded as a record of a historical event, is manifestly hampered by that modest and insatiable desire for self-effacement which marks this eminent man. We see anonymous "persons who had access to the SULTAN approaching" the SHAH, and "suggesting to him that he ought to apply for an audience." We see him "declining to do so on the ground that, having taken an active part in the agitation in England on the subject of the Bulgarian atrocities in 1877, it would not be right that I should thrust myself on the attention of the SULTAN." It is generally thought at Stamboul and elsewhere that Mr. GLADSTONE was chiefly responsible for the memorable agitation referred to. But the SHAH is not the man to hide the truth. Also, "I wished to be free to say what I thought about the condition of Turkey on my return to England." That was only fair to waiting England. No use the SULTAN trying to "nobble" this relentless man. So it came to pass that he went to the Palace, reluctant, but "feeling we could not refuse such a command from the Sovereign of the country." He talked with CHAKIR PACHA and WAHAN EFFENDI; saw the SULTAN's horse; hung about for hours; no SULTAN appeared; went back to hotel quivering under the insult. Had framed telegram ordering the British Fleet to the Bosphorus, when VAMBÉRY turned up, pale and trembling; besought the SHAH to do nothing rash; explained it was all a mistake. This followed up by invitation to dine at the Palace the following day.

All this, and what followed at the dinner; how there were "excellent wines, electric lights, and a great display of plate"; how the SULTAN, concentrating his attention on the SHAH, and forgetful of poor FREDERICK HARRISON, who had, somehow, been elbowed into obscurity, paid court to this powerful personality; how he received him on the daïs, and how cunningly, though ineffectually, he endeavoured to secure on the spot the evacuation of Egypt, is told in the SHAH's delicious narrative.

Mr. Punch, sharing in the thrilling interest this disclosure has created throughout the civilised world, has been anxious to complete the record by supplementing the SHAH's account of the interview, with the SULTAN's own version. This was, at the outset, difficult. Obstacles were thrown in the way, but they were overcome by the pertinacity and ingenuity of Our Representative, who at last found himself seated with the SULTAN on the very daïs from which SHAH LEFEVRE had conferred with his Imperial Majesty whilst other of the forty guests, "including the Austrian Ambassador," looked on, green with envy.

"It's a curious thing," said the SULTAN, laying down a book he had been reading when Our Representative entered, "that, when you were announced, I had just come upon a reference by your great Poet to your still greater Statesman. You know the line in Lockandkey Hall,—

"'Oh the dreary, drear LEFEVRE! Oh the barren, barren SHAW!'"

"That," Our Representative writes, "is not precisely the line as I remember it; but I make it a rule never to correct a SULTAN."

Accordingly His Majesty proceeded: "And so, my good Cousin, *Mr. Punch*, wants to know all about this interview, the *bruit* of which has shaken the Universe. His wishes are commands to me. In the first place, I will tell you (though this is not for publication), that it was by the merest accident I had the advantage of knowing your great countryman. I heard there had come to Constantinople one FREDERICK HARRISON, head of a sect called the Positivists. I am, you know, in my way, and within the limits of my kingdom, one of the most absolute Positivists of the age. I wanted to see the English apostle, and told them to ask him to dinner. Somehow things got mixed up, and, at the preliminary morning call, the SHAH LEFEVRE walked in. Had never heard of him before, but gathered from CHAKIR PACHA, who had been talking to WAHAN EFFENDI, who, had seen WOODS PACHA, who had spent an hour with VAMBÉRY, upon whom SHAH LEFEVRE had called, that the SHAH was really the mainspring of the Liberal Party in England, GLADSTONE being merely figure-head, HARCOURT in his pay, and CHAMBERLAIN suffering in exile under his displeasure. Allah is Good! Here was a chance thrown into my hands. I forgot all about FREDERICK HARRISON; told CHAKIR PACHA and WAHAN EFFENDI to entertain the SHAH in the ante-chamber with coffee and cigarettes, drawing him out on Armenia and Egypt. Meanwhile I crept under the sofa, and heard every word. The SHAH very stern about Armenia, could not be drawn about Egypt. At end of hour and half began to get tired under sofa; managed to stick in WAHAN EFFENDI's Wellington boot a note, on which I had written, 'Take him to see my horse.' So they went off to stable, and, as soon as coast was clear, I crept out; shut myself up in room for rest of day. Heard afterwards that they came back, the SHAH much impressed with appearance of my horse; resumed conversation on Armenia and Egypt for another hour; at last got rid of SHAH.

"At night VAMBÉRY, disguised as melon-seller, entered Palace and gained access to my room. Told me fearful mess had been made of matters. The SHAH really didn't care about seeing the horse; wanted to see me. Talks about ordering round the Fleet. 'Better ask him to dinner,' said VAMBÉRY; so despatched Grand Chamberlain in carriage and six. The SHAH mollified; gave him a good dinner: plenty of electric lights. Afterwards he was good enough to see me on the daïs. Tried to get him to promise alteration in attitude of English Liberal Party towards me; also wanted him to settle at once withdrawal of troops from Egypt. But, though most urbane in manner, exceedingly cautious. Not to be drawn. Talk about Eastern statecraft! nothing to you English, as represented by your SHAH LEFEVRES. When I pressed him to come to point about Egypt, he said, 'On this subject I can only speak my own views. I am not authorised to speak on behalf of those I am politically associated with, but personally I am opposed to the occupation of Egypt by English troops.' There's an answer for you! Your MACHIAVELLIS, your TALLEYRANDS not in it. Felt I had wasted some time, and given away a dinner all for nothing, except the memory that will ever rest with me of having been privileged to see this remarkable man standing on my daïs."

Here the SULTAN clapped his hands three times, and Our Representative, being carefully placed in a sack, was dropped into the Bosphorus, whence he was rescued in time to send off this despatch for publication in the current Number.

ACCIDENT ON THE ICE.—The other day a gentleman, well known in the world of Sport and Art, was skating on the Serpentine, and fell in with a friend. Both were getting on well when our reporter left.

Extract from Report of the G. O. M.'s Birthday Speech at Hawarden:—

"And I do not hesitate to betray to you this secret, that not infrequently in the summer months, when winding my way homewards after midnight, sometimes very long after it, from the House of Commons, I have stopped my course for a moment by the side of the drinking fountain in Great George Street, Westminster, when there was nobody to look at me, and have indulged in the refreshing draught which was there afforded me, feeling at the same time that I was not performing any action which could expose me to the resentment or displeasure of my excellent friend whose name is well known to you all—Sir WILFRID LAWSON."

G. O. M. (to himself). "I hope Lawson isn't looking at me."

I'D BE A CRIMINAL.

A SONG OF THE RULING SENSATION.

TUNE—*I'd be a Butterfly.*

I'D be a criminal, born in a slum,
Where refuse, and rowdies, and raggedness meet;
For when to the court for my trial I come,
I'll be gazed on by all that is gracious and sweet.

Fair dames of the land will acknowledge my power,
And Scientists sage will be slaves at my feet;
Offers of marriage I'll get in full shower,
And fools in my cause in their thousands will meet.

They'll trot out each new "scientific" vagary,
Some hope of escape to my prison to bring,
And scribes on my case will be sportive and airy
And tell how I look, eat, sleep, dress, talk or sing.

Those I have butchered will get scant attention,
Interest's sure to be centred in me.
Painters will picture me, poets may mention,
Beauties discuss me at five o'clock tea.

Mad doctors will fight o'er my mental condition,
Hypnotists swear I was somebody's tool;
And if I'm condemned, why a Monster Petition
Will promptly be signed by each faddist and fool.

Murder—and good Dr. LIEGOIS of Nancy
Will back you, LABRUYÈRE will help you away.
I'd be a Murderer, that is my fancy.
He is the only true Hero to-day!

THE AMUSING RATTLE'S TOPICAL NOTE-BOOK.

(*For the Use of Diners-out and other Amateur Entertainers.*)

The Strike in Scotland.—You might suggest, that were it in Ireland, one might see a *rail* way out of it, or rather in it. This jest may be expected to be appreciated by a parson's wife of the sharper sort. Something ought to be got out of the visit of the agitator BURNS to the North. Example of what can be done in this direction:—"People who play with fire (persons who go in for strikes) must expect BURNS." However, be careful not to say this to a Scotchman, or he may want your blood before you get to the cigarettes. North Britons are very jealous of the reputation of their national poet, and permit no jokes upon the subject. You see, in letting off your witticism at a Scotchman, you would have to explain that it *was* a joke. You might also hint that it was "hard lines" for the Railway Companies concerned; but this will provoke gloom rather than gaiety amongst those who have invested in Caledonians and North British. If you talk about the riots in connection with the movement, you might say that the pugnacious rioters remind you of safety matches, "for they not only strike, but strike on the box!"

The Parnell Negociations in France.—You can say something about O'BRIEN's invitation to Mr. PARNELL to pay him an evening visit on the French coast, reminds you of the once popular song, "*Meet me by Moonlight, Boulogne.*" If you are told that "Boulogne" should be "Alone," return, "Precisely—borrowed a word—Boulogne was a loan." This ought to go with roars. At a Smoking Concert you might suggest that Mr. O'BRIEN was just the man to settle a quarrel, because even when he was in prison he took an absorbing interest in *the proper adjustment of breeches!*

The Row at the Post Office.—As the Savings' Bank Department has for years been the Cinderella of the Civil Service, this is a subject that will not create much interest; however, you might possibly extract a pleasantry out of the name of the present Postmaster-General in connection with the now-appeased *employés.* With a little trouble you should be able to say something quite sparkling about what the "officers" *hoe* to *Raikes!*

The Portuguese Difficulty in Africa.—Rather a good subject at a Christmas Dinner, where relatives (on particularly affectionate and intimate terms) are gathered together. Say you have got to the dessert, and you start the subject. Observe that it is fortunate that the SULTAN OF TURKEY is not interested in the matter, or there would be further trouble of a like character. To the question, "Why?" reply, taking up a bottle of red wine to point your witticism, "would it not be a second difficulty with the *Porte, you guess?*" To make the jest perfect, connect Turkey in Europe with the *dindon aux marrons,* of which you will have just partaken.

The Weather.—If forced to fall back upon this venerable subject (which should only be broached in the wilds of Cornwall, or other equally primitive spots), of course you can speak of a hard frost being "*an ice* day for a hunting-man, although he is sure to swear at it." If the weather breaks, you may observe, "*You thaw so,*" but not when you have to shout the quibble through the ear-trumpet of a deaf old maid. And this, with the other witticisms recorded above, should carry you (by desire) into the middle of next week.

A DEADLY KISS.—The Hotch-kiss.

A PANTOMIMIC REVERIE.

(*By a "Slippered Pantaloon."*)

TAX-GATHERERS molest one's door,
The streets are choked with messy mist;
I'm the proverbial Bachelor,
An old, prosaic Pessimist.
Yet somehow—who can tell me why?—
Urged by the Past's dim Phantom, I'm
Disposed my cosy Club to fly,
And prank it at the Pantomime.

A Phantom weird of things forgot!
My mother, proud of me at her
Sweet side—our yellow chariot—
The long, long drive—the theatre—

My fear to miss—my thrill when in—
The Fairy Queen, the jolly King—
The laughter flung at Harlequin,
And Pantaloon arollicking.

And sister PRUE, and brother TIM,
(I scarcely recollected them),
Magnificent in gala trim:
Dear me, how I respected them!
I deemed them quite grown up, so bold
Seemed they, glared so defiantly:
Yet they, too, cowered to behold
Prone before JACK the Giant lie.

Yes! Where is TIM, where PRUE, alack!
Where mother fondly pliant now?
Where for that matter too is JACK,
And where the grisly Giant now?
In lonely stall, with vacant brow
I sit and eye the *coryphées:*
In my time they were Fairies; now
They seem to me but sorry fays.

The pageantry is twice as grand,
The wealth of wealth embarrasses;
And yet this is not elfinland
But great AUGUSTUS HARRIS's.
The *blasé* children vote it flat,
When Mister Clown cries, "Here's a go!"
Yes, there's the box where erst we sat
And laughed so, sixty years ago.

The very box: I think, you know,
The reason I'm so queer to-night
Is merely because long ago
Here faces were not here to-night.
I'd best be off——Bless me! no Clown?
No Stage?—no Past invidious?
No Orchestra?—but simply BROWN
Snoring the midnight hideous!

No Drury Lane?—no tinsel flare?—
No pirouetting Bogeydom?—
Only a Club, and one who there
Forgot in sleep his Fogeydom!
Welcome my Transformation Scene;
I'm dull once more, and every
Old Bachelor like me, I ween,
May muse at times his reverie.

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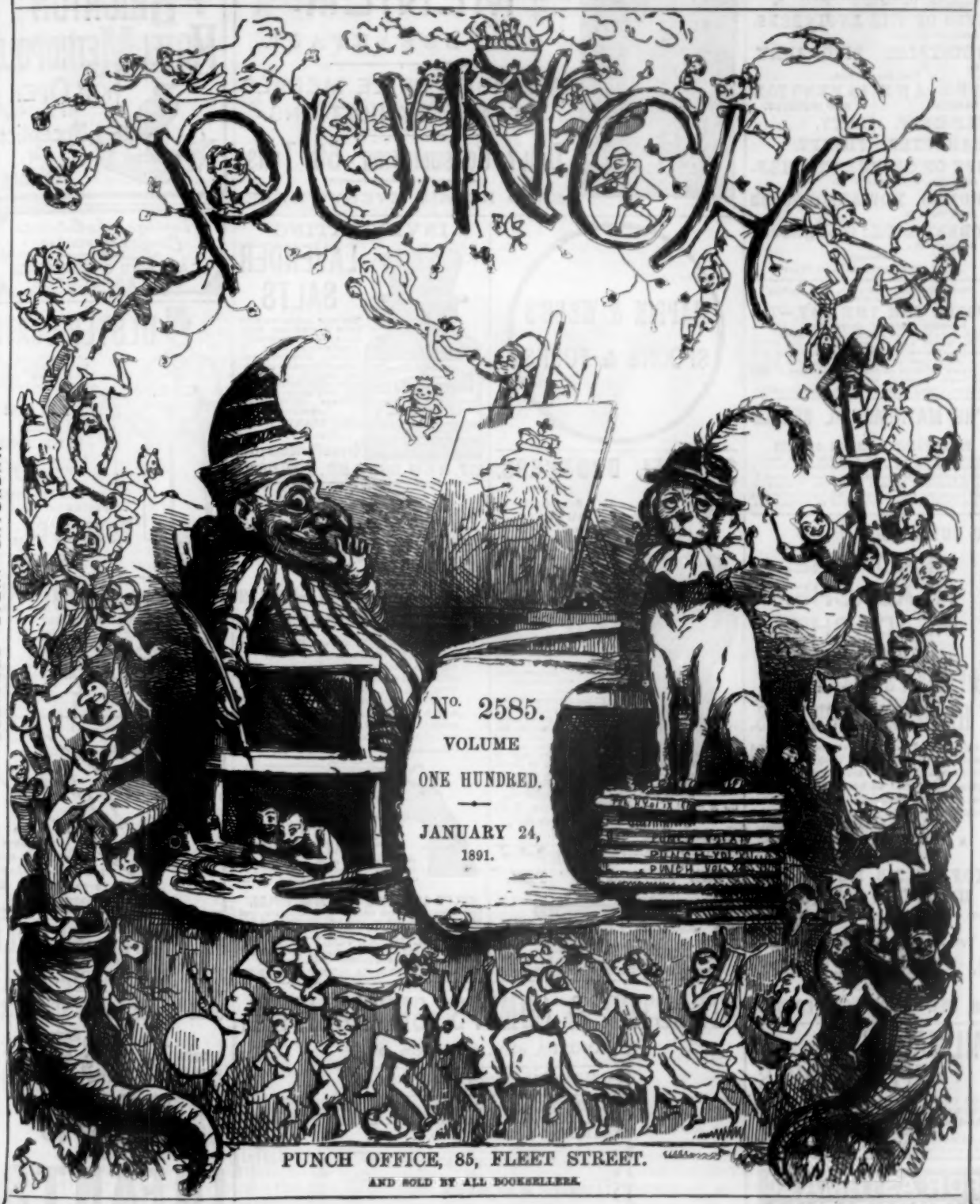

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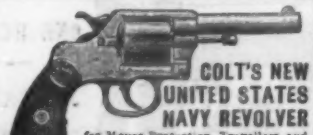

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No. XII.—THE MATE OF THE MARLINSPIKE.

(*By* SHARK MUSSELL; *Author of "Erect with a Stove in Her," "My Gyp made to wheeze," "The Romance of a Penny Parlour," "A Hook for the Bannock," "Found the Gal on Fire," "The Mystery of the Lotion Jar," "The Jokes o' Lead," &c., &c., &c.*)

["Here you are, my hearty," writes the Author, "this is a regular briny ocean story, all storms and thunderclaps and sails and rigging and soaring masts and bellying sails. How about 'avast heaving' and 'shiver my timbers,' and 'son of a sea-cook,' and all that? No, thank you; that kind of thing 's played out. MARRYAT was all very well *in his day*, but that day 's gone. The public requires stories about merchant ships, and, by Neptune, the public shall have them, with all kinds of hairy villains and tempest-tossed wrecks and human interest and no end of humour, likewise word-pictures of ships and storms. That 's me. So clear the decks, and here goes."]

CHAPTER I.

WE were in mid-ocean. Over the vast expanses of the oily sea no ripple was to be seen although Captain BABBIJAM kept his binoculars levelled at the silent horizon for three-quarters of an hour by the saloon clock. Far away in the murky distance of the mysterious empyrean, a single star flashed with a weird brilliance down upon the death-like stillness of the immemorial ocean. Yet the good old *Marlinspike* was rolling from side to side and rising and falling as if the liquid expanse were stirred by the rush of a tempest instead of lying as motionless as a country congregation during the rector's sermon. Suddenly Captain BABBIJAM closed his binoculars with an angry snap, and turned to me. His face showed of a dark purple under his white cotton night-cap.

"The silly old ship," he muttered, half to himself and half to me, "is trying to make heavy weather of it; but I'll be even with her, I'll be even with her."

"You'll find it a very *odd* thing to do," I said to him, jocosely.

He sprang at me like a sea-horse, and reared himself to his full height before me.

"Come, Mr. TUGLEY," he continued, speaking in a low, meaning voice, "can you take a star?"

"Sometimes," I answered, humouring his strange fancy; "but there 's only one about, and it seems a deuce of a long way off—however, I'll try;" and, with that, I reached my arm up in the direction of the solitary planet, which lay in the vast obscure like a small silver candlestick, with a greenish tinge in its icy sparkling, mirrored far below in the indigo flood of the abysmal sea, while a grey scud came sweeping up, no one quite knew whence, and hung about the glossy face of the silent luminary like the shreds of a wedding veil, scattered by a honey-moon quarrel across the deep spaces far beyond the hairy coamings of the booby-hatch.

"Fool!" said the Captain, softly, "I don't mean that. If you can't take a star, can you keep a watch?"

"Well, as to that, Captain," said I, half shocked and half amused at his strange questionings, "I never take my own out in a crowd. It's one of DENT's best, given me by my aunt, and I've had it for nigh upon——"

But the Captain had left me, and was at that moment engaged on his after-supper occupation of jockeying a lee yard-arm, while the first mate, Mr. SOWSTER, was doing his best to keep up with his rough commanding officer by dangling to windward on the flemish horse, which, as it was touched in the wind and gone in the forelegs, stumbled violently over the buttery hatchway and hurled its venturesome rider into the hold.

CHAPTER II.

ON the following morning we were all sitting in the palatial saloon of the *Marlinspike*. We were all there, all the characters, that is to say, necessary for the completion of a first class three-volume ocean novel. On my right sat the cayenne-peppery Indian Colonel, a small man with a fierce face and a tight collar, who roars like a bull and says, "Zounds, Sir," on the slightest provocation. Opposite to him was his wife, a Roman-nosed lady, with an imperious manner, and a Colonel-subduing way of curling her lip. On my left was the funny man. As usual he was of a sea-green colour, and might be expected at any moment to stagger to a port-hole and call faintly for the steward. Further down the table sat two young nincompoops, brought on board specially in order that they might fulfil their destiny, and fill out my story, by falling in love with the fluffy-haired English girl who was sitting between them, and pouting equally and simultaneously at both. There was also the stout German who talks about "de sturm und der vafes." And beside him was the statuesque English beauty, whose eyes are of the rich blackness of the tropic sky, whose voice has a large assortment of sudden notes of haughtiness, while the studied insolence of her manner first freezes her victims and then incontinently and inconsistently scorches them. Eventually her proud spirit will be tamed, probably by a storm, or a ship-wreck, or by ten days in an open boat. I shall then secure your love, my peerless ARAMINTA, and you will marry me and turn out as soft and gentle as the moss-rose which now nestles in your raven tresses. The Colonel was speaking.

"Zounds, Sir!" he was saying. "I don't know what you mean by effects. All mine are on board. What do you say, Mr. TUGLEY?" he went on, looking at me with a look full of corkscrews and broken glass, while his choleric face showed of a purple hue under the effort of utterance.

"Well, Colonel," I replied, in an off-hand way, so as not to irritate him, "I keep my best effects here;" and, so saying, I produced my note-book, and tapped it significantly. "What, for instance, do you say to this?"

But, what follows, needs another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

I FOUND the place in my note-book, cleared my voice, and began. "The ship was sailing gloriously under a press of canvas. Her foretopgallant-sail swelled to its cotton-like hue out of the black shadow of its incurving. High aloft, the swelling squares of her studding-sails gleamed in the misty sheen of the pale luminary, flinging her frosty light from point to point of the tapering masts, which rose, rose, rose into the morning air, as though with intent to pierce the glowing orb of day, poised in the heavens like one vast ball of liquid fire. Through the wind-hushed spaces of the canvas, where the foretopmaststay-sail——"

"I know that foretopmaststay-sail," said the funny man, suddenly. I withered him with a look, and turned over the page.

"Here," I said, "is another tip-topper. What do you think of this for a storm?—'The liquid acclivities were rising taller, and more threatening. With a scream of passion the tortured ship hurled itself at their deep-green crests. Cascades of rain, and hail, and snow, were dashing down upon her unprotected bulwarks. The inky sky was one vast thunder-clap, out of which the steely shaft of an electric flash pierced its dazzling path into the heart of the raving deep. The scud——'

"I know that scud," said a hateful voice. But, before I could annihilate its owner, the pale face of Mr. SPILKINGS, with his dead-eyes turned in, dashed breathlessly into the saloon. "By all that's holy," he shouted, "the Captain's gone mad, and the crew have thrown off all disguise. We are manned by ourang-outangs!

CHAPTER IV.

NEVER shall I forget the horrors of the scene that ensued. We clewed up the mizzen royal, we lashed the foretop to make it spin upon its heels. The second dog watch barked his shins to the bone, and a tail of men hauled upon the halliards to mast-head the yard. Nothing availed. We had to be wrecked and wrecked we were, and as I clasped ARAMINTA's trustful head to my breast, the pale luminary sailing through the angry wrack glittered in phantasmal splendour on the scud which——

[Here the MS. ends unaccountably.—ED. *Punch*.]

AN INTERESTED PARTY.

St. Bernard's Dog (confidentially to Mr. Chaplin). "NEVER MIND THE OLD WOMAN; LET'S KEEP THE MUZZLE ON FOR A YEAR, AND HAVE DONE WITH IT!"

CANINE CONFIDENCES.

Clever Dog, to the Minister of Agriculture, loquitur:—

POTTERER, put the muzzle on! Potterer, take it off again!
That is not the way, my friend, cruel *rabies* to restrain.
Take my tip!
As to self-styled "friends of dogs," too preposterous by half,
Who object to all restraint, they deserve on seat or calf
One sharp nip.

It is *doggish* interest hydrophobia to stamp out;
'Tis a curse to us canines; that no person well can doubt
Who has sense.
They who think we doggies share old maid's sentimental fad,
Just as though it really were a dog's *privilege* to go mad,
Must be dense.

Muzzles are a bore, of course, rather troublesome at times,
But I'd rather have my nose made incapable of crimes,
Than go free,
With the chance of "going off," giving friend or foe a bite.
And be clubbed to death or shot, murdered in my master's [sight,
Don't suit *me!*

Never mind the fussy frumps, the old women of each sex;
Better raise their ready wrath than the prudent public vex
With crass rules.
Muzzles now and collars then, partial orders soon relaxed;
Men rebel when with caprice they are tied, or teased, or taxed,
Else they're fools.

Keep the muzzles on a year, regularly, and *all round*,
Every doggy of high breed, mongrel puppy, whelp or hound,
Will give thanks
To the Minister who tries hydrophobia to stamp out
Once for all o'er all the land, with consistency, and without
Pottering pranks!

Mr. CHAPLIN, take my tip! Science speaks in the same sense,
So does true philanthropy. Ought to have effect immense,
What they say.
Heed not that old woman there, with her spoilt and yelping pet;
I for every dog of *nous* in the country speak, you bet.
Try! *Good*-day!

[*Trots out, comfortably muzzled.*

MOST APPROPRIATE.—We see, from some recently-reported proceedings, that the present Inspector appointed under the Infant Life Protection Act is "Mr. BABEY."

THE SECRETS OF LITERARY COMPOSITION.

The Fair Authoress of "Passionate Pauline," gazing fondly at her own reflection, writes as follows:—

"I look into the glass, Reader. What do I see?

"I see a pair of laughing, *espiègle*, forget-me-not blue eyes, saucy and defiant; a *mutine* little rose-bud of a mouth, with its ever-mocking *mous*; a tiny shell-like ear, trying to play hide-and-seek in a tangled maze of rebellious russet gold; while, from underneath the satin folds of a *rose-thé* dressing-gown, a dainty foot peeps coyly forth in its exquisitely-pointed gold morocco slipper," &c., &c.

(*Vide "Passionate Pauline," by Parblow.*)

A COMING MEETING.

(*Reported from the Railway Intelligence of* 1892.)

THE Chairman, who on opening the proceedings was received with a feeble chorus of melancholy groans, said that he feared he had no better Report to make to the shareholders. ("*Oh! oh!*") It is true that he had one fact to mention, which was a matter of supreme congratulation, and he needn't say that that was that they hadn't yielded a single inch to the men. ("*Oh! oh!*" *and a Voice,* "*Oh! we've had enough of 'that'!*") It is also true that this firm and unflinching front had necessitated some sacrifice, and had involved the Company in no little difficulty. (*Prolonged groans.*) He was sorry to note these manifestations, for he had not only to announce to that meeting the non-payment of any dividend, even to the holders of the Company's Debenture Stock, but he had further to inform them, that, owing to some difficulty in settling the account of their coal contractors, these last had taken proceedings against them, and had seized not only all the contents of their refreshment-rooms, but also the whole of their rolling-stock. (*Prolonged wailing.*) He grieved to say that the last two engines that the Company possessed, and which they had up to now hidden in the cloak-room at the Edinburgh terminus, were unfortunately discovered and seized last night. (*Groans.*) Still, the Company did not despair of being able to carry on, at least, a portion of the Passenger Traffic. (*Feeble laughter.*) They might meet the statement with a manifestation of ridicule—but such was the case. It was with a sense of pride in their method of triumphing over difficulties, that he announced to the meeting, that a train of cattle-trucks would be started for the North daily at twelve o'clock, the motive power of which would be the Directors themselves. ("*Oh! oh!*") They could not say anything about *the pace* at which the train would travel, but that, *with time*, it would do the distance he had little, if any doubt. It is true that in a similar experiment on a neighbouring line the train came to a dead halt in the first tunnel, and the passengers had to descend in the dark and grope their way out to the nearest station as well as they could, but this unsatisfactory experience would in no way deter them from making the experiment on their own behalf. (*Jeers.*) He was sorry to see that the ordinary stock of the Company, which, a twelvemonth since, had touched 128½,—could not now find purchasers in the Market at 7½. (*Groans.*) But he hoped for better times. ("*Oh! oh!*") But, come what would, he would hold fast by his principles, which were, "*No Compromise, No Meeting Half-way, No Arbitration, No Concession!*" Men might starve, Trade collapse, the Country come to ruin, the Company disappear in Bankruptcy, but he cared not. The Directors had put their foot down, and, whether right or wrong, whatever happened, *there* they meant, with a good down-right national and pig-headed obstinacy, to keep it.

The Chairman was continuing in this strain, but, being interrupted by a shower of inkstands, was compelled to close his remarks, the proceedings coming to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, in a scene of considerable confusion.

The "Strait" Tip.

OH, Mister BLAINE, we don't complain
That for your country's weal you're caring;
But, clever Yankee, *Punch* would thank 'ee
Not to be quite so *over-Behring!*

NEW VERSION.—Every dog must have his—*year* (of muzzling).

THE GAME OF PEACE.

April.—Grand informal meeting of the Crowned Heads of Europe (with the CZAR in the chair) to discuss a scheme of general disarmament, at which the Emperor of GERMANY creates a profound sensation by the announcement that, as a hint to his brother Monarchs, he has himself gone on to the retired list, burnt his cocked-hat, disbanded the Pomeranian Grenadiers, and confined Herr KRUPP for ten years in a second-class fortress.

May.—By arrangement, all the great powers call in the uniforms of all their troops and present them to the King of the BELGIANS, on the understanding that, as the Emperor of the Congo, he shall forthwith transport them to Africa, and instantly commence the clothing of seven millions of the naked native population.

June.—One hundred and eighty thousand horses, with military training, coming suddenly on to the market, four-in-hand Hansoms at a penny an hour, become common in all the great European capitals, and the Derby, for which there are 1371 entries, is won by a Cossack pony, trained in Siberia.

July.—The barrels of all the magazine rifles melted down, and recast, utilised for the production of type-writers, which, being produced in large quantities, are supplied with instruction gratis to all the children attending the establishments of the London School Board, the stocks of the rifles being utilised for the manufacture of billiard-cues, walking-sticks, and umbrella-handles.

August.—It being resolved to use up all the gunpowder without delay, a perpetual display of fireworks is inaugurated at Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, and London, the show in the last-named capital including a gigantic set-piece of the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, which is given five times successively every evening at the Crystal Palace for three months, Piccadilly being illuminated from 6 P.M. to 3 A.M. by the continuous discharge of coloured rockets.

September.—The last 101-ton gun having been melted down for the forging of the metal piles for one of the four newly-projected Channel bridges, a nasty international feeling, fermented by General Officers who are obliged to sweep crossings and drive four-wheeled cabs for a livelihood,—and who do not like it,—begins to manifest itself, and diplomacy intervening irritably only to make matters worse, several ultimatums are dispatched from some of the Great Powers to others, but owing to the want of soldiers, the matter is put into the hands of International Solicitors, who, arranging a stand-up fight for the President of the French Republic and the CZAR against the Emperors of GERMANY and AUSTRIA, and the KING of ITALY, the matter somehow falls through for the moment, and the public excitement subsides.

October.—General note from all the Great Powers to each other announcing their secession from the "League of Peace," and declaring their intention of resorting again to "*Protective Armament*" as soon as possible. War declared all round before the end of the month.

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

A Thrifty Visitor (*on entering*). Catalogue? No. What's the use of a Catalogue? Miserable thing, the size of a tract, that tells you nothing you don't know!

His Wife (*indicating a pile of Catalogues on table*). Aren't *these* big enough for you?

The Thr. V. Those? Why, they're big enough for the *London Directory!* Think I'm going to drag a thing like that about the place? You don't really want a Catalogue—it's all your fancy!

Mr. Prattler (*to* Miss AMMERSON). Oh, *do* stop and look at these *sweet* goldfish! Pets! Don't you *love* them? *Aren't* they tame?

Miss Ammerson. Wouldn't do to have them *wild*—might jump out and *bite* people, you know!

Mr. P. It's *too* horrid of you to make fun of my poor little enthusiasms! But really,—couldn't we get something and feed them?—*Do* let's!

Miss A. I daresay you could get ham-sandwiches in the Restaurant—or chocolates.

Mr. P. How unkind you are to me! But I don't care. (*Wilfully.*) I shall come here all by myself, and bring biscuits. Great big ones! Are you determined to take me into that big room with all the Portraits? Well, you must tell me who they all are, then, and which are the Guelphiest ones.

IN THE ROYAL ROOM.

Considerate Niece (*to* Uncle). They seem mostly Portraits here. You're sure you don't *mind* looking at them, Uncle? I know so many people *do* object to Portraits.

Uncle (*with the air of a Christian Martyr*). No, my dear, no; *I* don't mind 'em. Stay here as long as you like. I'll sit down and look at the people, till you've done.

First Critical Visitor (*examining a View of St. James's Park*). I wonder where that was taken. In Scotland, I expect—there's two Highlanders there, you see.

Second C. V. Shouldn't wonder—lot o' work in that, all those different colours, and so many dresses. [*Admires, thoughtfully.*

A Well-read Woman. That's Queen CHARLOTTE, that is. GEORGE THE THIRD's wife, you know—her that was so *domestic.*

Her Companion. Wasn't that the one that was shut up in the Tower, or something?

The W. W. In the Tower? Lor, my dear, no, *I* never 'eard of it. You're thinking of the TUDORS, or some o' that lot, I expect!

Her Comp. Am I? I daresay. I never *could* remember 'Istry. Why, if you'll believe me, I always have to stop and think which of the GEORGES came first!

More Critical Visitors (*before Portraits*). He's rather pleasant-looking, don't you think? I *don't* like *her* face at all. So peculiar. And what a hideous dress—like a tea-gown without any upper part—frightful!

A Sceptical V. They all seem to have had such thin lips in those days. Somehow, I *can't* bring myself to believe in such very thin lips—can *you*, dear?

Her Friend. I always think it's a sign of meanness, myself.

The S. V. No; but I mean—I can't believe *everyone* had them in the eighteenth century.

Her Friend. Oh, I don't know. If it was the fashion!

ABOUT THE CASES.

Visitor (*admiring an embroidered waistcoat of the time of* GEORGE THE SECOND—*a highly popular exhibit*). What lovely work! Why, it looks as if it was done yesterday!

Her Companion (*who is not in the habit of allowing his enthusiasm to run away with him*). Um—yes, it's not bad. But, of course, they wouldn't send a thing like that here without having it washed and done up first!

An Old Lady. "Tea-pot used by the Duke of WELLINGTON during his campaigns." So he drank *tea*, did he? Dear me! Do you know, my dear, I think I must have *my* old tea-pot engraved. It will make it so much more interesting some day!

IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.

Mr. Prattler (*before a Portrait of* Lady HAMILTON, *by* ROMNEY). There! Isn't she too charming? I do call her a perfect *duck!*

Miss Ammerson. Yes, you mustn't forget her when you bring those biscuits.

An Amurrcan Girl. Father, see up there; there's BYRON. Did you erver see such a purrfectly beautiful face?

Her Father (*solemnly*). He was a beautiful *Man*—a beautiful Poet.

The A. G. I know—but the *expression*, it's real saint-like!

Father (*slowly*). Well, I guess if he'd had any different kind of expression, he wouldn't have written the things he *did* write, and that's a fact!

A Moralising Old Lady (*at Case O*). No. 1260. "Ball of Worsted wound by WILLIAM COWPER, the poet, for Mrs. UNWIN." No. 1261. "Netting done by WILLIAM COWPER, the poet." How very nice, and what a difference in the habit of literary persons *nowadays*, my dear!

IN THE CENTRAL HALL.—Mr. WHITEROSE, *a Jacobite* fin de siècle, *is seated on a Bench beside a* Seedy Stranger.

The S. S. (*half to himself*). Har, well, there's one comfort, these 'ere GUELPHS'll get notice to quit afore we're *much* older!

Mr. Whiterose (*surprised*). You say so? Then—you too are of the Young England Party! I am rejoiced to hear it. You cheer me; it is a sign that the good Cause is advancing.

The S. S. Advancin'? I believe yer. Why, I know a dozen and more as are workin' 'art and soul for it!

Mr. W. You do? We are making strides, indeed! Our England has suffered these usurpers too long.

The S. S. Yer right. But we'll chuck 'em out afore long, and it'll be "Over goes the Show" with the lot, eh?

Mr. W. I had no idea that the—er—intelligent artisan classes were so heartily with us. We must talk more of this. Come and see me. Bring your friends—all you can depend upon. Here is my card.

The S. S. (*putting the card in the lining of his hat*). Right, Guv'nor; we'll come. I wish there was more gents like yer, I do!

Mr. W. We are united by a common bond. We both detest—do we not?—the Hanoverian interlopers. We are both pledged never to rest until we have brought back to the throne of our beloved

England, her lawful sovereign lady—(*uncovering*)—our gracious MARY of Austria-Este, the legitimate descendant of CHARLES the Blessed Martyr!

The S. S. 'Old on, Guv'nor! Me and my friends are with yer so fur as doing away with these 'ere hidle GUELPHS; but blow yer MARY of Orstria, yer know. Blow *'er!*

Mr. W. (*horrified*). Hush—this is rank treason! Remember—she is the lineal descendant of the House of Stuart!

The S. S. What of it? There won't be no lineal descendants when we git *hour* way, 'cause there won't be nothing to descend to nobody. The honly suv'rin *we* mean to 'ave is the People—the Democrisy. But there, you're young, me and my friends 'll soon tork you over to hour way o' thinking. I dessay we ain't fur apart, as it is. I got yer address, and we 'll drop in on yer some night—never fear. No hevenin' dress, o' course?

Mr. W. Of course. I—I 'll look out for you. But I'm seldom in—hardly *ever*, in fact.

The S. S. Don't you fret about *that*. Me and my friends ain't nothing partickler to do just now. We'll *wait* for yer. I should like yer to know ole BILL GABB. You should 'ear *that* feller goin' on agin the GUELPHS when he's 'ad a little booze—it 'ud do your 'art good! Well, I on'y come in 'ere as a deligate like, to report, and I seen enough. So 'ere' s good-day to yer.

Mr. W. (*alone*). I shall have to change my rooms—and I *was* so comfortable! Well, well,—another sacrifice to the Cause!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE was a bronze group by POLLET among the specimens of sculpture in the French *Salon*, some twenty years ago,—"It may be more or less an hour or so," as the poet sings,—representing a female form being carried upwards in the embrace of a rather evil-looking Angel. It illustrated a poem by the Vicomte ALFRED DE VIGNY, which I remember reading, in consequence of this very statue having come into my possession (it was afterwards sold at Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON & WOODS, under the style and title of "Lot 121, *Elsa*"), and it occurs to me that it was on precisely the same theme as the other ALFRED'S—not the *Vicomte* but *Mister* ALFRED AUSTIN'S—"*The Tower of Babel*," which I have just read with much pleasure, and, with some profit; the moral, as I take it, being favourable to the Temperance cause, as a warning against all spirits, good, bad, or indifferent. *Afrael*, the inhabitant of a distant star, falls in love with *Noema*, the wife of the atheistical Babelite *Aran*, to whom she has borne a son, aged in the poem, as far as I can make out, about eight years, and a fine boy for that. Anyhow, it makes *Noema* at least twenty-five, supposing she married at sweet seventeen, and, indeed, she alludes to herself in the poem as no longer in her first youth.

Well, *Aran*, who is very far from being a domestic character, is struck down by avenging lightning at the destruction of the Tower of Babel, and *Noema* is left a widow, with her child, who has been protected in the *mêlée* by the Spirit *Afrael's* taking him out of it, and restoring him to his mother's arms. When, after this, the infatuated spirit-lover *Afrael* requests *Noema* to say the word which shall make a man of him, and a husband of him too at the same time, she modestly refuses, until she has had a decent time to order her widow's weeds at her milliner's and wear them for about a month or so, at the expiration of which interval *Afrael* may, if he be still of the same mind, call in again, and pop the question.

Afrael bids good-bye to the Upper House, and, his heart being ever true to *Poll*—meaning *Noema*—he returns, makes an evening call upon her, and asks her, in effect, "Is it to be '*Yes-ema*,' or '*No-ema*'?" The bashful widow chooses the former, and the Spirit-lover *Afrael*, renouncing his immortality, *i.e.*, giving up spirits, becomes plain *Mr. Afrael*, and an ordinary, as far as anybody can judge, a very ordinary mortal, showing what a change a drop of spirits can effect in a constitution. Now I should like the poem "continued in our next." I should like to hear *how* they got on together; and, as longevity was considerable in those patriarchal days, I should like to know how they got on together when *Afrael Esquire* was 195, and his wife, *Noema*, was 200. Did *Afrael* never again take to his spirits? Or, did he become miserable and hipped having entirely lost his spirits? Did his wife never make sarcastic reference to the "stars" with whom he had formerly been acquainted? And how about her boy, his step-son? Did they have any family? Whence came the money?

Perhaps Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (whose works are being printed by MACMILLAN in a collected form, and among them *The Satire* now historic) will give us an entirely new volume on the same subject, telling an expectant public all about *Mr.* and *Mrs. Afrael chez eux*, and, in fact, something spicy about this strangely assorted couple; for Poet ALFRED will do well to remember and act upon his own dictum when, in the preface to *The Satire*, he observed, and with truth, that had he originally "written with the grave decorum of a secluded moralist, he would" by this time "have gone down into the limbo of forgotten bores."

Into that limbo A. A. will never descend. It is delightful to find him dedicating his book to Lord LYTTON, to whom—when L. L. was OWEN MEREDITH, ALFREDO *mio* had pointed out that, "in one serious particular, he had overlooked parental admonition," and observing on that occasion that, "had OWEN MEREDITH even a glimpse of the truth, we" (A. A. himself, in 1861, much "we"-er then than now—"*et alors, il grandira, il grandira!*") "should have been spared the final *tableau* of repentance and forgiveness which concludes *Lucile*." But, thank goodness, we (the Baron, and his literary friends) have *not* been spared the touching picture of repentance and forgiveness in ALFRED AUSTIN'S dedicating his latest poem to Lord LYTTON. *Sic transit ira poetarum!*

In *The Season* ALFREDO sang—

> "I claim the precious privilege of youth,
> Never to speak except to speak the truth."

But those lines were not written the day before yesterday, and as he can no longer "claim" the aforesaid "precious privilege," he can in his more mature years "go as he pleases." And there is so much "go" in him that he always pleases; so the Baron anticipates the sequel to *The Tower of Babel* on the lines already suggested, presumptuous as it may seem to suggest lines to a poet.

Phra the Phœnician, a very clever idea, with which BULWER would have performed mysteriously thrilling wonders, but which Mr. ARNOLD has written at once too heavily and treated too lightly, in too much of a "so-called nineteenth century style;" which is a pity, as it is full of dramatic incident, and the interest well kept up through some two thousand years or so, more or less. He is a wonder is *Mister Phra*, and might well be called *Phra Diavolo* instead of *Phra the Phœnician*. Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has written a preface to the volume, and seems to express a wish that the wonders here recorded could be possibilities of everyday life. But, if so, as *Mr. Weller, Senior*, observed, *à propos* of "there being a Providence in it," "O' course there is, SAMMY; or what 'ud become o' the undertakers?" And as to cremation—well, such an utter corporeal extinction would be the only way of putting an end to the terrestrial existence of *Phra the Phœnician*, who, however, "might rise," as *Mrs. Malaprop* would say, "like a Phœnician from the ashes."

The appearance of *A New Lady Audley* is rather late in the half-century as a "skit" on Miss BRADDON'S celebrated novel. Now and then I found an amusing bit in it, but, on the whole, poor stuff, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

My faithful "Co." has been reading poetry and prose, and thus communicates the result of his studies:—There is genuine but unassuming poetry, which is, after all, only another way of saying fine feeling finely expressed, in *Corn and Poppies*, by COSMO MONKHOUSE (ELKIN MATHEWS). Much of the verse is musical, and there is throughout a vein of thoughtfulness which never degenerates into a morbid brooding. I commend particularly "Any Soul to any Body," "A Dead March," and "Mysteries," as good examples of Mr. MONKHOUSE'S style. So much for verse. Let me now to prose. Like my baronial Chief, I say, "Bring me my boots!" and let them be thick, so that I may trudge safely through Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING'S latest, "*The Light that Failed*" (*Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, January). This is described as Mr. KIPLING'S first long story. His publishers, moreover, are good enough to take all the trouble of criticism upon their own shoulders. They declare that "there is more stern strength in this novel than in anything which Mr. KIPLING has written;" but that is, after all, only a comparative statement, which profits me little, as I never yet estimated the amount of "stern strength" in Mr. KIPLING'S previous writings. I am, however, told, in addition, that the tale "is as intensely moving as it is intensely masculine" (there's lovely language!) "and it will not be surprising if it should prove to be the literary sensation of the year." To such an expression of opinion by competent judges it would be futile to attempt to add very much. I will only say, therefore, that the "sensation" produced in me by this novel is one of the most disagreeable I ever experienced. The characters are, for the most part, inordinately dull, preposterously conceited, and insufferably brutal. As for *Dick Heldar*, the hero, no more disagreeable and hateful bully-puppy ever thought and talked in disconnected gasps through ninety-seven pages. The catastrophe moves no pity. Mr. KIPLING seems to despise the public, "who think with their boots, and read with their elbows;" but so clever a man might surely show his contempt less crudely. KIPLING, I love thee, but never more write such another tale!

INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Hostess. "WON'T YOU TRY SOME OF THAT JELLY, HERR SILBERMUND?"

Herr Silbermund (who has just been helped to Pudding). "ACH, ZANK YOU, NO. I VOOT 'RAHZER PEAR VIZ ZE ILLS VE HAF, ZAN V.Y TO OZZERS ZAT VE KNOW NOT OF.'" [*Herr S. is particularly proud of his knowledge of Shakspeare.*

"WORSE THAN EVER!"

FARMER SMITH *loquitur:*—

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig!"
Yes, so runs the old-fashioned nursery rhyme,
And a porker that's plump, and round-barrel'd and big,
Is good business,—or used to be once on a time.
But now, they're the horriblest nuisance on earth
Are Pigs, and a great deal more plague than they're worth.

I begin to believe 'twould be better by far
If Pigs, like the Dodo, extinct could become.
They involve one in nothing but jangle and jar,
And as to large profits, why that's all a hum.
"Please the Pigs?" That's absurd, a mere obsolete wheeze,
For Pigs are precisely the beasts you *can't* please!

Gee up, *Dobbin*, old lad! Home's in sight; you have borne
My burden, and that of my basket, right well,
Your carrying power some neighbours would scorn,
But you're sound and good grit, though you mayn't look a swell.
We're starting, lad, after our short half-way halt,
we don't make good time it will not be our fault.

We did the first stretch unexpectedly slick,
My basket well loaded a feather-weight seemed,
The road was so smooth, and your canter so quick,
'Twas better, old lad, than we either had dreamed.
A great disappointment to some folk, I think.
Then we halted half-way for a rest and a drink.

That big Irish Pig, which had plagued us so oft,
Was away,—running after its head or its tail!
Oh joy, *Dobbin*, dear, to jog on, and go soft,
No row, no obstruction by hedge-gap or rail.
Ah, then they discovered the pace and the pith
Of *Dobbin* the dull, and his mount, Farmer SMITH.

Now all seems smooth sailing! Hillo! What was that?
A squeak? Nay, it sounds like a chorus of squeaks!
Don't shy, my dear *Dobbin*—you'll shake off my hat.
The lane here grows narrow. Who's there? No one speaks.
But that raucous "hrumph! hrumph!" that cacophonous yell!
'Tis Pig-noise, and Irish—I know it so well.

It is right in the road, it is plump in the gap.
Steady, *Dobbin!* Don't halt for this hullaballoo—
Gee up! and go steady, now there's a good chap.
What, the same plaguy Pig! Nay, by Jove, *there are two!*
And they're fighting each other, these porkers perverse,
In the gap we must pass! Oh! this grows worse and worse!
[*Whips up Dobbin.*

KOCH SURE!

SCENE—*A Place of Meeting. Enter* BROWN *and* JONES. *They salute one another.*

Brown (excitedly). Have you heard the good news?

Jones (stolidly). What good news?

Brown. That Dr. KOCH has at length revealed his secret?

Jones (startled). No, has he! Dear me! And that I should have missed so pleasant a piece of intelligence! And so he has told an anxiously-expectant world the cause of his success! Can *you* explain the matter to me?

Brown (cheerfully). With the assistance of the Public Press, to be sure I can. See here, I will give you the solution to the problem, as told by the Journals, "without puzzling technicalities."

Jones. I hang upon your words with an impatience that politeness—the outcome of civilisation—alone renders endurable.

Brown. Then you must know that Dr. KOCH has discovered that the remedy for tuberculosis consists of a glycerine extract of a pure cultivation of tubercle bacilli, the local effect of which, when injected into a healthy guinea-pig, produces a nodule found at the point of inoculation, which, when a second puncture is perpetrated, causes what may be called the bacillary fluid to be brought into the current of its circulation, so that the infected tissue may react upon the agent which it had previously been able to resist. I am not quite sure that I have got the *exact* words, but that's the idea. Simple, isn't it? *Jones.* Very! [*Exeunt severally.*

"WORSE THAN EVER!"

FARMER SMITH. "TUT-T-T! *TWO OF 'EM!* BAD ENOUGH WHEN THERE WAS ONLY ONE!!"

DOMESTIC MELODIES.

(By Sancho Preston Panza.)

WINTER BATH-SONG.

FOR weeks the sun each morn arose
As 'tis his nature to,
But little difference he made
Sopp'd by the fog's asthmatic shade;
From day's beginning till its close
The day no brighter grew.
Above the sheets, the sleeper's nose
Peep'd shyly, as afraid,
While 'neath the dark and draughty flue
The burnt-out cinders meanly strew
The hearth, where now no firelight glows,
No waiting warmth is laid.

Full many a morn I sprang from bed,
As o'er the deadly brink
The wretch, with courage of despair,
Leaps from the slimy river-stair,
By hopeless hope unthinking sped,
Ere he can pause to think.
Cold as the efforts of the dead,
The needle-atom'd air,
Impinged upon the limbs that shrink,
On shivering shanks, and eyelids pink,
And bound its bands about the head,
And chill'd the underwear.

The frost that held us in its grip,
Would raise the prisoning paw,
And Nature, like a mouse set free,
Enjoyed delusive liberty,
While every water-pipe must drip
To greet the passing thaw.
Then rudely dashed from eager lip
The cup of joy would be,
And fingers numbed, and chattering jaw,
Owned unexpelled the winter's flaw,
And on the steps the goodmen slip,
And shout the major D.

Long like a fossil tipsy-cake
The sponge each morn appeared;
The bath, if plenished over-night,
Was frozen ere the morning light,
And more that frigid water-ache
Than unwashed days I feared.
Now while the milder zephyrs shake
Once more the winter's might,
My sponge, my bath, by loss endeared,
Shall dree no more a lonely weird;
And as young ducks to water take,
Shall be my bathward flight.

Good Devon!

Mr. W. H. SMITH will return to Grosvenor Place from Torquay on Monday, for the opening of Parliament.

'TIS pity of you, OLD MORALITY,
Back from your rest to loud banality.
After St. Stephen's shindy, Devon
No doubt appeared a very heaven;
But cream 's as much like water chalky
As Torquay Torrs to Talky-Talky!

CHANGE OF INITIALS.

"OFTEN as I may have been invited," Mr. T. M. HEALY is reported to have said, in the course of a recent speech, "I never yet put a toe inside his house." Memorable words. Henceforth, name changed to TOE-AND-HEALY, M.P.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

[A well-known Dramatic Critic has recently spoken of a play as "just the play in which growing girls will delight."]

O ANXIOUS Mothers, come and listen
To what just now I've got to say.
If I'm not wrong, your eyes will glisten
Before the end of this my lay.
With strong affection overflowing—
Your children are indeed your pearls—
You can't help feeling pleased at knowing
The play's the thing—for growing girls!

The pages of a lady's journal
I've very often read with care,
The news, the gossiping eternal,
You're always sure of getting there.
Of how you ought to bind your tresses,
The latest styles, the tint in hair,
And there I've seen the kind of dresses
It's right for growing girls to wear.

But never once the slightest mention
Of what they'd better go and see,
And yet it's clear that some attention
To such a thing there ought to be.
For sentiment and love they're frantic,
They're fond of knights and belted earls,
A play that's just the least romantic—
Yes, that's the play for growing girls.

A crowing child, who loves to prattle,
Can easily be kept at rest.
You've only got to get a rattle,
Or p'raps a dolly would be best.
A bouncing boy will blow a bubble,
And want no more the livelong day;
But if a growing girl gives trouble,
You've got to take her to the play!

A PIONEER IN PETTICOATS.

[An American Lady is about to explore Africa, on humane principles.]

Arrive in Africa.—Convinced that real way of taming the savage heart is by *Feminine Tact.* No need of brutal habits of male adventurers. Two negresses, from "Ole Virginny," with me, who said they would like to "see Africa again"; a few Arabs, to carry our baggage. Intend to study home-life of African tribes, and to get them to talk into my phonograph.

Month Later.—Have had to exhibit more Feminine Tact than I expected. Got entangled in swampy forest on Zambesi (I think), and Arabs declined to extricate us unless their pay was doubled! Also one of negresses—horrid woman!—has deserted me—come to place that she pretended to recognise as her native village, and said she meant to stay! Tact useless with females!

On Lake Tanganyika—or if it isn't Lake Tanganyika, it's *an entirely new lake,*—which I have been the first to discover! Suffer a good deal from fever and queer diet. Am studying native home-life.

Later.—Have left two Arabs and my remaining negress on Lake, and gone myself to look for STANLEY's Dwarfs. Told that TIPPOO TIB is somewhere about. Also advised to be very careful not to fall in with the "man-eating Manyuema."

Still Later.—Did fall in with them! Also fell out with them. They made all preparations for using me as a side-dish at a cannibal banquet, when TIPPOO TIB arrived and released me.

Tanganyika again!—Back here safe and sound! TIPPOO TIB turned out most unsatisfactory. Wanted to marry me!—with a hundred other wives already! Not prepared for *this* sort of home-life. Managed to get away by describing to him a Remington typewriter, and promising if he let me go, to bring one back *at once.*

Find that my "rear-guard"—the negress and Arabs—have been up to fearful pranks during my absence. Negress killed and ate one of Arabs, and then other Arab killed and ate negress! Tell remaining Arab I shall have him punished when I get to Coast. Arab says he'll get there first, and publish a book showing *me* up!

Latest.—Left alone in middle of Africa, with a phonograph, several bales of baggage, and a diary. Question now is—will Feminine Tact show me road to Zanzibar?

UNIVERSITY HONOURS.—"SMITH's Prizeman"—ARTHUR BALFOUR. The "Senior Wrangler" (for several years past)—Mr. GLADSTONE.

THE AMUSING RATTLE'S TOPICAL NOTE-BOOK.

(For the Use of Professional Diners-out and other Amateur Entertainers.)

The Meeting of Parliament.—This is not a very promising subject, but mild mirth may be produced in outlying districts (say Southend or Honiton, Devon) by observing, that the rock upon which the Irish Party went to pieces was a happy one—in fact, a GLAD-STONE. This, strictly speaking, is *not* a new jest, and therefore must be helped out by a burst of self-supplied laughter. You might add, that as Members of Parliament are obliged, by the rules of the House, to address their colleagues *standing,* there would be little chance of a *seated* discussion. But you must, however, take care to cough when you say *seated,* so that those on the look-out for a brilliant *bon-mot* may know that you mean *heated.*

The Revolt in Chili.—The name of the place in which the disturbances have occurred will help you effectively to remark that the outbreak is seasonable during the present inclement weather. As the Army sympathises with the Government, and the sister service with the rioters, you can suggest "that knaves would, of course, be supported by the *Navy!*" This may lead up to a really magnificent burst of waggery in the assertion that the dissentients must of necessity be "all at sea."

The New Archbishop of York.—Insist that his Grace is a Scotchman, and not an Irishman, and prove your proposition by declaring that the road to success was "MACGEE's (pronounced MAGGIE's) secret!" This really splendid flash of humour will bear polishing—as written it seems a little in the rough. You may refer to the Primate's universally acknowledged partiality for quiet sarcasm, by saying that "ever since he joined the ecclesiastical Bench he has been known as an *arch* Bishop!" These entertaining quibbles, delicately handled, should be received with enthusiasm at a five o'clock tea in a Deanery.

The New Play at the Haymarket.—As the plot turns upon the doings of the Society of Friends, you may extract a jest by saying "that many of the characters trembled with anxiety before its production—in fact, were *quakers!*" The name of the Manager of the Haymarket has frequently been the subject of a quip, if not a crank; still it may yet serve as a peg for slyly observing that, "At the fall of the Curtain, TREE, naturally enough, appeared with a *bough!*"

The Weather.—Of course you must introduce this subject, and as everything that *can* be said *has* been said about it, you may quote SYDNEY SMITH as your authority for observing, that the only possible sport for M. F. H.'s at this time of the year must be "*hunt—the slipper!*" If the point of this "good thing" is not immediately obvious, the fault will be with SYDNEY SMITH, and not with you. And this quaint oddity should satiate your audience with mirth and merriment until next week—and even longer!

A COLD RECEPTION; OR PARLIAMENT MEETING IN A BLIZZARD.

STILL ANOTHER CHAPTER OF MY MEMOIR.

(In Supplement of "Harper.")

BY MONSIEUR VAN DE BLOWITZOWN TROMP.

FORGET at this moment where I was born, but I lived long enough at Marseilles to be married in that great southern French city. My wife's father had been in the Marines; her uncle (on the grandfather's side) had been a *Sapeur pompier*. Thus did I, as it were, become *lié* with the sea and land forces of my adopted country. My wife's mother was a descendant of a noble but anonymous family in the Vosges, whilst her maternal uncle was accustomed to attach to himself some local unpopularity by proferring for investigation a complicated sheet which set forth his genealogy, tracing his origin back to the Bourbons.

You ask me which Bourbon? I frankly answer, I cannot tell. My wife's maternal uncle spoke of them as "*the* Bourbons," just as you talk of "*the* Groceries," and no one asks you *Lequel?* As for my own ancestry, I do not speak of it. I have never been in the habit of thrusting myself on the attention of the public. It is sufficient for me that my wife's maternal uncle's ancestors were Bourbons.

I first began to take charge of public affairs in connection with an election that took place in the city where I found myself. M. DE LESSEPS opposed THIERS and GAMBETTA. He presented himself as an independent candidate. Was he? I suspected. Already I had my secret agents in every centre of population. One, whose letter bore the post-mark the Pyramids, placed in my hand proof that DE LESSEPS was an official candidate of the Empire. I secretly conveyed this information to a local newspaper. The news burst like a tempest on the public of Marseilles, and swept away in its irresistible whirl the candidature of M. DE LESSEPS.

This was pretty well for a first newspaper paragraph, worth at the time, as I remember thinking, more than the paltry three sous a line that became my due. But I had made more than a few sous—I had made an enemy! Years after, BISMARCK told me how, chatting with NAPOLEON THE THIRD at Donchery, that fallen monarch had recalled this incident, in which his prophetic eye justly discerned the beginning of the end. He admitted that he had said to the EMPRESS, "France is too small for me and VAN DE BLOWITZOWN TROMP. One of us must cross *la Manche*."

Sublime! One of us did.

But my time was not yet. My friends advised, nay, besought me to leave Marseilles. Towards the end of this year (1869) I took their advice, and retired to a small property I chanced to have in the centre of the Landes. This place being dry, and somewhat remote, was peculiarly suitable for watching the growth of great problems with a mind unbiassed by any knowledge of facts. I saw the Franco-German question grow, and I foresaw how it would end. I wrote to THIERS, and told him all about it. When the war broke out I mounted my stilts, and cautiously made my way across the untrodden track, following my Destiny. I had predicted the downfall of the Empire, and, in its last gasp, the Empire strove to wither me. Proceedings had been commenced, when Sedan put an end to them.

At this epoch France was on her knees, beaten down by the German hand, her eyes blind with blood and tears. One thing alone could cheer her. I could do it, and I did. I applied for Letters of Naturalisation. Some weeks later I became a French citizen, and received a letter from M. ADOLPH CRÉMIEUX, then Minister of Justice, and never suspected of being a wag. He wrote: "Your application for Naturalisation in the midst of our great disasters, is for me the signal of a new life for us. A country which in the midst of such catastrophes recruits citizens like you, is not to be despaired of."

Years after, THIERS, then President of the Republic, said, "I never will forget that you became a Frenchman in the time of our misfortunes." EDMUND ABOUT picturesquely said, "*Il s'est fait naturaliser vaincu.*" BISMARCK has told me that the Emperor WILLIAM, then at Versailles, in the first flush of triumph at touch on his brow of the Imperial diadem, hearing of the event through the capturing of a balloon despatched with the news to dolorous Paris, passed a sleepless night.

"I fear me," he said, "all will now be lost."

"Not at all, your Majesty," said BISMARCK, affecting an indifference he assures me he did not feel. "There is not even a Frenchman the more. They have lost an Emperor and gained VAN DE BLOWITZOWN TROMP. *Ce met égal.*"

"Not quite," said the Emperor, with subtle flattery. The Emperor WILLIAM, though he had his failings, was a keen judge of the comparative value of men.

The limits of this article compel me to glance hastily over succeeding epochs in a career with the main drift of which the civilised world is already familiar. After saving Marseilles to the Republic, by a series of actions alternating between desperate valour and brilliant strategy, I went to Paris to report on the great event. Calling on the official entrusted with the duty of considering claims to decorations, I began at once by saying that my own name must not be taken into consideration.

"Let my name," I said, gently but firmly, "be scored out in the proposed list of decorations."

"*Mais, Monsieur,*" he said, "there is no such list."

I, however, was not to be put off with excuse of that kind. I insisted, both to the Secretary of the Minister of War, to M. THIERS, that I should not be decorated. I was only too successful. When the list came out, all my associates at Marseilles were decorated. I was not included. This was all right. It was what I had requested. I could say nothing. All the same, I could not help thinking that my advice had been too literally accepted.

Every morning, for a week after, I called on M. THIERS. At the end of the sixth day he said, "You must go to Riga. I do not quite know where it is, but it sounds remote. You shall be Consul at Riga." I was delighted. Like the President, I was not sure where Riga was; but the salary was certain, and there was fine old Roman flavour about the title Consul.

But it was not to be. I was predestined to be a great Newspaper Correspondent. How that came about cannot be told in this chapter. I will only say that early in my new career I secured the approbation of Mr. DELANE, who, I need scarcely say, was the most competent judge the world ever saw of the merits of a journalist.

At the risk of being dry and bald, I have confined myself to telling accurately what has happened, my greatest ambition being to leave no one the chance of misrepresenting, as his whim, fancy, or passion may dictate, facts in which I am so deeply interested. Let those note them who, after my time, have to defend my memory should it ever be attacked.

"The Shinner Quartette;" or, Musical Football.

"MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH THAN THE OBSERVANCE."—Breach of Promise cases—as a rule.

A GENERAL VIEW OF "PRIVATE INQUIRY."

I AM sufficiently old-fashioned, when I go to the play, to wish to be amused. I frankly admit I do not care to be taught a lesson, or to have my mind harrowed by the presentation of some psychological study. I can remember WRIGHT, and even HARLEY, and the days when a good piece of fun was the last item of the programme at the Adelphi and the Olympic—the chief attraction of the Pittites, who patronized "half-price." This being so, I am glad to find at the Strand—a theatre recalling memories of JIMMY ROGERS and JOHNNY CLARKE, PATTY OLIVER and CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, to say nothing of a lady who was not only Queen of Comedy but Empress of Burlesque—"*Private Inquiry*," a thoroughly well acted and rattling farce in three Acts. It is from the French, but as the task of adaptation has been entrusted to the Author who turned *Bébé* the Frisky into *Betsy* the Wholesome, any scruples of conscience that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN may possibly have entertained on reading the original have been successfully removed, and the play, consequently, is not only highly entertaining, but absolutely free from offence. I did not see it until it had reached its eighth night, and I do not remember a piece, taken as a whole, so excellently acted. Although he does not appear until the Second Act, Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN, as *'Arry 'Ooker*, the Private Inquiry Agent, is *the* feature of the performance. His politeness to ladies, his assumption of businesslike habits, suggested by his reading and spiking of bogus telegrams brought to him when he is engaged with a client, his urbanity under difficulties, and his cheerful acceptance of the inevitable in whatever shape presented, are all admirable points, and points that are fully appreciated by the audience. Roars of laughter follow the one after the other when *'Arry 'Ooker* is on the stage. Nothing can be more absurd than his make-up, his bows, his grimaces, and yet under the surface there is a vein of pathos that causes one to feel a pang of genuine regret when the poverty-stricken, light-hearted rogue, who, if he cannot secure a hundred guineas, is equally ready to accept a "tenner," is marched off to penal servitude as the Curtain falls. The clerk of this entertaining individual, *Toby*, is played by a boy like a boy, by Master BUSS. Further, Mr. ALFRED MALTBY could not be better as the suspicious and bamboozled husband, *Richard Wrackham*. Again, even the small part of *Alexander*, a Waiter, is well played. Once more—the ladies, without exception, are capital; and as a result of this all-round excellence, the piece "goes," from a quarter to nine till just eleven, with a *verve* that must be most satisfactory to all concerned. So I can congratulate the Author upon a piece full of lines that tell, and the Manager upon a play that is likely to rival in popularity its predecessor, the phenomenally-successful *Our Flat*. And I can offer these congratulations with a clear conscience, because I am neither Author of the piece nor Manager of the theatre, but as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING might observe,

QUITE ANOTHER FELLOW.

'ARRY 'OOKER & Co.

LARKS!

SIR,—I am surprised that any of your Correspondents should doubt that birds eat snow. There is a bull-finch in my aviary, and I tried him. He ate it ravenously. Strange to say, he has not uttered a sound since! My wife says, "Probably his *pipe* is frozen." This is such a good joke, I think you ought to have it.

Yours,

LOVER OF NATURE.

SIR,—You may like to have the following story in support of the idea that animals are aware that snow is frozen water. It was related to me by a rather racksty nephew, who has lived part of his life in South America, and whose word can be strictly relied on. He relates that once, when he was travelling among the Andes, at an elevation of some twenty thousand feet, his mules became very thirsty, and no water was obtainable. Each animal seized a *calabash* with its teeth, filled it with snow, and trotted off to the crater of an adjacent volcano; it then waited till the lava melted the snow, which it drank up, and finally trotted back again. My nephew says he should not have believed a mule could be so clever, if he had not seen it.

Yours obediently,

SAMUEL SOBERSIDES.

SIR,—Since writing you that letter about our bull-finch, I have discovered an even more surprising fact, which I am sure no Naturalist has yet dreamed of. Not only do birds appreciate snow, but they are very fond of *iced beverages*. A tom-tit, who often drinks water from a saucer which we put on our window-sill, one day found the water frozen. What did the intelligent creature do? Why, it rapped on the window-pane with its beak till the window was opened, then hopped on to the sideboard, and began trying to peck the cork out of a whiskey bottle! I took the hint, and poured some of the spirit into the saucer; the bird drank it greedily! My wife's comment on this occurrence is really too good to be lost, so I send it you. She said, "Evidently the bird was not a *tom-titotaller!*"

Yours, in convulsions, LOVER OF NATURE (*as before*).

A PINT OF HALF-AND-HALF.

"'*Qui va là?*' says he."
"'*Je*,' replies I, knowing the language."
"*Jeames*" *and another Old Story.*

THE international susceptibilities of Sheriff DRURIOLANUS—henceforth to bear the Anglo-French title, *Monsieur le Shérif 'Arris de Paris*, or *'Arry de Parry*,—appear to have been considerably hurt by a statement in the *Débats* to the effect that the appearance in the London streets of men dressed as Gendarmes—"*en gendarmes français*," writes Mossoo DRURIOLANE—intended as perambulating advertisements for the Waterloo Panorama, was due to a supreme effort of his managerial genius. So Shérif DRURIOLANE wrote at once to the London Correspondent of the *Figaro*, who bears the singularly French name of JOHNSON, denying, in his very best French, that he, M. le Shérif, had had anything to do with these walking advertisements, or, indeed, with the Panorama Company at all, from which he had retired a year ago. Then he adds, like the *preux chevalier* he is known to be, that had he still been on the direction of the aforesaid *Compagnie*, he, at all events, would never, never have committed the enormity of even suggesting, however vaguely, an idea so calculated to needlessly insult "*les susceptibilités françaises*." ("*Hear! hear!*" and "*Très bien!*" from the left.) Then M. le Shérif DRURIOLANE, rising to the occasion, finishes with this magnificent flourish on the French horn—"*Je suis né en France*"—(Isn't it very much "to his credit," we ask with W. S. G., that, "In spite of all temptations, To belong to other nations, He remains an Englishman?" Why, certainly)—"*j'ai vécu parmi les Français, et je suis à moitié enfant de Paris.*"

Beautiful! *Magnifique!* Our DRURIOLANUS is surpassing even the G. O. M., who has been born, more or less, everywhere, except in Paris. Should the Republic be in danger, or should Monarchists or Imperialists get a chance and want a man for the place, let them wire to DRURIOLANUS, "*à moitié enfant de Paris*," and the "*Enfant*"—"*Enfant* ARRIS," not "*Enfant* GATTI"—will be ready, aye ready, to assume the purple, and to bring all his properties with him. "*À moitié*"—and the other half? That will ever remain British. So *à la santé de Monsieur le Shérif-enfant-de-Londres-et-Paris*, in a pint of Half-and-half, and let it, like Le Shérif himself, have a good head on!

THE ROLLING OF THE R'S.

"We are told that the omission to roll it (the letter *r*) is as flagrant a misdemeanor as the dropping of the *h*."—*James Payn in the Illustrated News.*

AIR—"*The Wearing of the Green.*"

Soft-spoken Person sings:—

IT'S vewy wong, widiculous, and howwid, I've no doubt,
To leave that little letter *r* unuttahed or unwolled;
But if you *haven't* any *r*'s you've got to do without,
And I can no maw woll *my r*'s than dwink my clawet cold.
A Dowic wuggedness of speech I weally *can't* attain,
And though gwammawians may wave in leadewetts and pars,
I quite agwee with good JAMES PAYN that all their wow [is vain,
The angwy wout must do without "the wolling of the *r*'s!"

HAGIOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTE.—Dr. HAROLD BROWNE, "the retiring Bishop" of Winchester, as he is called, on account of his innate modesty, wrote to the people of Farnham to say that, "never was there a Bishop since the time of his earliest predecessor in the See, St. Swithin, more literally 'at home' at Farnham Castle than himself." To this fact Dr. H. B is, perhaps, unaware that the Saint in question owed his name, as when any visitor called to ask if he were at home, the Hall-porter of the period invariably answered, "Yes, Saint's within." Dr. HAROLD BROWNE is welcome to this information, which ought to have been in *Notes and Queries*.

IT is said that the invitations for the Drury Lane celebration of Twelfth Night will not be sent out with so free a hand next year, the young men on the recent occasion having been so Baddeley behaved.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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  - **MOTTLED CASTILE** — Coloured with iron; watered, and heavily salted.
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- **SOFT SOAP** (Potash) — Scouring Soap. / Shaving Cream.
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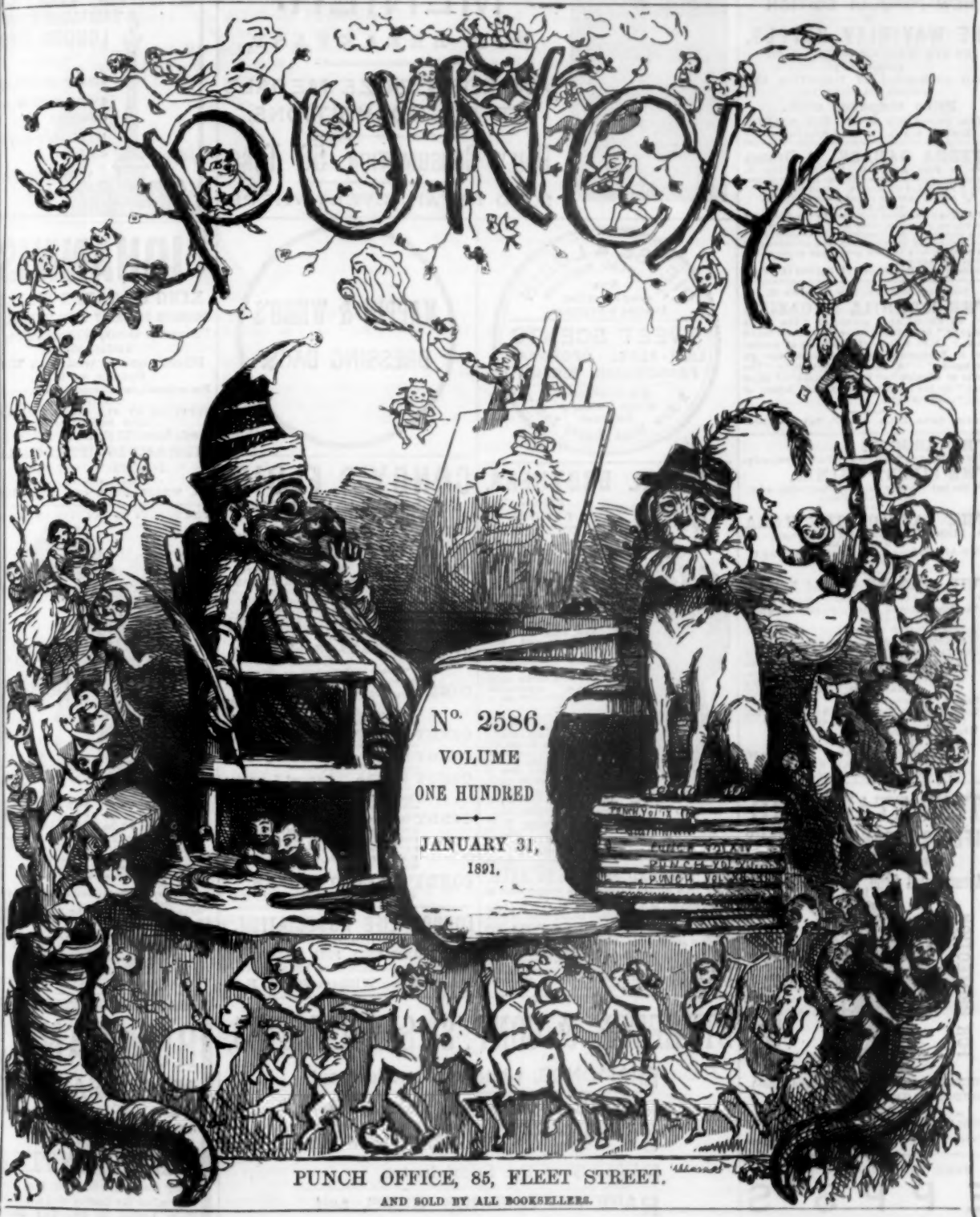

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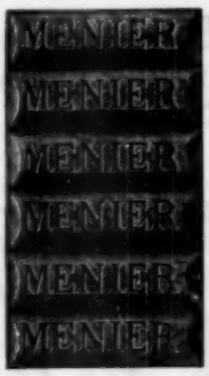

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VOCES POPULI.

A ROW IN THE PIT; OR, THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT.

SCENE—*The Pit during Pantomime Time.*
The Overture is beginning.

An Over-heated Matron (*to her Husband*). Well, they don't give you much *room* in 'ere, I *must* say. Still, we done better than I expected, after all that crushing. I thought my ribs was gone once—but it was on'y the umbrella's. You pretty comfortable where *you* are, eh, Father?

Father. Oh, I 'm right enough, I am.

Jimmy (*their Son; a small boy, with a piping voice*). If *Father* is, it's more nor what *I* am. I can't see, Mother, I can't!

His Mother. Lor' bless the boy! there ain't nothen to *see* yet; you'll see well enough when the Curting goes up. (*Curtain rises on opening scene*). Look, JIMMY, ain't *that* nice, now? All them himps dancin' round, and real fire comin' out of the pot—which I 'ope it's quite safe—and there's a beautiful fairy just come on, dressed so grand, too!

Jimmy. I can't see no fairy—nor yet no himps—no nothen!

[*He whimpers.*

His Mother (*annoyed*). Was there ever such a aggravating boy to take anywheres! Set quiet, do, and don't fidget, and look at the hactin'!

Jimmy. I tell yer I can't *see* no hactin', Mother. It ain't my fault—it's this lady in front o' me, with the 'at.

Mother (*perceiving the justice of his complaints*). Father, the pore boy says he can't see where he is, 'cause of a lady's hat in front.

Father. Well, *I* can't 'elp the 'at, can I? He must put up with it, that's all!

Mother. No—but I thought, if you wouldn't mind changing places with him—you're taller than him, and it wouldn't be in your way 'arf so much.

Father. It's always the way with you—never satisfied, *you* ain't! Well, pass the boy across—I 'm for a quiet life, I am. (*Changing seats.*) Will *this* do for you?

[*He settles down immediately behind a very large, and furry, and feathery hat, which he dodges for some time, with the result of obtaining an occasional glimpse of a pair of legs on the stage.*

Father (*suddenly*). D—— the 'at!

Mother. You can't wonder at the *boy* not seeing! P'raps the lady wouldn't might taking it off, if you asked her?

Father. Ah! (*He touches* The Owner of the Hat *on the shoulder.*) Excuse me, Mum, but might I take the liberty of asking you to kindly remove your 'at? [The Owner of the Hat *deigns no reply.*

Father (*more insistently*). *Would* you 'ave any objection to oblige me by taking off your 'at, Mum? (*Same result.*) I don't know if you *'eard* me, Mum, but I've asked you twice, civil enough, to take that 'at of yours off. I 'm a playin' 'Ide and Seek be'ind it 'ere!

[*No answer.*

The Mother. People didn't ought to be allowed in the Pit with sech 'ats! Callin' 'erself a lady—and settin' there in a great 'at and feathers like a 'Ighlander's, and never answering no more nor a stuffed himage!

Father (*to the Husband of The Owner of the Hat*). Will you tell your good lady to take her 'at off, Sir, please?

The Owner of the Hat (*to her Husband*). Don't you do nothing of the sort, SAM, or you 'll '*ear* of it!

The Mother. Some people are perlite, I must say. Parties might *beyare* as ladies when they come in the Pit! It's a pity her 'usband can't teach her better manners!

The Father. '*Im* teach her! 'E knows better. 'E's got a Tartar there, 'e 'as!

The Owner of the Hat. SAM, are you going to set by and hear me insulted like this?

Her Husband (*turning round tremulously*). I—I 'll trouble you to drop making these personal allusions to my wife's 'at, Sir. It's pufflekly impossible to listen to what's going on on the stage, with all these remarks be'ind!

The Father. Not more nor it is to *see* what's going on on the stage with that 'at in front! I paid 'arf-a-crown to see the Pantermime, I did; not to 'ave a view of your wife's 'at! . . . 'Ere, MARIA, blowed if I can stand this 'ere game any longer. JIMMY must change places again, and if he can't see, he must stand up on the seat, that's all!

[JIMMY *is transferred to his original place, and mounts upon the seat.*

A Pittite behind Jimmy (*touching up* JIMMY'S Father *with an umbrella*). Will you tell your little boy to set down, please, and not block the view like this?

Jimmy's Father. If you can indooce that lady in front to take off her 'at, I will—but not before. Stay where you are, JIMMY, my boy.

The Pittite behind. Well, I must stand myself then, that's all. I mean to see, *somehow!* [*He rises.*

People behind him (*sternly*). Set down there, will yer?

[*He resumes his seat expostulating.*

Jimmy. Father, the gentleman behind is a pinching of my legs!

Jimmy's Father. Will you stop pinching my little boy's legs! He ain't doing you no 'arm—is he?

The Pinching Pittite. Let him sit down, then!

Jimmy's Father. Let the lady take her 'at off!

Murmurs behind. Order, there! Set down! Put that boy down! Take orf that 'at! Silence in front, there! Turn 'em out! Shame! . . . &c., &c.

The Husband of the O. of the H. (*in a whisper to his Wife*). Take off the blessed 'at, and have done with it, do!

The O. of the H. What—*now?* I 'd sooner *die* in the 'at!

[*An* Attendant *is called.*

The Attendant. Order, there, Gentlemen, please—unless you want to get turned out! No standing allowed on the seats—you're disturbing the performance 'ere, you know!

[JIMMY *is made to sit down, and weeps silently; the hubbub gradually subsides—and* The Owner of the Hat *triumphs—for the moment.*

Jimmy's Mother. Never mind, my boy, you shall have Mother's seat in a minute. I dessay, if all was known, the lady 'as reasons for keeping her 'at on, pore thing!

The Father. Ah, I never thought o' that. So she may. Very likely her 'at won't *come* off—not without her '*air!*

The Mother. Ah, well, we musn't be 'ard on her, if that's so.

The O. of the H. (*removing the obstruction*). I 'ope you're satisfied *now*, I 'm sure?

The Father (*handsomely*). Better late nor never, Mum, and we take it kind of you. Though, why you shouldn't ha' done it at fust, I dunno; for you look a deal 'ansomer without the 'at than what you did in it—*don't* she, MARIA?

The O. of the H. (*mollified*). SAM, ask the gentleman behind if his boy would like a ginger-nut.

[*This olive-branch is accepted; compliments pass; cordiality is restored, and the Pantomime proceeds without further disturbance.*

SOMETHING LIKE A SUBSCRIPTION!

(*A Page from the Book of Philanthropy.*)

THE Committee waited impatiently the arrival of the Great and Good Man. It was their duty to obtain a donation—an ample one—from the Millionnaire whose charity was renowned far and wide, from one end of the world to the other. At length he appeared before them.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, with a smile that absolutely shone with benevolence.

"You know, Sir, that the claims of the poor in the Winter are numerous, and difficult to meet?"

"Certainly I do," returned the Man of Wealth, "and hope that you are about to ask me for a subscription."

"Indeed we were," cried the spokesman of the Committee, his eyes filling with grateful tears. "May I put you down for five pounds?"

"Five pounds!" echoed the Millionnaire, impatiently, "What is five pounds?—*five thousand* is much more like the figure! Now, I will give you five thousand pounds on one condition."

"Name it!" cried the Deputation in a breath.

"The simplest thing in the world," continued the Millionnaire. "I will give you five thousand pounds on the condition that you get ninety-nine other fellows to do the same. Nay, you shall thank me when all is collected. I can wait till then."

* * * * * *

The above words were spoken more than thirty years ago. Since then the Deputation have been waiting for the other fellows—and so has the Millionnaire!

Professor v. Professor.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW seems by no means Koch-sure about the *tuberculosis* remedy. Indeed Professor KOCH finds that there is not only "much virtue in an 'if,'" but much "if" in a VIRCHOW! He is inclined to sing with SWINBURNE:—

"Come down, and redeem us from VIRCHOW."

THE FRIEND OF IRELAND AND THE WORDY KNIFE-GRINDER.

(Imitation Sapphics some way after Canning and Frere.)

Wordy Knife-Grinder. "STORY! GOD BLESS YOU! I HAVE NONE TO TELL, SIR!"

Friend of Ireland:—

"WORDY Knife-Grinder! Whither are you going?
Dark is your way—your wheel looks out of order—
Mitchelstown palls, and there seems no more spell in
O'BRIEN's breeches!

"Wordy Knife-Grinder, little think the proud ones,
Who in their speeches prate about their Union-
Ism, what hard work 'tis to keep a Party
Tightly together!

"Tell me, Knife-Grinder, what *your* little game is.
Do you mean playing straight with me and
others?
Or would you jocky Erin like a confounded
Saxon attorney?

"Give us a glimpse of that same Memorandum!
Pledge yourself clear to what needs no explaining!
Prove that your plan is not quite a sham, sly-whittled
Down into nullity!

"Ere I depart (if go I must, TIM HEALY)
Give me a pledge that I 'm not sold for nothing.
Tell us in plain round words, without evasion, the
True Hawarden story."

Knife-Grinder.

"Story! God bless yer! I have none to tell, Sir!
Never tell stories, I; 'tis my sole business
This Wheel to turn with treadle and cry, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

"Constabulary? Question of Land Purchase?
Number of Irish Members due in justice?
Never said aught about 'em; don't intend to—
Not for the present.

"I shall be glad to do what honour urgeth;
Grind on alone, if you will give me *carte-blanche*,
Make room for JUSTIN, and forbear to meddle
With politics, Sir!"

Friend of Ireland.

"*I* give thee *carte-blanche?* I will see thee blowed first—
Fraud! whom no frank appeal can move to frankness—
Sophist, evasive, garrulous, word-web-spinning
Subtle Old Spider!!!"

[*Kicks the Knife-Grinder, overturns his Wheel, and exit in a fury of patriotic enthusiasm and forcible language.*

CAPITAL AND LABOUR FORECAST;

Or, Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other.

THOUGH in some quarters a better feeling was reported to have prevailed, still, according to latest accounts, the outlook can scarcely be regarded as satisfactory. A meeting of the Amalgamated Engineering Tram-Drivers' Mutual Stand-Shoulder-to-Shoulder Strangulation Society was held on Glasgow Green yesterday afternoon, at which, amid a good deal of boisterous interruption, several delegates addressed the assembled audience and recounted their recent experiences up to date. There were still 1700 of the Company's old hands out of work, and though, thanks to the profound enthusiasm, "their just cause" had excited amidst the Trade Societies in the South, by which, owing to subscriptions from no less important bodies than the Bootmakers' Benevolent Grandmothers' Association, and Superannuated Undertakers' Orphan Society, they had been able to stay out and defy the Company, receiving all the while, every man of them, a stipend of 3*s.* 9*d.* a-week, still they had almost come to the end of their resources, and all that they had in hand towards next week's fund for distribution, was £1 13*s.* 7½*d.*, received in coppers from the Deputy-Chairman of the Metropolitan Boys' Boot-blacking Brigade, accompanied with an intimation that that help must be regarded as the last that can be counted on from that quarter. Under these circumstances it became a question whether it was not almost time to consider some terms of compromise.

In the above sense one of the speakers addressed the meeting, but he was speedily followed by another, who insisted that, "come what might," they would stick to their latest terms, which were, a three-hours' day—(*loud cheers*)—and time-and-three-quarters for any work expected after three o'clock in the afternoon. (*Prolonged cheering.*)

A Delegate here rose, and said it was all very well their cheering, but could they get it? (*A Voice, "We'll try!"*) For his part, the speaker continued, he had had enough of trying. With wife and children starving at home, he had only one course open to him, and that was, to knock under to the Company and their ten-hours' day, if they would have him. (*Groans, amid which the Speaker had his hat knocked over his eyes, and was kicked out of the assembly.*)

The discussion was then continued, much in the same vein, and eventually culminated in a free fight, in which the Chairman got his head broken, on declaring that a Motion further limiting the working day to two hours and a half, was lost by a narrow majority.

Yesterday afternoon the Directors' Mutual Anti-Labour Protection Company met at their Central Offices for the despatch of their usual business. The ordinary Report was read, which announced that though the affairs of three great Railway Companies had "gone" literally "to the dogs," still, the Directors of each had to be congratulated on showing a firm front, in refusing to acknowledge even the existence of their *employés*. The usual congratulatory Motions were put, *pro formâ*, and passed, and, amid a general manifestation of gloomy satisfaction, the meeting was further adjourned.

"A Salvage Man."

RUDYARD KIPLING has hit on a picturesque plan;
He describes in strong language "the savage in Man."
Whilst amongst the conventions he raids and he ravages.
We'd like just a leetle more "Man" in his savages.

IN SELF-DEFENCE.

Jones (who has just told his best Story, and been rewarded with a gentle smile). "UPON MY WORD, WOMEN HAVEN'T GOT THE REAL SENSE OF HUMOUR! WHY, WHEN I HEARD THAT STORY FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONLY LAST WEEK, I SIMPLY ROARED!"

Miss Smith. "SO DID I—ONLY IT WAS LAST YEAR!"

FROM OUR MUSICAL BOX.

WE sent our Musical Box (COX being unable to accompany him on the piano or any other instrument, by reason of the severe weather) to hear STAVENHAGEN at St. James's Hall, Thursday last, the 22nd. Our Musical B. was nearly turned out of the hall, he was in such ecstasies of delight over a Beethovenly *concerto*, which "bangs Banagher," he said, subsequently translating the expression by explaining, "that is, beats BEETHOVEN." Our M. B. wept over a *cadenza* composed by the performer, and was only restored by the appearance—her first—of Madame STAVENHAGEN, who gave somebody's grand *scena* far better, probably, than that somebody could have given it himself, set as it was to fine descriptive music by the clever STAVENHAGEN, which delighted all hearers, especially those who were LISZT-eners. "Altogether," writes our Musical Box, "a very big success. Music is thirsty work. I am now about to do a symphony in B. and S."

VICE VERSÂ.

A POET in the *Forum* asks the question,
"Is Verse in Danger?" 'Tis a wild suggestion!
Is Verse in Danger? Nay, *that's* not the curse;
Danger (of utter boredom) is in Verse!

"ODD MAN OUT."—On Saturday last, the last among the theatrical advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph* was the mysterious one, "MR. CHARLES SUGDEN AT LIBERTY," and then followed his address. "At Liberty!" What does it mean? Has he been—it is a little difficult to choose the right word, but let us say immured—has he been immured in some cell?—for it does sound like a "sell" of another sort—and has he at last effected a sensational escape? No doubt CHARLES, our friend, will be able to offer the public a satisfactory explanation when he re-appears on the Stage which suffers from his absence.

PLAYING OLD GOOSEBERRY AT THE HAYMARKET;

Or, The Dook, the Dancing Girl, and the Little Lame Duck.

WHAT is to be admired in HENRY HAUTHOR JONES is not so much his work but his pluck,—for has he not, in the first place, overcome the prudery of the Lord Chamberlain's Licensing Department, and, in the second place, has he not introduced on the boards of the Haymarket a good old-fashioned Melodrama, brought "up to date," and disguised in a Comedy wrapper? Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, and see *The Dancing Girl*, a Comedy-Drama shall we call it, or, generically, a Play? wherein the prominent figures are a wicked Duke,—*vice* the "wicked Baronet," now shelved, as nothing under the ducal rank will suit us nowadays, bless you!—a Provincial Puritan family, an honest bumpkin lover, a devil of a dancing woman who lives a double-shuffling sort of life, an angel of a lame girl,—who, of course, can't cut capers but goes in for coronets,—a sly, unprincipled, and calculating kind of angel she is too, but an audience that loves Melodrama is above indulging in uncharitable analysis of motive,—a town swell in the country, a more or less unscrupulous land-agent, and a genuine, honest "heavy father," of the ancient type, with a good old-fashioned melodramatic father's curse ready at the right moment, the last relic of a bygone period of the transpontine Melodrama, which will bring tears to the eyes of many an elderly playgoer on hearing the old familiar formula, in the old familiar situation, reproduced on the stage of the modern Haymarket as if through the medium of a phonophone.

At all events, *Drusilla Ives*, *alias* "the Dancing Girl"—though as to

FINAL TABLEAU, ACT I.
"O does not a Meeting (House) like this make amends?"
Ham Christison (*Clowns*). "Ullo! Oh my! I'm a looking at yer!"

where she dances, how she dances, and when she dances, we are left pretty well in the dark, as she only gives so slight a taste of her quality that it seemed like a very amateurish imitation of Miss KATE VAUGHAN in her best day,—*Drusilla Ives* is the mistress, neither pure nor simple, of the *Duke of Guisebury*,—a title which is evidently artfully intended by the, at present, "Only JONES" to be a compound of the French "Guise" and the English "Bury,"—who from his way of going on and playing old gooseberry with his property, might have been thus styled with advantage: and so henceforth let us think and speak of him as His Grace or His Disgrace the Duke of Gooseberry.

This Duke of Gooseberry visits, "quite unbeknown,"—being, for this occasion only, the Duke of Disguisebury,—his own property, the Island of St. Endellion, just to see, we suppose, what sort of people the Quaker family may be from which his mistress, the Dancing Quakeress (and how funny she used to be at the Music Halls and at the Gaiety!), has sprung. For some reason or other, the Dancing Quakeress has gone to stay a few weeks with her family in the country, and while this hypocritical Daughter of HERODIAS is with her Quaker belongings at prayers in the Meeting House, the spirit moveth her to come out, and to come out uncommonly strong, as, within a yard or so of the building, she laughs and talks loudly with Gooseberry, and then in a light-hearted way she treats the Dook to some amateur imitations of ELLEN TERRY, finishing up with a reminiscence of KATE VAUGHAN; all of which *al fresco* entertainment is given for the benefit of the aforesaid Gooseberry within sound of the sermon and within sight of the Meeting House windows. Suddenly her rustic Quaker lover, a kind of *Ham Peggotty*, lounges out of the Conventicle, which, as these persons seem to leave and enter just when it suits them, ought rather to be called a Chapel-of-Ease,—and, like the clown that he is, says in effect, "I'm a-looking at yer! I've caught yer at it!" Dismay of Dook and Dancer!! then Curtain on a most emphatically effective situation.

The Second Act is far away the best of the lot, damaged, however, by vain repetitions of words and actions. To the house where Miss

Two "Regular Dawgs" having a *tête-à-tête*.

Dancing Girl is openly living under the protection of Gooseberry, the Duke's worthy Steward actually brings his virtuous and ingenuous young daughter! If ever there were a pair of artful, contriving, scheming humbugs, it is this worthy couple. Because the Duke saved her from being run over by his own horses, therefore she considers herself at liberty to limp after him, and round him, and about him, on every possible occasion, to say sharp, priggish things to him, to make love to him, and in the Third Act so craftily to manage as to spot him just as he is about to drink off a phial of poison, which operation, being preceded by a soliloquy of strong theatrical flavour and considerable length, gives the lame girl a fair chance of hobbling down the stairs and arresting the thus "spotted Nobleman's" arm at the critical moment. Curtain, and a really fine dramatic situation. "Which nobody can deny."

It is in this same Third Act that the fine old crusted melodramatic curse is uncorked, and a good imperial quart of wrath is poured out on his dancing daughter's head by the heavy father, who, in his country suit, forces his way into the gilded halls of the Duke's mansion, past the flunkeys, the head butler, and all the rest of the usual pampered menials. An audience that can accept this old-fashioned cheap-novel kind of clap-trap, and witness, without surprise, the marvellous departure of all the guests, supperless, for no assigned cause, or explicable reason, not even an alarm of fire having been given, will swallow a considerable amount.

ACT III.
Pantaleon David Peggotty Gladstone Ives.

The Fourth Act is an anticlimax, and shows up the faulty construction of the drama. Of course the news comes that the Dancing Girl is dead, and this information is brought by a Sainte Nitouche of a "Sister" of some Theatrical Order (not admitted after half-past seven), whose very appearance is a *suggestio falsi*. Equally, of course, a letter is found, which, as exculpating Gooseberry, induces the old cuss of a Puritan father to shake hands with the converted "Spotted Nobleman"; but, be it remembered, the Dook is still his landlord, and the value of the property is going up considerably. Then it appears that the old humbug of an agent has sagaciously speculated in the improvement of the island, and poor Gooseberry feels under such an obligation to that sly puss of an agent's daughter, that, in a melancholy sort of way, he offers her his hand, which she, the artful little hussy of a *Becky Sharp*, with considerable affectation of coyness, accepts, and down goes the Curtain upon as unsatisfactory and commonplace a termination to a good Melodrama as any

Philistine of the Philistines could possibly wish. It would have been a human tragedy indeed had poor Gooseberry poisoned himself, and the girl whose life he had saved had arrived just too late, only to die of a broken heart. But that "is quite another story."

The piece is well played all round, especially by the men. Mr. TREE is excellent, except in the ultra-melodramatic parts, where he is too noisy. The very best thing he does is the perfect finish of the Second Act, when, without a word, he sits in the chair before the fire lost in dismal thought. This is admirable:

FINAL TABLEAU.
Triumph of the Artful Agent and his lame Duck of a Daughter, Sybil Slyboots, *alias* Becky Sharp, afterwards the Merry Duchess of Gooseberry.

as perfect in its dramatic force as it is true to nature. It is without exception the best thing in the whole piece. Mr. F. KERR as *Reginald Slingsby*, achieves a success unequalled since Mr. BANCROFT played the *parvenu* swell *Hawtrse*. It should be borne in mind that Mr. KERR only recently played admirably the poor stuttering shabby lover in *The Struggle for Life*. *Il ira loin, ce bon* M. KERR. Miss JULIA NEILSON looks the part to the life: when she has ceased to give occasional imitations of Miss ELLEN TERRY, and can really play the part as well as she looks it, then nothing more could be possibly desired. All the others as good as need be, or can be.

THE BOGEY, MAN!

(*Retort of a Lady-Player who plays "for love."*)

["No game was ever yet invented which held the female mind in thrall save by indirect means. Where would croquet have been, so far as the Ladies were concerned, without its Curates, or lawn-tennis without its 'Greek gods'... If men played for nothing, they would find it dull enough."—JAMES PAYN.]

'TIS mighty well for Menfolk at Womankind to gibe,
And swear they do not care for games without some lure or bribe,
But e'en in JAMES PAYN'S armour there seems some weakish joints;
He does not care for "glorious Whist" unless for "sixpenny points!"
Whist! Whist! Whist! It charms the Bogey, Man:
Whist! Whist! Whist! He'll play it when he can.
But "pointless Whist," as PAYN admits, is not at all his plan;
You must have "money on" to please the Bogey, Man!

Now, Ladies like to play "for love," a fault male hucksters blame,
But only sordid souls deny *that* is the true "grand game."
Man's vulgarer ambition 's not just to play well and win;
His eye is ever on the stakes, his interest on the "tin."
Whist! Whist! Whist! That blatant Bogey, Man!
Whist! Whist! Whist! He'll flout us when he can.
"Indirect means" though, after all, are portions of *his* plan;
For all his brag he loves the "swag," the Bogey, Man!

Mum's the Word!

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presided lately at a Deaf-and-Dumb Meeting.]

JOSEPH *reflecteth*:—

DEAF-MUTES make the best audience, I see;
They gave me no rude flood of gibes to stem.
True, they were deaf, and so could not hear *me*,
But they were dumb, so *I* could not hear them!

MADAME ROLAND RE-EDITED (*from a sham-Japanese point of view*).—O LIBERTY! what strange (decorative) things are done in thy name!

JACK'S APPEAL.

["IT is impossible for warrant-officers in the Navy not to see that they are placed at a disadvantage as compared with non-commissioned officers in the Army, and it must be very difficult to persuade them that the two cases are so essentially different as to afford no real ground for grievance."—*The "Times," on "An Earnest Appeal on Behalf of the Rank and File of the Navy."*]

Jack Tar to Tommy Atkins, loquitur:—

TOMMY ATKINS, TOMMY ATKINS, penmen write pertikler fine
Of the Wooden Walls of England, and likeways the Thin Red Line;
But for those as form that Line, mate, or for those as man them Walls,
Scribes don't seem so precious anxious to kick up their lyric squalls.
Not a bit of it, my hearty; for one reason—it don't pay;
There is small demand, my TOMMY, for a DIBDIN in our day.
Oh, I know that arter dinner your M.P.'s can up and quote
Tasty tit-bits from old CHARLEY, which they all reel off by rote;
But if there *is* a cherub up aloft to watch poor JACK,
That there cherub ain't a poet,—bards are on another tack.

TOMMY ATKINS, TOMMY ATKINS, BULL is sweet on "loyal toasts,"
And he spends his millions freely on his squadrons and his hosts,
But there isn't much on 't, messmate, not so fur as *I* can see,
Whether 'tis rant or rhino, that gets spent on you and me.
Still the *Times* has took our case up,—werry handsome o' the *Times!*—
I have heard it charged with prejudice, class-hate, and similar crimes,
But it shows it 's got fair sperret and a buzzum as can feel
When it backs us with a "Leader" arter printing our "Appeal."
You are better off, my TOMMY, than the Navy Rank and File,
You *may* chance to get promotion,—arter waiting a good while—
But the tip-top of Tar luck 's to be a Warrant Officer;
We ain't like to get no further, if we even get *as* fur.
'Tain't encouraging, my hearty. As for me, I 'm old and grey,
'Tis too late now for promotion if it chanced to come *my* way;
And my knowledge, and my patter, and my manners—well I guess
They mayn't be percisely fitted for a dandy ward-room mess.
But the Navy of the Future, TOMMY ATKINS, is our care,
We have gone through many changes, and for others must prepare.
It will make the Navy popular, more prospect of advance;
And what I say is, TOMMY,—*let the young uns have a chance!*
Some I know will cry "Impossible," and slate the scheme like fun.
Most good things are "impossible," my TOMMY,—*till they 're done!*
Quarter-decks won't fill from fokesels, not to any great extent;
But, give good men a better chance! I guess that 's all that 's meant.
As the *Times* says, werry sensible and kind-like, prej*udice*,
Though strong at first, dies quickly, melts away like thaw-struck ice;
If every brave French soldier, with a knapsack on his back,
May find a Marshal's baton at the bottom of that pack,
Why should not a true British Tar, with pluck, and luck, and wit,
Find at last a "Luff's" commission hidden somewheres in his kit?

WAKING THEM UP.

Fly-leaf from an Energetic Kaiser's Diary.

10 P.M.—Slip out of Opera and take somebody else's overcoat from cloak-room when nobody is looking, jump into a four-wheeler, and drive to station. Am recognised, and a special train is called out. Give them the slip, and get into a horse-box of third-class omnibus-train just about to start.

10·15 P.M. *to* 2·30 A.M.—Still in horse-box.

2·45 A.M.—Stop at a big town. Hurry out. Stopped for ticket. Throw off disguise of somebody else's overcoat, and declare myself. Guard called out to escort me. When they are looking the other way, hide under refreshment-counter, and get out of station unobserved on all-fours. Am collared by a policeman. Again have to declare myself. Give policeman twenty marks, bind him to silence, and borrow his official cloak. Find out Burgomaster's address. Hammer at his front door till I have stirred up the whole household.

4 A.M. *to* 5 A.M.—Find out the Archbishop. Bang at his front door till he puts his head out of window, and wants to know "What on earth's the matter?" Hide round the corner. Repeat same business, with more or less success, at the residence of the Chief Justice, then at that of the Clerk of the Peace, and at those of any other officials I can call to mind, winding up by a regular good row at that of the General in Command. Trumpeter comes out. Take bugle from him, and give the call. General in Command rubs his eyes sleepily, and says he 'll be down presently.

5 A.M.—Hurry back to station. Catch early cattle-train going back to Berlin. Jump on engine, and declare myself. Wire approach down line, and tear away with the cattle, at seventy miles an hour, getting back to Berlin just in time for breakfast. Fancy I woke them up! Altogether, a very enjoyable outing.

GENUINE ENTHUSIASM.

(*A Thaw Picture.*)

WHAT MATTER AN INCH OR TWO OF SURFACE-WATER, IF THE ICE BE STILL SOUND UNDERNEATH!

"ROUGE ET NOIR!"

OR, JONATHAN'S PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

(*Some Way after Hosea Biglow's "Jonathan to John"*)

Jonathan (who has been reading the Articles on "The Negro Question in the United States," in the English "Times") log:—

IT may be ez you're right, JOHN,
And both my hands *are* full;
You know ez I can fight, JOHN,
(I've wiped out "Sitting Bull").
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess
We see our fix," sez he.
"The 'Thunderer's' paw lays down the law,
Accordin' to J. B.
To square it's left to *me!*"

Blood ain't so cool as ink, JOHN;
Big words are easy wrote;
The "coons"—well, you don't think, JOHN,
I'll let 'em cut my throat.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Ghost-dance must stop," sez he.
"Suppose the 'braves' and black ex-slaves
Hed b'longed to ole J. B.
Insted of unto me?"

Ten art'cles in your *Times*, JOHN,
Hev giv me good advice.
I mind th' old Slavery crimes, JOHN.
I don't need tellin' twice.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
I only guess," sez he,
"Seven million blacks on his folks' backs
Would kind o' rile J. B.
Ez much ez it riles me!"

The Red Man,—well, I s'pose, JOHN,
We'll hev to wipe *him* aout.
Sech pizonous trash ez those, JOHN,
The world kin do without.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Injuns must go," sez he.
"COOPER's Red Man won't fit our plan,
Though he once witched J. B.
As once he fetched e'en *me!*"

The Black Man! Ah, that's wuss, JOHN.
The chaps wuz right, ay *joost*,
Who said the Slavery cuss, JOHN,
Wud yet come home to roost.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
The problem set," sez he,
"By that derned Nig. is black and big,
And fairly puzzles me,
Ez it wud do J. B."

Your *Times* would right our wrongs, JOHN.
—Always *wuz* sweet on us!—
But on dilemma's prongs, JOHN,
To fix me don't *you* fuss.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Though physic's good," sez he.
"It doesn't foller that he can swaller
Prescriptions signed J. B.
Put up by you for me!"

Thet swaggerin' black buck Nig., JOHN,
Is jest a grown-up kid;
Ez happy as a—pig, JOHN,
When doin' wut he's bid.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
He's hateful when he's free.
Equal with *him*, that dark-skinn'd limb?
No; that will not suit *me*,
More than it wud J. B.!"

Emigrate the whole lot, JOHN?
Well, that's a tallish task!
In Afric's centre hot, JOHN,
Send 'em to breed and bask?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
I'd be right glad," sez he,
"But—*will they go?* 'Tain't done, you know,
As easy as J. B.
Wud settle it—for me!"

Rouge—there I see my way, JOHN.
But *Noir*—thet's hard to front!
It wun't be no child's play, JOHN,
Seven million Nigs to shunt.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe just now, but thet, somehow,
I fancy, friend J. B.,
Your *Times* may leave to *me!*"

[*Left considering it.*

WELCOME BACK!

[Mr. SANTLEY, who has been long absent in Australia, reappeared at St. James's Hall on Jan. 19, and was received with great enthusiasm.]

BACK from your Australian trip!
Punch, my CHARLES, your fist must grip.
You have lighted on a time
When we're all chill, choke, and grime.
'Twere no marvel, O great baritone,
Did you find your voice had nary tone.
But there's none like you can sing
"*To Anthea*," "*The Erl-King*."
SCHUBERT, GOUNOD, English HATTON,
Equally your Fine Art's pat on.
Punch can never praise *you* scantly.
À votre santé, good CHARLES SANTLEY!

"ROUGE ET NOIR!"

OUR SPORT AND ART EXHIBITION.

"ON THE SCENT."

FOR *BETTER*—OR WORSE.

[At the Anti-Gambling Demonstration recently held in Exeter Hall, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, the Attorney-General, said that it was supposed by many that it was impossible to enjoy athletic pursuits without becoming interested in a pecuniary sense. He should therefore like to add, not for the purpose of holding himself up as an example, that, during his entire interest in sports of all kinds, he had never made a bet.]

AH! these are days when Recklessness, bereft of ready cash,
Will strive to remedy the void by speculative splash;
It is a salutary sight for Bankruptcy and Debt—
Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

His interest in manly sports, an interest immense,
Was ne'er degraded to a mere "pecuniary sense;"
His boyhood's love of marbles leaves him nothing to regret—
Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

Next, when a youth, the cricket-bat he first began to wield,
And "Heads or Tails?" re-echoed for the Innings through the field,
He sternly scorned to toss the coin, howe'er his friends might fret—
Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

And when, an Undergraduate, he swiftly skimmed his mile,
And comrades staked with confidence on him their little pile,
He 'd beg them not on his account in gambling ways to get—
This good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

To play for money ruins whist: and seldom can his Club
Persuade him to put counters (coins for Zulus!) on the rub;
He *has* been known for lozenges to dabble with piquet;
He wasn't Chief Attorney then, nor was it *quite* a bet.

His wise profession's ornament, he looks on all such games
Far otherwise than RUSSELL does, than LOCKWOOD, HALL, or JAMES;
For pure platonic love of play he stands unequalled yet—
Our good Attorney-General who never made a bet.

St. Stephen's, too, thinks much of him; but ah! his soul it pains
To know that Speculation o'er the lobby sometimes reigns;
He 's chided OLD MORALITY and RANDOLPH and the set,
Beseeching them on bended knees to never make a bet.

We all are fond of him, in short, the Boxes with the Gods;
That he 's a first-rate fellow we would gladly lay the odds.
But no!—himself would veto that. We must not wound our pet
Precise Attorney-General who never made a bet.

THE ARISTOTELIAN TREASURE-TROVE.

ALL have heard of "a Manuscript found in a Bottle,"
But here is a waif with romance yet more fraught:
A newly-found treatise by old ARISTOTLE
Is flotsam indeed from the Ocean of Thought.
Oh, happy discoverer, lucky Museum!
Not this time the foreigner scores off JOHN BULL.
Teuton pundits would lift, for such luck, their *Te Deum!*
No SHAPIRA, *Punch* hopes, such a triumph to dull!
May it all turn out right! Further details won't tire us.
We *may* get some straight-tips from that Coptic papyrus!

ROBERT ON SKATIN'.

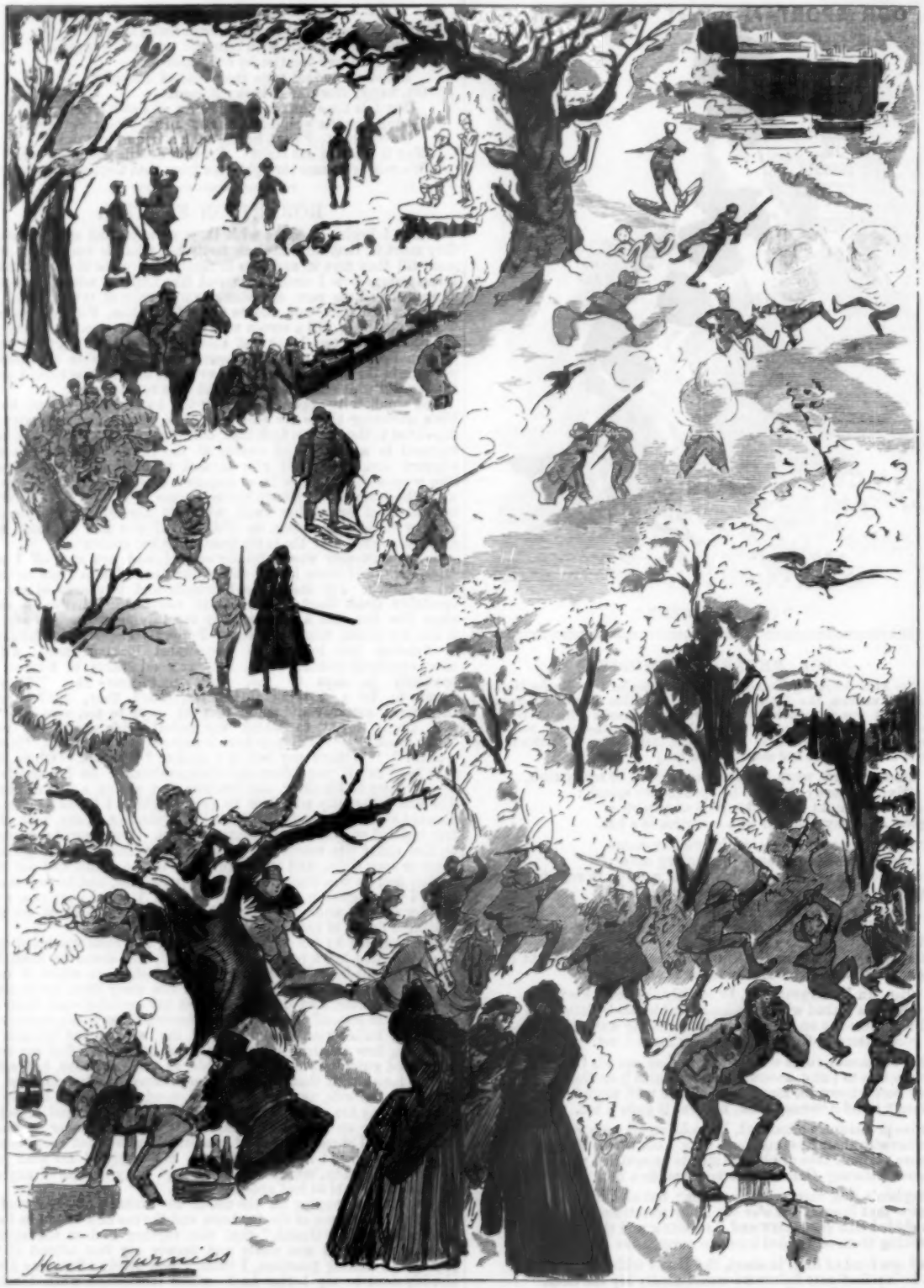
WELL, I begins to agree with them as says, and says it too as if they ment it, that noboddy can reelly tell what is reel grand injiyment till they trys it, and trys it farely, and gives it a good chance. I remembers how I used to try and like Crikkit, when I was much yunger than I am now, and stuck to it in spite of several black eyes when I stood pint, and shouts of, "Now then, Butter-Fingers!" when I stood leg, till a serten werry fast Bowler sent me away from the wicket with two black and blew legs, and then I guv it up. I guv up Foot Ball for simler reesuns, and have never attemted not nothink in the Hathlettick line ever since, my sumwat rapid increase in size and wait a hading me in that wise resolooshun.

But sumhow it appened, dooring the hawful whether we has all bin a shivering threw for this long time, that I found my atenshun direckted to the strange fack that, whilst amost everybody was busily engaged in a cussin and swarin at the bitter cold and the dirty slippery sno, everybody else seemed to be injying of theirselves like wun-a-clock. Now it so appened that when waiting one day upon the young swell I have before spoken of, at the "Grand 'Otel," he was jined by another swell, who told him what a glorius day's skating he had been avin in Hide Park! and how he ment to go agen to-morrer, "if the luvly frost wood but continue!"

So my cureosety was naterally egsited, and nex day off I gos to Hide Park, and there I seed the xplanation of what had serprised me so much. For there was hunderds and hunderds of not only spectably drest Gents, but also of reel-looking Ladys, a skatin away like fun, and a larfing away and injying theirselves jest as if it had bin a nice Summer's day. Presently I append to find myself a standing jest by a nice respectabel looking man, with a nice, cumferal-looking chair, and seweral pares of Skates; and presently he says to me, quite permiscus-like, "They all seems to be a injying theirselves, don't they, Sir?" which they most suttenly did; and then he says to me, says he, "Do you skate, Sir?" to which my natral pride made me reply, "Not much!" "Will you have a pair on, Sir," says he, "jest for a trial?" "Is there any fear of a axident?" says I. "Oh no, Sir," says he, "not if you follers my hinstrucshuns." So I acshally sets myself down in his chair, and lets him put me on a pair of Skates! The first differculty was, how to get up, which I found as I coudn't manage at all without his asistance; for, strange to say, both of my feet insisted on going quite contrary ways. However, by grarsping on him quite tite round his waste, I at last manidged to go along three or four slides, and then I returned to the chair, and sat down again; and he was kind enuff to compliment me, and to say that he thort I was a gitting on fust-rate, and, if I woud only cum ewery day for about a week or so, he had no dowt but he shood see me a skating a figger of hate like the best on 'em!

Hencouraged by his truthfool remarks, I at larst wentured to let go of him and try a few slides by myself, and shood no dowt have suckseeded hadmerably, but my bootiful stick to which I was a trustin to elp me from falling, slided rite away from me in a most unnatral manner, and down I came on my onerabel seat, with such a smasher as seemed to shake all my foreteen stun into a cocked-hat, to speak, hallegorically, and there I lay, elpless and opeless, and wundring how on airth I shood ever get up again. But my trusty frend and guide was soon at my side, as the Poet says, but all his united force, with that of too boys who came to his assistance, and larfed all the wile, as rude boys will, coud not get me on my feet agen 'till my too skates was taken off, and I agen found myself on *terror fermer* on my friend's chair. It took me longer to recover myself than I shood have thort posserbel, but at larst I was enabled to crawl away, but not 'till my frend had supplied me with jest a nice nip of brandy, which he said he kept andy in case of any such surprisin axidents as had appened to me.

So what with paying for the use of the skates, and the use of the Brandy, and the use of the too boys, and the use of a handsum Cab to take me to the "Grand," that was rayther a deer ten minutes skating, and as it was reelly and trewly my fust attemt at that poplar and xciting passtime, I think I may safely affirm—as I have alreddy done to my better harf—whose langwidge, when I related my hadwentur, is scarcely worth repeating, as it was most certenly not complementary——that it shall be my larst. ROBERT.



REMINISCENCES OF SPORT IN THE SNOW.

A FREEZING POINT.

(By a Frozen-out Lover.)

THEY tell me thou art cold, my sweet—
A fact that scarcely odd is.
Gales half so cruel never beat
Against poor human bodies.
Cupid's attire is far too light
To weather Thirty Fahrenheit.

How can a glow the soul entrance,
When frostbite nips the finger,
And blushes quit the countenance
To nigh the nostril linger!
Warmth were a miracle, in sight
And grip of Thirty Fahrenheit.

Chill! chill to *me*, my Paradise!!
I'll not complain or curse on.
One cannot well be otherwise
To any mortal person.
Mere icebergs ambulant, we fight
Ferocious Thirty Fahrenheit.

Cold art thou? Not so cold as I—
Nought living could be colder.
I'm far too cold to sob or sigh,
Still less in passion smoulder.
I'm turning fast to something quite
As numb as Thirty Fahrenheit.

INFORMATION REQUIRED.—"Sir, I see a Volume advertised entitled, *Unspoken Sermons*. I should be glad to know where these are preached, as that's the place for yours truly, ONE WHO SNORES."

NEW BOOK OF IRISH LIFE.—*The Bedad's Sons*. By the Author of the tale of Indian Life, *The Begum's Daughters*.

THE DELIGHTS OF TRIAL BY JURY.

THESE GENTLEMEN ARE EXPECTED TO BE IN A JUDICIAL FRAME OF MIND AFTER HANGING ABOUT THE PRECINCTS OF THE COURT FOR SEVERAL DAYS, UNDER PENALTY OF A HEAVY FINE, WHILE THEIR PRIVATE BUSINESS IN THE CITY AND ELSEWHERE IS GOING TO THE DOGS. (WHY SHOULD NOT HALF-PAY OFFICERS DO THE WORK, AND RELIEVE BUSY MEN?)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, January 22.—Both Houses met to-day after Christmas Recess. No QUEEN'S Speech; no moving and seconding of Address; no Royal Commission and procession of SPEAKER to Lords. All seems strange, and spirits generally a little depressed. Only ROBERT FOWLER rises superior to circumstances of hour. Blustering about the Lobby "like Boreas," says CAUSTON.

King Yah! Yah!

"Only not so rude," says HARRY LAWSON, jealous for the reputation of Metropolitan Members, even though some sit on the Benches opposite. With folded hands thrust behind coat-tails, rollicking stride, thunderous voice, and blooming countenance, Sir ROBERT positively pervades the Lobby. Personally receives POPE HENNESSY; shakes hands with everybody; and finally halting for a moment under the electric-lit archway leading into House, presents interesting and attractive picture of the Glorified Alderman.

Scotch Members take possession of Commons to-night. LORD ADVOCATE brings in Bill, providing new machinery for private legislation; the Scotch Members with one accord fall upon proposal, and tear it to ribbons. Meanwhile other Members troop off to Lords, where spectacle is provided which beats the pantomimes into fits. Two new Peers to take their seats; procession formed in back room outside; enters from below Bar. First comes Black Rod, with nothing black about him; then Garter King-at-Arms, a herculean personage, fully five feet high, with a dangerous gleam in his eye, and the Royal Arms of England quartered in scarlet and blue and gold on his manly back. Behind, in red cloaks slashed with ermine, the new Baron and his escort of two brother Peers. There being no room for them to advance in due procession, they fall into single file, make their way to the Woolsack, where sits that pink of chivalry, that mould of fashion, that perfection of form, the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

New Peer drops on one knee, presents bundle of paper to LORD CHANCELLOR. L. C., coyly turning his head on one side, gingerly takes roll, hands it to Attendant. New Peer gets up; procession bundles back to table; here Gentleman in wig and gown gabbles something from long document. New Peer writes his name in a book (probably promising subscription towards expenses of performance.) Garter King-at-Arms getting to the front trots off with comically short strides for so great a dignity; New Peer and escort follow, Black Rod solemnly bringing up rear. Garter King makes for Cross Benches by the door; passes along one, the rest following, as if playing game of Follow-my-leader. Garter King suddenly making off to the right, walks up Gangway to row of empty Benches. Stops at the topmost row but one, and passes along. New Peer wants to follow him. Garter King prods him in chest with small stick, and tells him to go on to the Bench above. This he does, with escort. Meanwhile, Black Rod left out in the cold. Garter King motions to three Peers to be seated; tells them to put on their cocked-hats; counts ten; nods to them; they rise to feet, uplift cocked-hats in direction of LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack. He raises his in return of salute. Three Peers sit down again. Garter King counts ten; nods; up they get again, salute LORD CHANCELLOR; sit down once more. "One—two—three—four—ten," Garter King mumbles to himself. Once more they rise; salute LORD CHANCELLOR; then Garter King leading the way, they march back to Woolsack.

Garter King now introduces new Member to LORD CHANCELLOR. L. C. starts as if he had never seen him before; then extends right

hand; New Peer shakes it, procession reformed, walks out behind Bar. A few minutes later, another comes in, all the business done over again. Impressive, but a little monotonous, and as soon as possible after its conclusion Noble Lords go home.

Business done.—In Commons, Private Bill Legislation Bill read a Second Time.

Friday.—WM. O'BRIEN, standing with tear-stained face on pier at Boulogne waving wet handkerchief across the main, has drawn away JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who can't be back till Monday. PARNELL was to have come down to-day, and, making believe to be still Leader of United Irishmen, asked OLD MORALITY to set aside day for discussion of his Motion on operation of Crimes Act. BRER FOX accordingly looked in shortly after SPEAKER took the Chair.

Dr. Channing in the Pulpit.

"Seen BRER RABBIT anywhere about, TORY?" he asked.

So I'up and told him about MCCARTHY's new journey to Boulogne.

"Oh, indeed," said BRER FOX; "if that's the case, I think I won't trouble House to-night. Got an engagement elsewhere; think I'll go and keep it. Not used to hanging about here, as you know; awful bore to me; but as long as BRER RABBIT comes here, I must be on spot to vindicate my position. So I'll say ta-ta. No—never mind ringing for fire-escape; can walk down the steps to-day."

Thus there being no Irish Leader on the premises, and hardly any Irish Members, had a rare chance for attending to British business. CHANNING brought on question of working Overtime on the Railways; moved Resolution invoking interference of Board of Trade. Question a little awkward for Government. Couldn't afford to offend Railway Directors, yet wouldn't do to flout numerous body of working-men, chiefly voters. Proposed to shelve business by appointment of Select Committee. Opposition not going to let them off so easily. Debate kept up all night, winding up with critical Division; Government majority only 17.

"And this," said OLD MORALITY, with injured look, "after PLUNKET's brilliant oration on the time-tables of the London and North-Western Railway Company! If he'd only illustrated it with magic-lantern, things would have gone differently. But he was obstinate; said there would be difficulty in arranging the slides, and so rejected proposal.

Business done.—CHANNING's Resolution about Overtime on Railways negatived by 141 Votes against 124.

HOMAGE TO SIR JAMES HANNEN.

SIR,—As the recognised organ of the legal profession, will you permit me to address you? It is common knowledge that within the last few days the Right Honourable Sir JAMES HANNEN has been raised to a dignity greater than that he has been able to claim for the last eighteen years, when he has sat as President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. On leaving the Court in which so many of us were known to him, he was kind enough to say, "Those eighteen years had been eighteen years of happiness to him, chiefly arising from the advantage he had had in having before him habitually practising in that Court Barristers who had felt that their part was just as important as his in the administration of Justice, and who had assisted him enormously. Without their assistance, his task would have been an arduous one, whereas it had been, as he had said, an agreeable one." As I personally have had the honour of appearing before his Lordship for many years, I think that it is only right that I should make some acknowledgment of this kind recognition of my services.

It is quite true that I have felt, as Sir JAMES HANNEN suggests, that my part (humble as it may have been) has been just as important as his in the administration of Justice. But it is gratifying to me beyond measure to learn that my invariable custom of bowing to his Lordship on the commencement and conclusion of each day's forensic duties—which has been the limit of my "habitual practice" in the Probate Division—should "have assisted him enormously." I can only say that, thanks to his unvarying kindness and courtesy, my daily recognition of his greetings from the Bench, instead of being an arduous task, has ever been an agreeable one. I have the honour to remain, Sir, your very obedient servant, (*Signed*) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

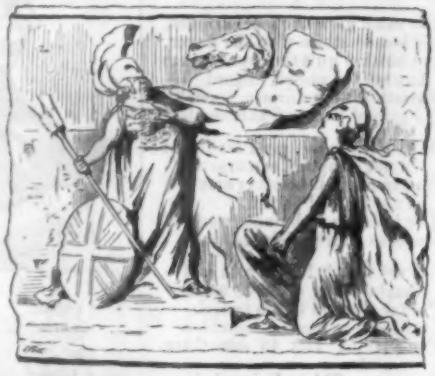
Pump-Handle Court, January 24, 1891.

"PRO-DIGIOUS!"—In last Sunday's *Observer* we read that at St. Petersburg Madame MELBA, as *Juliette*, "*was recalled thirty-one times before the proscenium.*" The italics are ours, rather! If this sort of thing is to be repeated during the Opera season here, and each gifted singer is recalled in proportion to his or her merits, the audience will not get away till the following morning. *Juliette* must have said, on the above-mentioned occasion, "Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I could say 'good-night' until to-morrow." And the usual chorus of operatic *habitués* will be, "We won't go home till morning, Till daylight doth appear!" with *refrain*, "For—she (or he) 's a jolly good singer," &c., *ad infinitum*, or "*ad infi-next-nightum.*"

THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

ENGLAND TO ATHENS:—

O QUEEN of Cities, with a crown of woe,
Scarred by the ruin of two thousand years,
By fraud and by barbarian force laid low,
Buried in dust, and watered with the tears
Of unregarded bondmen, toiling on,
Crushed in the shadow of their Parthenon;



Mother of heroes, Athens, nought availed
The Macedonian's triumph, or the chain
Of Rome; the conquering Osmanli failed,
His myriad hosts have trampled thee in vain.
They for thy deathless body raised the pyre,
And held the torch, but Heaven forbade the fire.

Then didst thou rise, and, shattering thy bands,
Burst in war's thunder on the Muslim horde,
Who shrank appalled before thee, while thy hands
Wielded again the imperishable sword,
The sword that smote the Persian when he came,
Countless as sand, thy virgin might to tame.

Mother of freemen, Athens, thou art free,
Free as the spirits of thy mighty dead;
And Freedom's northern daughter calls to thee,
"How shall I help thee, sister? Raise thy head,
O Athens, say what can I give thee now,
I who am free, to deck thy marble brow?"

* * * * *

ATHENS REPLIES:—

Shot-dinted, but defiant of decay,
Stand my gaunt columns in a tragic line,
The shattered relics of a glorious day,
Mute guardians of the lost Athena's shrine.
The flame of hope, that faded to despair
Ere Hellas burst her chains, is imaged there.

Yet one there was who came to her for gain,
Ere yet the years of her despair were run;
And with harsh zeal defaced the ruined fane
Full in the blazing light of Hellas' sun.
Spoiling my home with sacrilegious hand,
He bore his captives to a foreign land.

Ilissus mourns his tutelary god,
Theseus in some far city doth recline:
Lost is the Horse of Night that erstwhile trod
My hall; the god-like shapes that once were mine
Call to me, "Mother save us ere we die,
Far from thy arms beneath a sunless sky."

How shall I answer? for my arms are fain
To clasp them fast upon the rock-bound steep,
Their ancient home. Shall Athens yearn in vain,
And all in vain must woful Hellas weep?
Must the indignant shade of PHIDIAS mourn
For his dear city, free but how forlorn?

How shall I answer? Nay, I turn to thee,
England, and pray thee, from thy northern throne
Step down and hearken, give them back to me,
O generous sister, give me back mine own.
Thy jewelled forehead needs no alien gem
Torn from a hapless sister's diadem.

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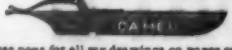

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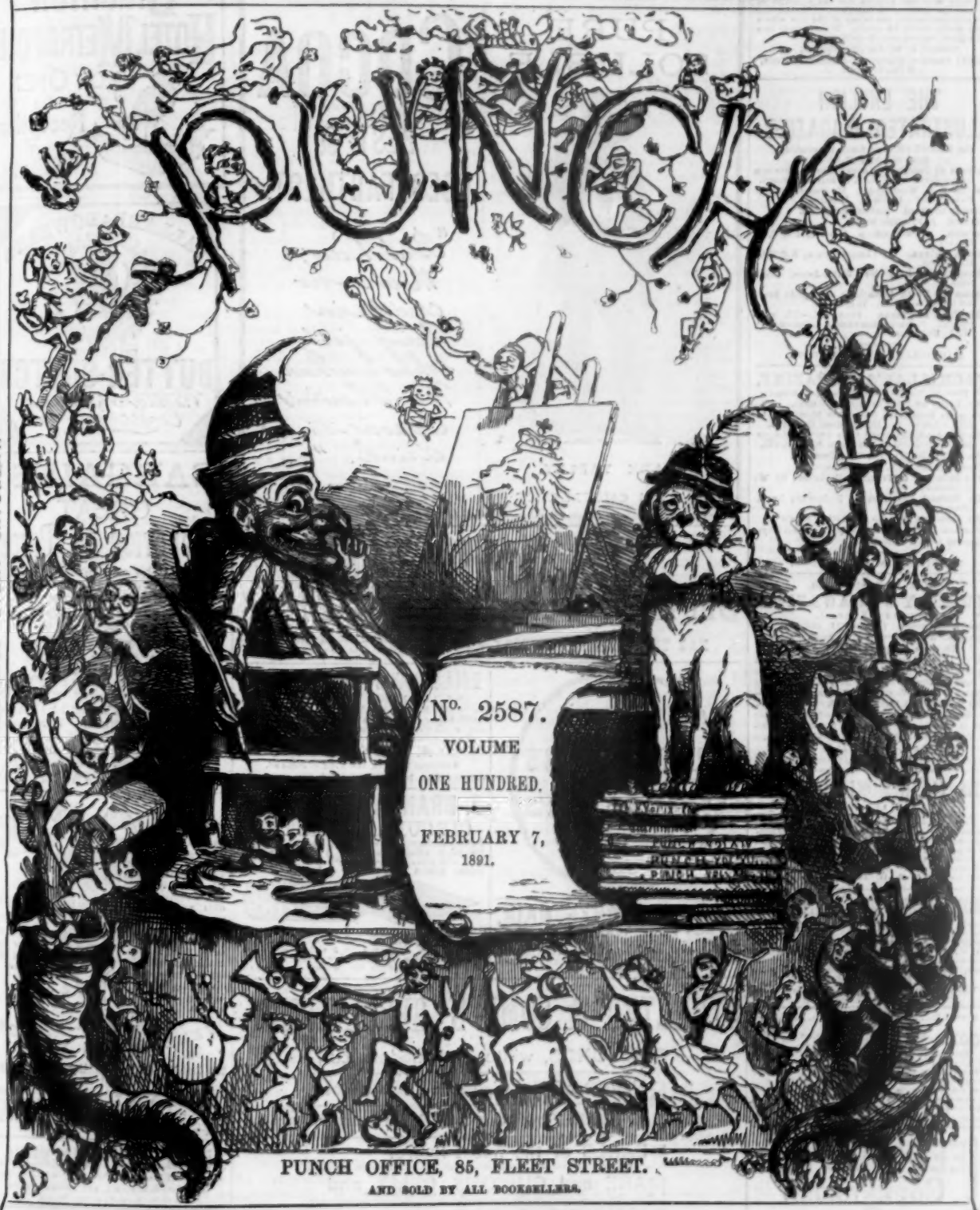

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SCENE THE FIRST—*At the* GALAHAD-GREENS'.

Mrs. G.-G. GALAHAD!

Mr. G.-G. (*meekly*). My love?

Mrs. G.-G. I see that the proprietors of *All Sorts* are going to follow the American example, and offer a prize of £20 to the wife who makes out the best case for her husband as a Model. It's just as well, perhaps, that you should know that I've made up my mind to enter *you!*

Mr. G.-G. (*gratified*). My dear CORNELIA! really, I'd no idea you had such a——

Mrs. G.-G. Nonsense! The drawing-room carpet is a perfect disgrace, and, as you can't, or won't, provide the money in any *other* way, why—Would you like to hear what I've said about you?

Mr. G.-G. Well, if you're sure it wouldn't be troubling you too much, I *should*, my dear.

Mrs. G.-G. Then sit where I can see you, and listen. (*She reads.*) "Irreproachable in all that pertains to morality"—(and it would be a bad day indeed for you, GALAHAD, if I ever had cause to think *otherwise!*)—"morality; scrupulously dainty and neat in his person"—(ah, you may well blush, GALAHAD, but, fortunately, they won't want me to *produce* you!)—"he imports into our happy home the delicate refinement of a *preux chevalier* of the olden time." (Will you kindly take your dirty boots off the steel fender!) "We rule our little kingdom with a joint and equal sway, to which jealousy and friction are alike unknown; he, considerate and indulgent to my womanly weakness,"—(You need not stare at me in that perfectly idiotic fashion!)—"I, looking to him for the wise and tender support which has never yet been denied. The close and daily scrutiny of many years has discovered"—(What are you shaking like *that* for?)—"discovered no single weakness; no taint or flaw of character; no irritating trick of speech or habit." (How often have I told you that I will *not* have the handle of that paper-knife sucked? Put it down; do!) "His conversation—sparkling but ever spiritual—renders our modest meals veritable feasts of fancy and flows of soul . . . *Well*, GALAHAD?

Mr. G.-G. Nothing, my dear; nothing. It struck me as well,—a trifle *flowery*, that last passage, that's all!

Mrs. G.-G. (*severely*). If I cannot expect to win the prize without descending to floweriness, whose fault is *that*, I should like to know? If you can't make sensible observations, you had better not speak at all. (*Continuing.*) "Over and over again, gathering me in his strong loving arms, and pressing fervent kisses upon my forehead, he has cried, 'Why am I not a Monarch that so I could place a diadem upon that brow? With such a Consort, am I not doubly crowned?'" Have you anything to say to *that*, GALAHAD?

Mr. G.-G. Only, my love, that I—I don't seem to remember having made that particular remark.

Mrs. G.-G. Then make it *now*. I'm sure I wish to be as accurate as I *can*. [Mr. G.-G. *makes the remark—but without fervour.*

SCENE THE SECOND—*At the* MONARCH-JONES'.

Mr. M.-J. Twenty quid would come in precious handy just now, after all I've dropped lately, and I mean to pouch that prize if I can—so just you sit down, GRIZZLE, and write out what I tell you; do you hear?

Mrs. M.-J. (*timidly*). But, MONARCH, dear, would that be quite *fair?* No, don't be angry, I didn't mean that—I'll write whatever you please!

Mr. M.-J. You'd *better*, that's all! Are you ready? I must screw myself up another peg before I begin. (*He screws.*) Now, then. (*Stands over her and dictates.*) "To the polished urbanity of a perfect gentleman, he unites the kindly charity of a true Christian." (Why the devil don't you learn to write decently, eh?) "Liberal, and even lavish, in all his dealings, he is yet a stern foe to every kind of excess"—(Hold on a bit, I must have another nip after that)—"every kind of excess. Our married life is one long dream of blissful contentment, in which each contends with the other in loving self-sacrifice." (Haven't you corked all that down *yet!*) "Such cares and anxieties as he has, he conceals from me with scrupulous consideration as long as possible"—(Gad, I should be a fool if I *didn't!*)—"while I am ever sure of finding in him a patient and sympathetic listener to all my trifling worries and difficulties."—(*Two* f's in difficulties, you little fool—can't you even *spell?*) "Many a time, falling on his knees at my feet, he has rapturously exclaimed, his accents broken by manly emotion, 'Oh, that I were more worthy of such a pearl among women! With such a helpmate, I am indeed to be envied!'" That *ought* to do the trick. If I don't romp in after that!—— (*Observing that* Mrs. M.-J.'s *shoulders are convulsed.*) What the dooce are you giggling at *now?*

Mrs. M.-J. I—I wasn't giggling, MONARCH dear, only——

Mr. M.-J. Only *what?* *Mrs. M.-J.* Only crying!

THE SEQUEL.

"The Judges appointed by the spirited proprietors of *All Sorts* to decide the 'Model Husband Contest'—which was established on lines similar to one recently inaugurated by one of our New York contemporaries—have now issued their award. Two competitors have sent in certificates which have been found equally deserving of the prize; viz., Mrs. CORNELIA GALAHAD-GREEN, Graemair Villa, Peckham, and Mrs. GRISELDA MONARCH-JONES, Aspen Lodge, Lordship Lane. The sum of Twenty Pounds will consequently be divided between these two ladies, to whom, with their respective spouses, we beg to tender our cordial felicitations."—(*Extract from Daily Paper, some six months hence.*)

CRUMMLES REDIVIVUS!

FOR some months Society has been on the tip-toe of expectation with regard to the new Tragedy by Mr. SHAKSPEARE SMITHSON, which is to inaugurate the magnificent Theatre, built at a sumptuous and total disregard of expense by Mr. DILEY PUFF, a lineal descendant of the great PUFF family, by intermarriage with the more recent CRUMMLES's, expressly for the performance of the genuine English Drama. A veil of secrecy has, however, been drawn over all the arrangements connected with the new production. One after another the Author, the Manager, and the leading Actors were appealed to in vain. Finally, one of Our Representatives taking his courage in both hands, brought it and himself safely to the stage-door of the new theatre, and knocked. After some hesitation he was admitted by an intelligent boy, who, however, at first seemed indisposed to be drawn into conversation, though he admitted he had been engaged for the responsible post of call-boy at an inadequate salary. Our Representative managed to interest the lad in the inspection of a numismatic representation of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which he happened to have brought with him on the back of half-a-crown, and with which Our Representative toyed, holding it between the thumb and dexter finger of the right hand. We give the result in Our Representative's own words:—

"Come this way," said the boy, on whom the sight of the coin seemed to operate like some weird talisman, leading me to a remote part of the stage, the floor of which had been tastefully littered with orange-peel in a variety of patterns; "we shall be comfortabler."

"Now tell me," I said, "about this new piece."

"It's what they call a Tragedy," said the boy.

"Ah!" I replied, "that is interesting; but I want to know about the Author. What do you think of him?"

"The horther? Oh my!" said the precocious lad, producing an apple from his trousers' pocket, but his right eye still fixed on the talisman, "'e don't count. Why we none of us pays no attention to 'im. Crikey, you should 'a seen 'im come a cropper on his nut down them new steps. But, look 'ere, Sir," he continued, more solemnly, "I'm a tellin' yer secrets, I am; and if DILEY were to 'ear of it, I'd get a proper jacketin'. Swear you won't peach."

I gave the requisite pledge. "And that ere arf-crown?" he said. I nodded assent to what was evidently in his mind. Then he resumed. "It's a beautiful piece. The play, I mean," he explained; being fearful lest I should consider him as over-eager for the coveted and covenanted reward. "I'm sure o' that. The horther says so, and DILEY says so, and Miss O'GRADY says so; she's got the 'eroine to play,—and oh, don't she die in the lawst Act just proper, with pink light and a couple o' angels to carry 'er up! Then there's Mr. KEANE 'ARRIS, 'e touches 'em all up with 'is sword, 'places his back to the wall, and defies the mob,' is what the book says. So you may take it from me, it's fust-rate."

I thanked my intelligent little friend for his information, and was proceeding to put a further question about the music for this new Drama, which, as everyone will soon know, is to be a real *chef d'œuvre* of Sir HAUTHOR SUNNIVUN, when a step was heard approaching across the stage—the deepest, by the way, in London—to where we were talking.

"That's 'im," said the boy, trembling. "'E's a noble-'earted master, so kind and generous, but 'e 'ates deception, and it would be more than my place is worth to let 'im catch me talking these 'ere dead secrets to you. Give us the coin. I'm orf!"

And, before I was able to carry out my portion of the contract, he was gone. And in another moment—so was I.

BRUIN JUNIOR.

"May this be my poison, if my Bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes, '*Water-parted*,' or '*The Minuet in Ariadne*.'" *She Stoops to Conquer.*

Viceroy (*to Miss India, loquitur*). "DON'T BE ALARMED, MY DEAR! THIS BEAR NEVER DANCES BUT TO THE VERY GENTEELEST OF TUNES!"

Lord LANSDOWNE, *loquitur*:—

BE easy, my darling! He doesn't come snarling,
Or rearing, or hugging, this young Dancing Bear.
With you (and with pleasure) he'll tread a gay measure,
A captive of courtesy, under my care;
His chain is all golden. Your heart 'twill embolden,
And calm that dusk bosom which timidly shrinks.
Sincere hospitality is, in reality,
Safest of shackles;—just look at the links!

Alarmists saw ruin in prospects of Bruin,
The Great Northern Bear, treading India's soil.
How bogies may blind us! On our side the Indus
They fancy friend Ursa spies nothing but spoil;
But Ursa's *invited* to come, and delighted
To visit you, not as aggressor, but guest.
So welcome him brightly, and treat him politely,
And trip with him lightly, you'll find it far best.

ATTA TROLL (HEINE tells us) "danced nobly." Pride swells us
To think our young guest is a true ATTA TROLL;
No Bugbear, though shaggy, a trifle breech-baggy,
And not altogether a dandyish doll;
No Afghan intrigue, dear, or shy Native league, dear,
Has brought Bruin's foot o'er our frontier to dance:
He comes freely, boldly—don't look on him coldly,
Or make him suspect there is *fear* in your glance.
Be sure that the Lion will still keep his eye on
All Bears and their dens, in the Tiger's behalf;
Meanwhile Ursa Minor eschews base design, or
Intrigue against *you*, dear. Lift eyes, love, and laugh!
I'll answer for Bruin, he shall not take *you* in—
The Bear's *bona fides* nobody impugns;
He asks a kind glance, and your hand in a dance; and
He'll dance "to the very genteelest of tunes"!

THE UP-TO-DATE CONVERSATIONIST.

He (*at the end of a turn*). I see there's been a row in Chili—what do you think about it?

She. I don't know the place—isn't it somewhere in America?

He. I shouldn't be surprised if it were, but my geography's shaky. I rather fancy it's somehow connected with pickles.

She. Oh, then it's a mistake their quarrelling, as I suppose it will be hard upon the poor, especially during the winter?

He. Fancy that's the idea. Been to the Guelph Exhibition?

She. Yes, and I think it's a pity they took the jewels out of GEORGE THE FOURTH's Crown. I should like to have seen the Koh-i-Noor.

He. But they wanted them for the one at the Tower, don't you know, and as for the Koh-i-Noor, was *that* invented in his time?

She. Perhaps it wasn't. Stay, wasn't it discovered by Captain COOK, or DRAKE, or somebody?

He. I daresay. I have never looked the matter up. *A propos*, One-pound Bank-notes are to be issued.

She. Are they? I suppose they will be useful for change?

He. Shouldn't be astonished, but don't pretend to know anything about it. By the way, do you take much interest in the subjects we have been discussing?

She. Not the faintest.

He. No more do I! [*Waltz continued.*

DEARNESS AND DEARTH.

"Spanish onions are rising in price, though probably only temporarily."—*Daily News.*

I.

WILL it be long, then—long?
For the people watch and wait,
Till the strength of the onion makes them strong,
At only the normal rate.
And their eyes are dim with tears,
And ache with the need of sleep,
And watch till the lapse of the lapsing years
Shall make the onions cheap.
Cheap, my love, cheap! Sleep, my love, sleep!
Onions are dear, love, but sentiment's cheap!

II.

Listen! Is it a voice
Calling—again—again,
Or a fragrance to make my heart rejoice
From the sunlit land of Spain?
Listen, my own, my bride,
While the glad tears dew your cheek,
They are fried, my bride, by the sad sea tide
With a smell that can almost speak.
Creep, my love, creep into the deep,
And sing to the fishes that onions are cheap.

THE PROPOSED ONE-POUND NOTES.—"Ne-Goschenable currency."

AN ELEGY ON A MAD DOG.

(*After Goldsmith, more or less.*)

GOOD patriots all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
For if in substance it is short,
In moral it is strong.

At Hawarden lived a Grand Old Man,
Of whom the world might say,
A wondrous lengthy race he ran,
And won it all the way.

Some swore he'd veer to catch a vote;
Old age to flout one loathes,
But, if he never turned his coat,
He often changed his clothes.

Hard by an Irish dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Hibernian mongrel, puppy, hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first seemed friends,
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man!

To see so strange and sad a sight
Quidnuncs and *gobemouches* ran,
And swore the dog was rabid quite
To bite that Grand Old Man

The wound indeed seemed sore and sad
To every party eye,
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man must die.

But marvels sometimes come to light
Rash prophets to belie.
The man seems healing of the bite,
The dog looks like to die!

Remarkable Conversion.

"CANON TEIGNMOUTH SHORE proposes to convert the two Convocations." . . . that is startling without the context—"into one National Synod." But two into one won't go. How will he manage it? Will those in the York ship join the Canterbury, or *vice versâ*? Or, quitting both ships, will they land on common ground? "Who's for SHORE?"

PAR ABOUT PICTURES.—"*Over the Garden Wall*," seems to be the song that Mr. G. S. ELGOOD sings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. In the course of his travels he has been over a good many garden walls. At Wroxton, Compton Wynyates, Penshurst, Montacute, Berkeley, and Helmingham, he has pursued his studies to some purpose; the result is an enjoyable collection of pictures, which he entitles, "A Summer among the Flowers."

BRUSTLES' BISHOP.

(By a Muddled Moralist.)

Chapter I.

Ben Brustles was only a poor shoeblack-boy who cleaned boots—ay, and even shoes, for his daily bread. Such time as he could spare from his avocation he devoted to diligent study of the doctrine of chance, as exemplified in the practice of pitch-and-toss. Often and often, after pitching and tossing in the cold wet streets for long weary hours, he would return home without a halfpenny. Think of this, ye more fortunate youths, who sit at home at ease, and play Loto for nuts! But through all his vicissitudes, Ben kept a stout heart, never losing his conviction that something—he knew not what—would eventually turn up. Sometimes it was heads, at others tails; and in either case the poor boy lost money by it—but he

Brustles Blacking.

persevered notwithstanding, confident that Fortune would favour him at last. It is this spirit of undaunted enterprise that has made our England what it is!

And one day Fortune did favour him. He observed, as he knelt before his box, a portly and venerable person close by, who was engrossed in studying, with apparent complacency, his own reflection in a plate-glass shop-front. So naïve a display of personal vanity, in one whose dress and demeanour denoted him a Bishop, not unnaturally excited Benjamin's interest, nor was this lessened when the stranger, after shaking his head reproachfully at his reflected image, advanced to the shoe-black's box as if in obedience to a sudden impulse.

"My lad," he said, with a certain calm dignity, "will you be so good as to black both my legs for me—at once?"

This unusual request, conceived as it was on a larger scale than the orders he habitually received, startled the youth, particularly as he noted that the symmetrical and well-turned limb which the Bishop extended consisted, like its fellow, of a rare and costly species of mahogany, and shone with the rich and glossy hue of a newly-fallen horse-chestnut. "I see," commented the Bishop, with a melancholy smile, "that you have already discovered that my lower members are the product—not of Nature, but of Art. It was not always thus with me—but in my younger days I was an ardent climber—indeed, I am still an Honorary Member of the Hampstead Heath Alpine Club. Many years since, whilst scaling Primrose Hill, I was compelled, by a sudden storm, to take refuge in a half-way hut, where I passed the night, exposed to all the rigours of an English Midsummer! When I awoke I found, to my surprise, that both my legs had been bitten by the relentless frost short off immediately below the knee, and I had to continue the ascent next day in a basket. On descending, I caused these substitutes to be fashioned, and on them I stumped my way to the exalted position I now fill, nor have I ever evinced any physical inconveniences from my misfortune, save in one particular—that it has rendered the assumption of gaiters unhappily out of the question! But, possibly, my wish to have these legs of mine disguised by your pigments, strikes you as bizarre, if not positively eccentric? You will better understand my reasons after you have heard a confession which, though necessary, is, believe me, painful to make." And the good old man, after a short internal struggle, began the following narrative, which we reserve for a succeeding chapter.

Chapter II.

"Even as a Curate, a certain harmless vanity was ever my besetting weakness. I might, indeed, have hoped that, after my accident—but see, my good lad, how pride may lurk, even in our very infirmities! These artificial limbs have become a yet subtler snare to me than even those they replaced. I had them constructed, as you see, of the best mahogany—to match the furniture in my dining-room. With ever-increasing pleasure, my eyes have gloried in their grain and gloss, in the symmetry of their curves, in the more than Chinese delicacy of their extremities, until gradually they have trampled upon my better self, they have run away with all my possibilities of moral usefulness! Yes, but this very moment, as I stood admiring their contour at yonder window, the pernicious thought crossed my mind that their appearance would be yet more enhanced if I had them *gilded!*"

"But, your reverent Lordship," objected Brustles, as the Bishop paused, overcome by humiliation, "it's no use coming to *me* for that 'ere job!" For, though but a poor boy, he was too honest to accept any commission under false pretences. Gilding, he knew, might—and, in a London atmosphere, soon would—become black, but no boot-polish would ever assume the appearance, even of the blackest gilt, and so he candidly explained to the Bishop.

"I know, my boy," said the latter, patting Ben's head kindly with the handle of his umbrella, "I know. Hence my application to your skill. That presumptuous idea revealed as in a lightning flash the abyss on the brink of which I stood. This demon of perverse pride must be laid; humbled for ever. So ply your brushes, and see you spare not the blacking!"

Chapter III.

Brustles obeyed—not without awe, and in a short space of time two pots of blacking were exhausted, and the roseate glow of the Bishop's mahogany limbs was for ever hidden under a layer of more than Nubian ebony!

"'Selp me, your lordly reverence," he cried, dazzled by the brilliancy of the result; "but you might be took, below, for a Lifeguardsman!"

"Hush," said the Bishop, though with a gratification he could not restrain, "would you recall the demon I strove to exorcise! It is true that the change is less of a disfigurement than I feared—ahem, *hoped*—but after all, may not the wish to please the eye of man be excusable? You shall receive a rich reward. Do you happen to have such a thing as change for a five-pound note about you?"

"Alas!" replied the lad, with ready presence of mind, "but I have only just paid all my gold into my bank for the day!"

"No matter," said the Bishop, gently. "I find I have a threepenny bit, after all. It is yours!" And the good ecclesiastic, as if to avoid thanks, moved nimbly off, though his eyes still sought the shop-windows as he passed, with even greater complacency than before.

Ben tested the threepenny bit between his teeth—it was a spurious coin; he looked up, but his late customer was already passed out of hearing of his sentiments. He sank down

Bilked by a Bishop.

with his head laid amongst his pots and brushes. "Bilked!" he moaned piteously, "bilked—and by a blooming Bishop!"

Chapter IV.

But mark the sequel. The good Bishop had been quite ignorant that the threepenny bit was a pewter one; quite sincere, for the time, in his determination to subdue his own weakness. Still it was not to be: inbred pride is not so easily vanquished—even by Bishops! The Bishop learned to glory in his blacking far more than he had ever done in the original mahogany. He had it continually renewed, and with the most expensive compositions. He would bend enraptured over the burnished surfaces of his extended legs, gazing, like another Narcissus, at the features he saw so faithfully repeated.

Meanwhile the threepence, base as it was, became the humble instrument of brighter fortunes to Brustles; it showed a marvellous

aptitude for turning up tails, which BEN no sooner perceived than he availed himself of a blessing that had, indeed, come to him in disguise!

But the Bishop—what of him? Nemesis overtook him at last. The discontent long smouldering in his diocese broke out into a climax. Thousands of Curates, inflamed by professional agitators, went out on strike, and their first victim was the Bishop of TIMBERTOWS, who was discovered prostrate one dark night by his horrified Chaplain. He had been picketed as a Blackleg!

THE END.

(Copies of the above may be obtained for distribution, at very reasonable terms, on application to the Author.)

PLAYTIME FOR A DOLL'S HOUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—According to a well-known Critic, writing of a morning performance of *The Doll's House* on Tuesday, the 27th ult., at Terry's Theatre, "There is no need to discuss IBSEN's piece any more." I will go a little further, and say, not only should the play be spared discussion, but also performance. All that could be done for this miserable drama (if a work utterly devoid of dramatic interest can be so entitled) was effected some years since, when *Breaking a Butterfly*, a version with Messrs. HERMAN and JONES as adapters, was played at the Prince's (now Prince of Wales's) Theatre. I believe some one or other has said that that version was misleading, because it modified IBSEN, and did not reveal him in his true colours. This I can readily believe, as my recollection of *Breaking a Butterfly* merely suggests boredom; whereas, when I consider *The Doll's House* of Tuesday, I distinctly mingle with boredom a recollection of something that caused a feeling of absolute loathing. That something, I imagine, must be the new matter which was absent from the first version, and crops up in the text of the second, which, according to the Play-bill, appears "in Vol. I. of the authorised edition of IBSEN's Prose Dramas, edited by WILLIAM ARCHER, and published by Mr. WALTER SCOTT." By the way, I must confess that, although the name of the Editor is not familiar to me as a dramatic author, his superintendence of the authorised text seems to have been performed sufficiently creditably to have rendered him as worthy of an honourable prefix as the publisher. Why omit the "Mr."? Now I come to think of it, there is an Englishman, not unconnected with dramatic literature, who is known nowadays as WILLIAM, without the prefix of Mister, but in his own time he was known as Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and Master he remains. "But this," as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING might observe, "is quite another WILLIAM."

Fancy Picture of Hanwellian Admirer of the Ibsenseless Drama thoroughly enjoying himself.

I have not the original for reference handy, but the version played at Terry's Theatre bears internal evidence of a close translation. An adapter, I fancy, with a free hand would scarcely have made one of the characters use the same exit speech on two occasions. *Nils Krogstad* does this. He can think of nothing better than, "If I am flung into the gutter, you shall accompany me," repeated twice with the slight variation, "If I am flung into the gutter for the second time, you shall accompany me," used for the last exit. Again, *Torvald Helmer* has a long monologue in the final Act that a practised playwright would have "broken up" with the assistance of a portrait, or a letter, or something. From this it would appear that the Editor, WILLIAM ARCHER (without the "Mr.") has very faithfully produced the exact translation of the original. To be hypercritical, I might suggest that perhaps occasionally the version is rather *too* literal. For instance, *Torvald Helmer*, although he is cursed with one of the most offensive wives known to creation, would scarcely call her "a little lark," which conveys the impression that he is a "gay dog," and one given to the traditional ways of that species of ultra-sociable animals. I have confessed I have not the original before me, so I cannot say whether the title used by IBSEN is "*Smallz Larkz*," but I fancy that a "capering capercailzie," if not actually his *words*, would be nearer his *meaning*. A capercailzie is, according to the dictionaries, a bird of "a delicious flavour" and partially "green;" it is also found in Norway "very fine and large," as IBSEN might say. Surely *Torvald* would have thus described his semi-verdant *Nora*, finding her distinctly to his taste.

Returning to what I venture to imagine must be "new matter" not in the Herman-*plus*-Jonesian version, I consider the scene in which *Nora* chaffs *Dr. Rank* about his illness absolutely nauseous, and the drink-inspired admiration of husband for wife in the concluding Act repulsive to the last degree. On Tuesday the spectators received the piece with patient apathy; and, this being the case, I could not help feeling that anyone who could single out such a play as suitable for performance before an English audience, could scarcely possess the acumen generally considered a necessary adjunct to the qualifications of an efficient Dramatic Critic. The hero, the heroine, the doctor, as prigs, could only appeal to prigs, and thank goodness the average London theatre-goer is the reverse of a prig. There was but one redeeming point in the play—its conclusion. It ends happily in *Nora*, forger, liar, and—hem—wedded flirt, being separated from her innocent children.

For the rest, the piece was fairly well acted. But when the Curtain had fallen for the last time, and the audience were departing more in sadness than in anger, I could not help asking myself the question, Had the advantages obtained in witnessing the performance balanced the expense incurred in securing a seat? I am forced to reply in the negative, as I sign myself regretfully,

ONE WHO PAID FOR A PLACE IN THE PIT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I SEE three ladies in a drawing-room, each with a green volume. "What is it?" No, they won't hear. Each one is intent on her volume, and an irritable answer, in a don't bother kind of manner, is all that I can obtain. The novel is Miss BRADDON's latest, *One Life, One Love* (but three volumes, for all that), in which they are absorbed. Later on, at intervals, I get the volumes, and, raven-like, secrete them. I can quite understand the absorption of my young friends. Marvellous, Miss BRADDON! Very few have approached you in sensation-writing, and none in keeping up sensationalism as fresh as ever it was when first I sat up at night nervously to read *Aurora Floyd*, and *Lady Audley's Secret*. In this bad time of year (I am writing when the snow is without, and the North-East wind is engaged in cutting leaves), the Baron recommends remaining indoors with this Three-volume Novel as a between lunch and dinner companion, only don't take it up to your bed-room, and sit over the fire with it, or—but there, I won't mention the consequences. Keep it till daylight doth appear. The Baron being a busy man—no, Sir, not a busy-body,—is grateful to the authors of good short stories in Magazines. Many others agree with the Baron, who wishes to recommend "Saint or Satan" in *The Argosy*; The story of an "Old Beau," which might have been advantageously abbreviated in *Scribner*; an odd tale entitled, "The Phantom Portrait," in the *Cornhill*, which leaves the reader in doubt as to whether he has been egregiously "sold" or not; and, above all, the short and interesting—too short and most interesting—paper on THACKERAY, in *Harper's Monthly*, with fac-similes of some of the great humorist's most eccentric and most spirited illustrations, conceived in the broadly burlesquing spirit that was characteristic of GILRAY and ROWLANDSON. THACKERAY, philosopher and satirist, who can take us behind the scenes of every show in *Vanity Fair*, who can depict the career of the scoundrel *Barry Lyndon*, of the heathen *Becky Sharp*, and the death-bed of the Christian soldier and gentleman, *dignissimus*, *Colonel Newcome*, could on occasion, and when a rollicking spirit moved him, put on a pantomime mask (have we not his own pathetic vignette representing him doing this?) to amuse the children, or give us some rare burlesque writing and drawing to set us all on the broad grin. The Baron trusts that Mrs. RITCHIE will give us more of this, and sincerely hopes that there may be a "lot more" caricatures in that portfolio "where these came from." I heartily thank you for so much, and respectfully ask for more, says yours, very gratefully,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

In Memoriam.

STRONG man and strenuous fighter, stricken down
Just when foes owned thee neither knave nor clown!
The fiercest of them, time-taught, need not fear
To drop a blossom now on BRADLAUGH's bier.

ARTHUR AND COMPOSER.—Saturday, January 31.—First night of SULLIVAN's *Ivanhoe* in D'OYLEY CARTE's new Theatre. Full inside, all right. Sir ARTHUR's success. We congratulate him Arthurly. CARTE called before horse,—should say before Curtain, but t'other came so naturally,—looked pale,—quite *carte blanche*; but, like SULLIVAN's music, composed. Could get a CARTE, but no cab. Gallant gentlemen and delicate ladies braving rain and slosh. More in our next, but for the present . . . *(Paroxysm of sneezing)*.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD. AN ICE PICTURE.

Fair Damsel. "WHAT A LOT OF HOLIDAYS YOU SEEM TO GET, MR. MINIVER!"
Pet Curate. "WELL, YES. I KEEP A RECTOR, YOU KNOW."

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?

(*A Song of the Session, as sung by that Eminent and Evergreen Lion Comique,* "JOLLY GLAD" *at the St. Stephen's Hall of Varieties, Westminster.*)

JOLLY GLAD, *sings:*—

WITH a flower in my coat,
With a keen eye for a vote,
And a sense the things to note,
Buff and Blue think,
With fond millions to admire,
A last triumph to desire,—
Am I going to *Retire?*—
What do *you* think?
Oh, I know the quidnuncs vapour,
And that *Tadpole*, yes, and *Taper*,
Tell in many a twaddling paper,
What the few think;
But *they* cater for the classes,
Whilst *I 'm* champion of the masses,
Fly before such braying asses?—
What do *you* think?
Wish is father to their thought,
Their wild hope with fear is fraught.
They are not *au fait* to aught
Liberals true think.
They imagine "Mr. FOX"
Has delivered such hard knocks
That *impasse* my pathway blocks!—
What do *you* think?
Just inspect me, if you please!
Is my pose not marked by ease?
Am I going at the knees,
Like a "screw" Think!
Pooh! The part of Sisyphus
Suits me well. Why make a fuss?
Eh? Retire,—and leave things thus?
What do *you* think?
On the—say the Lyric Stage—
For some years I've been the rage,
And some histrios touched by age
Of Adieu think.
But I'm like that "Awful Dad,"
Though this makes my rivals mad,
Don't true Gladdyites feel glad?
What do you think?
I'm a genuine Evergreen;
It is that excites their spleen
Who my lingering on the scene
A great "do" think.
I regret, *so* much, to tease them!
My last exit would much ease them.
But Retire!—and just to please them!
What do *you* think?
[*Winks and walks round.*

A DREAMY MADNESS.

THE other night I went to bed,—
It may seem strange, but still I did it,—
And laid to rest my weary head
So that the bed-clothes nearly hid it;
Which was perhaps the reason why
My brain throughout the night was teeming
With truly wondrous sights, and I
Was wholly given o'er to dreaming.

'Twas on the Twenty-first of May,
The streets were filled to overflowing,
The streets, that in a curious way
Were clean although it kept on snowing.
The daily papers for a change
Came out each day without a leader,
But, what was surely rather strange,
They didn't lose a single reader!

I saw a Bishop in a tram,
Although he knew it was a Sunday;
The lion lay down with the lamb,
And CLEMENT SCOTT with SYDNEY GRUNDY.
Professor HUXLEY said, "In truth
I'm really sick to death of rows," and
Wrote there and then to General BOOTH
To put his name down for a thousand.
I heard that Mr. PARNELL wrote
(Much to MCCARTHY's jubilation)
A very kind and civil note,
In which he sent his resignation;
Whilst ANDREW LANG with weary air
Professed himself completely staggered
To think how anyone could care
To read a line of RIDER HAGGARD.
The House of Commons talked about
The case of Mr. BRADLAUGH—whether
The Motion which has kept him out
Should now be struck out altogether;
And OLD MORALITY arose
To say they felt no ancient *animus*,
And when they voted, why of Noes
There wasn't one—they were *unanimous!*

* * * * *

I started up, no more to sleep,
The dream somehow had seemed to spoil it,
Nor did it take me long to leap
Out of my bed and make my toilet.
I went down-stairs, and with surprise
I thought of those my dream had slandered,
And there, before my very eyes,
I saw it printed in the STANDARD!
I wish I hadn't gone to bed,
I can't imagine why I did it,
Nor why I laid my weary head
So that the clothes completely hid it.
Although I think that must be why
My brain has ever since been teeming;
But tell me (if you can) am I
At present mad, or *was* I dreaming?

"RETIRE!—WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

THE STOPPING OR REMOVAL OF A "GRINDER."

A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

LITHONODENDRIKON, the new indestructible cloth.

LITHONODENDRIKON is a stubborn and inflexible material.

LITHONODENDRIKON is made, by a new process, from blockwood and paving-stones.

LITHONODENDRIKON, used for gentlemen's coats, will not only keep out rain and wind, but thunder and lightning.

LITHONODENDRIKON never breaks or bends, but only bursts.

LITHONODENDRIKON.—A "PURCHASER" writes—"I sat down in a pair of your trousers, but could never get up again."

LITHONODENDRIKON.—Another "CUSTOMER" says—"The dress-coat you supplied me with fitted me well. I could not take it off without having recourse to a sledge-hammer."

UPPER HOUSE COAL COMPANY supply the cheapest and worst in the market.

UPPER HOUSE COAL COMPANY, hand-picked by the Duke himself, on whose property the mines are situated.

UPPER HOUSE COAL COMPANY, carefully selected, screened and delivered (in the dark), anywhere within a ten-mile radius of Charing Cross at 9*s.* 6*d.* a ton, for cash on delivery.

UPPER HOUSE COAL COMPANY supply a wonderful article at the price. Throws down a heavy brown ash. No flame, no heat. Frequently explodes, scattering the contents of the grate over the largest room.

UPPER HOUSE COAL COMPANY beg to refer intending purchasers to the accompanying testimonial: "Gentlemen,—Do what I will, I cannot get your coals to light. Put on in sufficient quantity they will extinguish any fire. I have worn out three drawing-room pokers in my endeavours to stir them into a flame, but all to no purpose. Steeped in petroleum, they might possibly ignite in a double-draught furnace, though I fancy they would put it out. They are as you advertise them, a 'show coal for summer use.' Don't send me any more."

CHARLIE AND SARAH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Why should ARISTOTLE be the only author whose works get discovered? I found the following story, written on papyrus, and enclosed in a copper cylinder, in my back garden, and I am positive that it is not ARISTOTLE. Can it possibly have been written by that amiable and instructive authoress whose stories for children have recently been reprinted?

Yours, &c., HENRY ST. OYLE.

CHARLIE was a very obedient little boy, and his sister SARAH was a good, patient little girl. One beautiful summer's day they went to stay for a week with their Uncle WILLIAM, a man of very high principles, who was not quite used to the proper method with children. On the evening of their arrival, as they were seated in front of the fire, CHARLIE lifted up his bright, obedient, beautiful face, and said, thoughtfully:

"Pray, Uncle WILLIAM, cannot we have one of those instructive and amusing conversations such as children love, about refraction, and relativity, and initial velocity, and Mesopotamia generally?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle WILLIAM!" said SARAH, pausing to wipe her patient little nose; "Our dear Papa is always so pleasant and polysyllabic on these subjects."

Then Uncle WILLIAM regretted that he had paid less attention in his youth to the shilling science primers, but he pulled himself together and determined to do his best. "Certainly, my dear children, nothing could please me more. Now here I have a jug and a glass. You will observe that I pour some water from the jug into the glass. This illustrates one of the properties of water. Can you tell me what I mean?"

"Fluidity!" said both the children, with enthusiasm.

"Yes, quite so, and—er—er—has a brick fluidity?"

"Why, no, Uncle WILLIAM!"

"Well—er—*why* hasn't it?" asked Uncle WILLIAM, with something almost like desperation in his voice.

"That, Uncle," said the obedient CHARLIE, "is one of the things which we should like to learn from you to-night."

"Yes, we shall come to that; but, in order to make you understand it better, I must carry my experiment a little further. In this decanter I have what is called whiskey. I pour some of it into the water. Now it is more usual to put the whiskey in first, and the water afterwards. Can you tell me why that is so? Think it out for yourselves." And Uncle WILLIAM smiled genially.

There was silence for a few moments. Then little SARAH said, timidly: "I think it must be because, when a man wishes to drink, whiskey is the first thing which naturally occurs to his mind. He does not think about water until afterwards."

"Quite right. That is the explanation of the scientists. And why do you think I put in the water first and the whiskey afterwards?"

"It was," said CHARLIE, brightly, "in order that we might not see so exactly how much whiskey you took."

"No, that's quite wrong. I did it out of sheer originality. Now what would happen if I drank this curious mixture?"

"You would be breaking the pledge, Uncle WILLIAM," said both children, promptly and heartily.

"Wrong again. I should be acting under doctor's orders."

"Why hasn't a brick any fluidity?" asked SARAH, patiently.

"Don't interrupt, my dear child. We're coming to that. Now, CHARLIE, when you eat or drink anything, where does it go?"

"It goes into my little——oh, no, Uncle, I cannot say that word," and CHARLIE, who was of a singularly modest and refined disposition, buried his face in his hands, and blushed deeply.

"Admirable!" exclaimed Uncle WILLIAM. "One cannot be too refined. Call it the blank. It goes into your blank. Well, whiskey raises the tone of the blank. Just as, when you screw up the peg of a violin, you raise the tone of the string. By drinking this I raise the tone of my blank." He suited the action to the word.

"Now you'll be screwed," said CHARLIE, "like the pegs of the——"

"On one glass of weak whiskey-and-water—never!"

"But why hasn't a brick any fluidity?" asked SARAH, quite patiently.

"First of all, listen to this. That whiskey-and-water is now inside me. I want you to understand what *inside* means. Go and stand in the passage, and shut the door of this room after you."

"But, Uncle," said SARAH, patiently, "why hasn't a brick any——"

"Hush, SARAH, hush!" said the obedient CHARLIE. "It is our duty to obey Uncle WILLIAM in all things."

So the two children went out of the room, and shut the door after them. Uncle WILLIAM went to the door, and locked it.

"Now then," he said, cheerily, "I am inside. And where are you?"

"Outside."

"Yes—and outside you'll stop. One of the servants will put you to bed." And Uncle WILLIAM went back to the decanter.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

The Illuminated Doorway. Brilliant effect lately introduced into the House of Commons.

A DEAD FROST.

When I saw you on a January morning,
With a very little pair of skates indeed,
And the frosty glow your fairy face adorning,
I was suddenly from other passions freed.
And the year at its imperial beginning
Showed the woman who alone was worth the winning;
Though the growing flame awhile I tried to smother
Like a brother;
And that's a very common phase indeed,
As we read.

My hat and stick I suddenly found fleeting,
And they whistled o'er the surface, smooth and black,
And the ice, with an unwonted warmth of greeting,
Slapt me suddenly and hard upon the back.
I didn't mind your laughing, if the laughter
Had left no sting of scorn to rankle after.
Though I'd joyously have flung myself before you
To adore you,
Still to sit with all one's might upon the ice
Isn't nice.

When I met you in the lordly local ball-room,
Where you queen'd it, the suburban world's desire,
Though your programme for my name had left but small
I somehow snatched five valses from the fire. [room,
And I did stout supper-service for your mother,
While you wove the self-same spells o'er many another,
And I said, no doubt, the sort of things that they did,
In the shaded
Little nook beneath the palms upon the stair,
To my fair.

But I noticed, as I learned to know you better,
And you ceased to wile the victim at your feet,
There was very little silk about the fetter,
And 'twere flattery to say your sway was sweet:
Nay, you made the light and airy shrine of beauty
A centre for the most exacting duty,
And the fealty of the family undoubting
Met with flouting,
As a tribute which was nothing but your due,
As they knew.

Your Papa is getting elderly and bulky,
And he loves you as the apple of his eye,
Yet very little things will make you sulky,
And to meet his little ways you never try.
And I see him look a trifle hurt and puzzled,
And his love for you is often check'd and muzzled;
Yet I think, upon the whole, that I would rather
Be your father,
Than the lover you could torture at your ease,
If you please.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

SIR,—Under the heading of "Ecclesiastical Intelligence" in the *Times* of Saturday, I read that, "The LORD CHANCELLOR has preferred the Rev. W. R. WELCH, of Hull, to the Vicarage of Withernwick, East Yorkshire." I presume the LORD CHANCELLOR knows both the gentleman and the place thoroughly, and so wisely elects which he prefers; but to one who, like myself and thousands of others, know neither, it strikes me that I would certainly prefer the place to the parson, however worthy. It is, indeed, gratifying to see that the Highest Representative of LAW and Order in the realm, after HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, is so utterly uninfluenced by any mercenary motives. I send this by Private Post, an old soldier, and am yours enthusiastically,

The Retreat, Hanwell-on-Sea. NOODLE DE NOODLE.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—Two Jurymen, says a paragraph in last Saturday's *Times*, wrote to the Solicitor acting for a female prisoner, one CUTLER, who had been convicted of perjury and sentenced at Chester, to say that they "gave in to a verdict of Guilty because it was very late, and one gentleman had an important business engagement at home." This recalls the line, "And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine." The remainder of ELLEN CUTLER's sentence of five years' penal servitude is remitted. It is satisfactory to know that these two had the courage of their opinions before it was too late.

SYMPATHETIC EGOISM OF GENIUS.

(*A Study.*)

"DON'T RUN AWAY YET, OLD MAN! IT'S QUITE EARLY, AND I WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT YOUR ACADEMY PICTURE, WHICH I'M TOLD IS SPLENDID."

[*Proceeds to describe* his own *at great length, and then suddenly finds out how late it is, and bolts!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

"Dear me!"

House of Commons, Monday, Jan. 26.—PLUNKET undoubtedly the most successful Commissioner of Works of recent times. A little coolness sprung up between him and CAVENDISH BENTINCK about those staircases in Westminster Hall. But *chacun a son* idea of a staircase. PLUNKET quite as likely to be right as C. B. Always doing something to improve arrangements of House. Does it quietly, too; Members know nothing about it till they come down and find new Smoking-room, fresh arrangements of lights, new rooms for Ministers, and occasionally a priceless old table adorning Tea-room. Various accounts of its origin. Some say Magna Charta signed on it. Others fixing earlier date and attracted by the initials "W. R." clearly carved on left leg, affirm that it is the very table on which WILLIAM REX took his five o'clock tea after Battle of Hastings.

Latest surprise prepared by First Commissioner is illumination of entrance to House from Lobby, cunningly effected by electric lights set within recesses of arch. SCHNADHORST, revisiting House after long interval, astonished at this. "Making things very comfortable in anticipation of our coming in," he says, smiling sweetly.

Later came upon NICHOLAS WOODS; found him standing in attitude of patient and intelligent expectation. "What are you waiting there for?" I asked. "Why don't you come in and hear SWINBURNE make one or two speeches on Tithes Bill?"

"Well—er—fact is," said NICHOLAS, steadfastly keeping his eyes on archway, "WILFRID LAWSON told me that if I was here about eleven o'clock I would see PLUNKET and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL come out under the archway dancing a *pas de deux*. Couldn't make out when I arrived what the illumination was for; asked LAWSON. 'Oh,' says he, 'it's the First Commissioner's reminiscence of one of the alcoves at Vauxhall Gardens.' Then he told me about PLUNKET and WEBSTER. Thought I'd like to see it. Do you think it's all right?"

"Well," I said, "ALBERT ROLLIT *did* tell me something about ATTORNEY-GENERAL going on the Spree. But that was in Germany, and he had his skates with him. Don't know how it'll be here. You mustn't forget that WILFRID's something of a wag. Wouldn't advise you to wait much after eleven o'clock."

House engaged all night on Tithes Bill. Not particularly lively. Towards midnight TANNER, preternaturally quiet since House met, suddenly woke up, and, *à propos de bottes*, moved to report progress. COURTNEY down on him like cartload of bricks; declined to put Motion, declaring it abuse of forms of House. This rather depressing. In good old times there would have been an outburst of indignation in Irish camp; Chairman's ruling challenged, and squabble agreeably occupied rest of evening. But times changed. No Irish present to back TANNER, who, with despairing look round, subsided, and business went forward without further check.

Business done.—Tithes Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Mr. DICK DE LISLE came down to House to-night full of high resolve. Hadn't yet been a Member of House when it shook from time to time with the roar of controversy round BRADLAUGH, his oath, his affirmation, and his stylographic pen. At that time was in Singapore, helping Sir FREDERICK WELD to govern the Straits Settlements. But had watched controversy closely, and had contributed to its settlement by writing a luminous treatise, entitled, *The Parliamentary Oath*. Now, by chance, the question cropped up again. BRADLAUGH had secured first place on to-night's order for his Motion rescinding famous Resolution of June, 1880, declaring him ineligible to take his seat. BRADLAUGH ill in bed; sick unto death, as it seemed; but HUNTER had taken up task for him, and would move Resolution. Of course the Government would oppose it; if necessary, DE LISLE would assist them with argument. In any case, they should have his vote. Heard SOLICITOR-GENERAL with keen satisfaction. He showed not only the undesirability and impossibility of acceding to proposition, but denounced it as "absolutely childish." Mr. G. followed; but Mr. G. said the same kind of things eleven years ago, when he was Leader of triumphant party, and had been defeated again and again. Of course same fate awaited him now. Government had spoken through mouth of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and there was an end on't.

Exit!

Not quite. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, unaccustomed participant in debate, presented himself. Stood immediately behind OLD MORALITY, by way of testifying to his unaltered loyalty. At same time he suggested that, after all, would be as well to humour BRADLAUGH and his friends, and strike out Resolution. Then OLD MORALITY rose from side of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and, unmindful of that eminent Lawyer's irresistible argument and uncompromising declaration, said, "on the whole," perhaps NORTHCOTE was right, and so mote it be.

The elect of Mid-Leicestershire gasped for air. Did his ears deceive him, or was this the end of the famous BRADLAUGH incidents? OLD MORALITY, in his cheerful way, suggested that, as they were doing the thing, they had better do it unanimously. General cheer approved. DE LISLE started to his feet. One voice, at least, should be heard in protest against this shameful surrender. Began in half-choked voice: evidently struggling against some strange temptation; talked about the Parnell Commission; accused House of legalising atheism, and whitewashing treason; argued at length with Mr. G. on doctrine of excess of jurisdiction. Observed, as he went on, to be waving his hands as if repelling some object; turned his head on one side as if he would fain escape apparition; House looked on wonderingly. At length, with something like sudsed sob, DE LISLE gave way, and Members learned what had troubled him. It was dear old *Mr. Dick's* complaint. Standing up to present his Memorial against tergiversation of OLD MORALITY, DE LISLE could not help dragging in head of CHARLES THE FIRST. "As a Royalist," he said, "I should maintain that the House of Commons exceeded its jurisdiction when it ordered King CHARLES THE FIRST to be beheaded, but I never heard that it was proposed, after the Restoration, to expunge the Resolution from the books."

Irreverent House went off into roars of laughter, amid which *Mr. Dick*, more than ever bewildered, sat down, and presently went out to ask *Miss Betsy Trotwood* why they laughed.

Business done.—Resolution of June, 1880, declaring BRADLAUGH ineligible to sit, expunged from journals.

Thursday.—As OLD MORALITY finely says, "The worm persistently incommoded by inconvenient attentions will finally assume an aggressive attitude." So it has proved to-night. SYDNEY GEDGE long been object of contumelious attention. Members jeer at him when he rises; talk whilst he orates; laugh when he is serious, are serious when he is facetious. But the wounded worm has turned at last. SYDNEY has struck. GEDGE has been goaded once too often.

It was COURTNEY brought it about. Been six hours in Chair in Committee on Tithes Bill; feeling faint and weary, glad to refresh himself with sparkling conversation of Grand Young GARDNER; GEDGE on his feet at moment in favourite oratorial attitude; pulverising Amendment moved by GRAY; thought, as he proceeded, he heard another voice. Could it be? Yes; it was Chairman of Committees conversing with frivolous elderly young man whilst he (S. G.) was debating the Tithes Bill! Should he pass over this last indignity? No; honour of House must be vindicated; lofty standard of debate must be maintained; the higher the position of offender the more urgent his duty to strike a blow. Was standing at the moment aligned with Chair; paused in argument; faced about to the right and marched with solemn steps to the end of Gangway, the Bench having been desolated by his speech so far as it had gone.

In revolt.

"Sir," he said, bending angry brows on Chairman, "I am afraid my speech interrupted your conversation. Therefore I have moved further away."

That was all, but it was enough. HERBERT GARDNER slunk away. COURTNEY hastily turned over pages of the Bill; hung down his guilty head, and tried to look as if it were MILMAN who had been engaged in conversation. Now MILMAN was asleep.

Business done.—Level flow of Debate on Tithes Bill interrupted by revolt of SYDNEY GEDGE.

Friday.—Rather a disappointing evening from Opposition point of view. In advance, was expected to be brilliant field-night. Irish Administration to be attacked all along line; necessity for new departure demonstrated. SHAW-LEFEVRE led off with Resolution demanding establishment of Courts of Arbitration. Large muster of Members. Mr. G. in his place; expected to speak; but presently went off; others fell away, and all the running made from Ministerial Benches. SHAW-LEFEVRE roasted mercilessly. House roared at SAUNDERSON's description of his going to interview SULTAN, and being shown into stable to make acquaintance of SULTAN's horse. Prince ARTHUR turned on unhappy man full blast of withering scorn. Don't know whether SHAW-LEFEVRE felt it; some men rather be kicked than not noticed at all; but Liberals felt they had been drawn into ridiculous position, and mumured bad words. "What's the use," they ask, "of winning Hartlepool out of doors, if things are so managed that we are made ridiculous within?"

Business done.—SHAW-LEFEVRE's Resolution on Irish Land Question negatived by 213 Votes against 152.

"Thermidor" up to Date.

(*Toned down for English Reception.*)

Last Act—On the road to the Guillotine—Hero, instead of Heroine, about to be executed—Heroine imploring Hero to sign paper.

Heroine. Attach but your signature, and you are free!

Hero (*after reading document in a tone of horror*). What, a vow to marry, with the prospect of a breach of promise case to follow! Never! Death is preferable! [*Exit to be guillotined. Curtain.*

AN ARTIST AND A WHISTLER.—M. COQUELIN has summoned M. LISSAGARAY for having thrown a whistle at him on the night of the *Thermidor* row. It is to be hoped that by this time M. LISSAGARAY will have been made to pay for his whistle.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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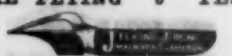

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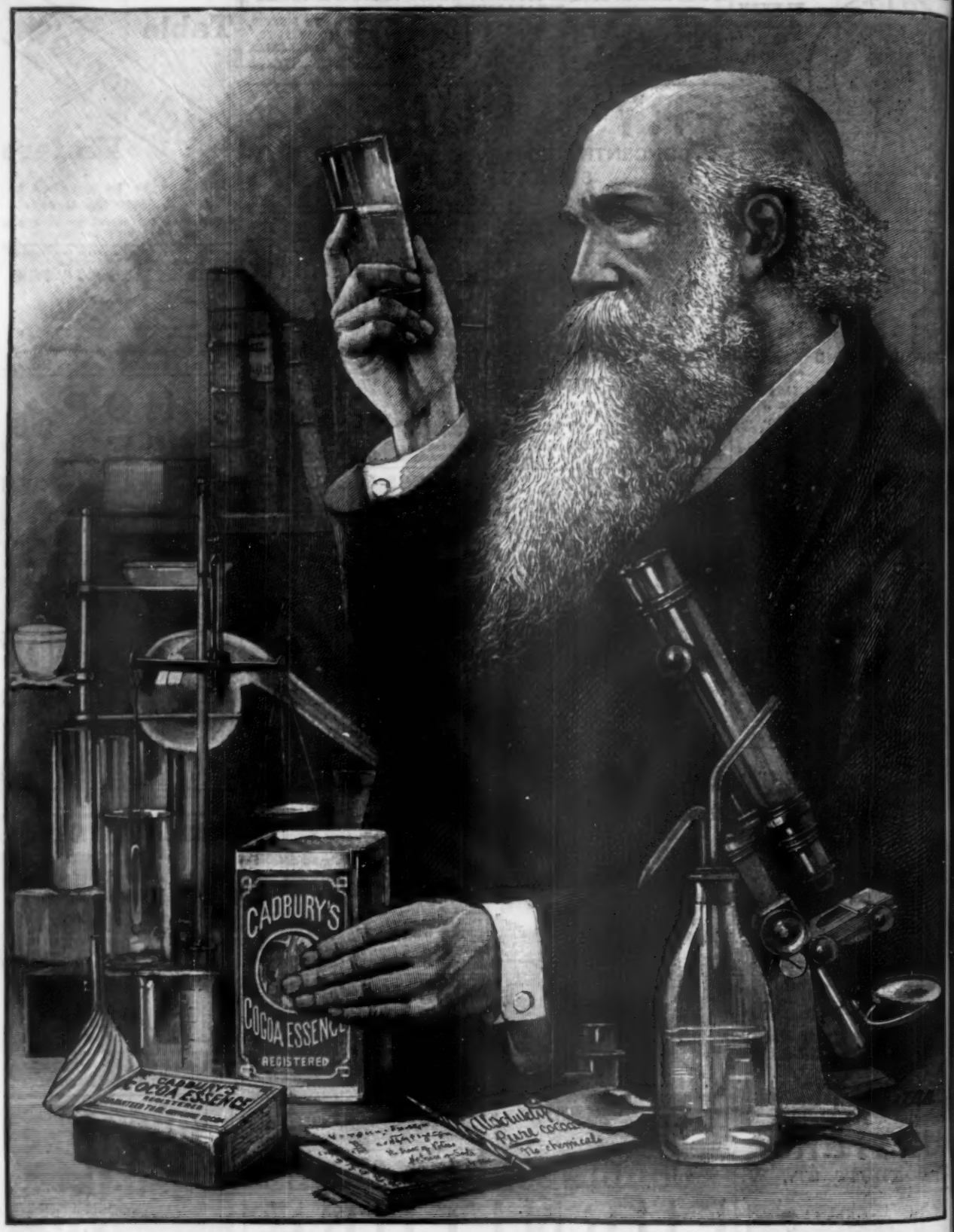

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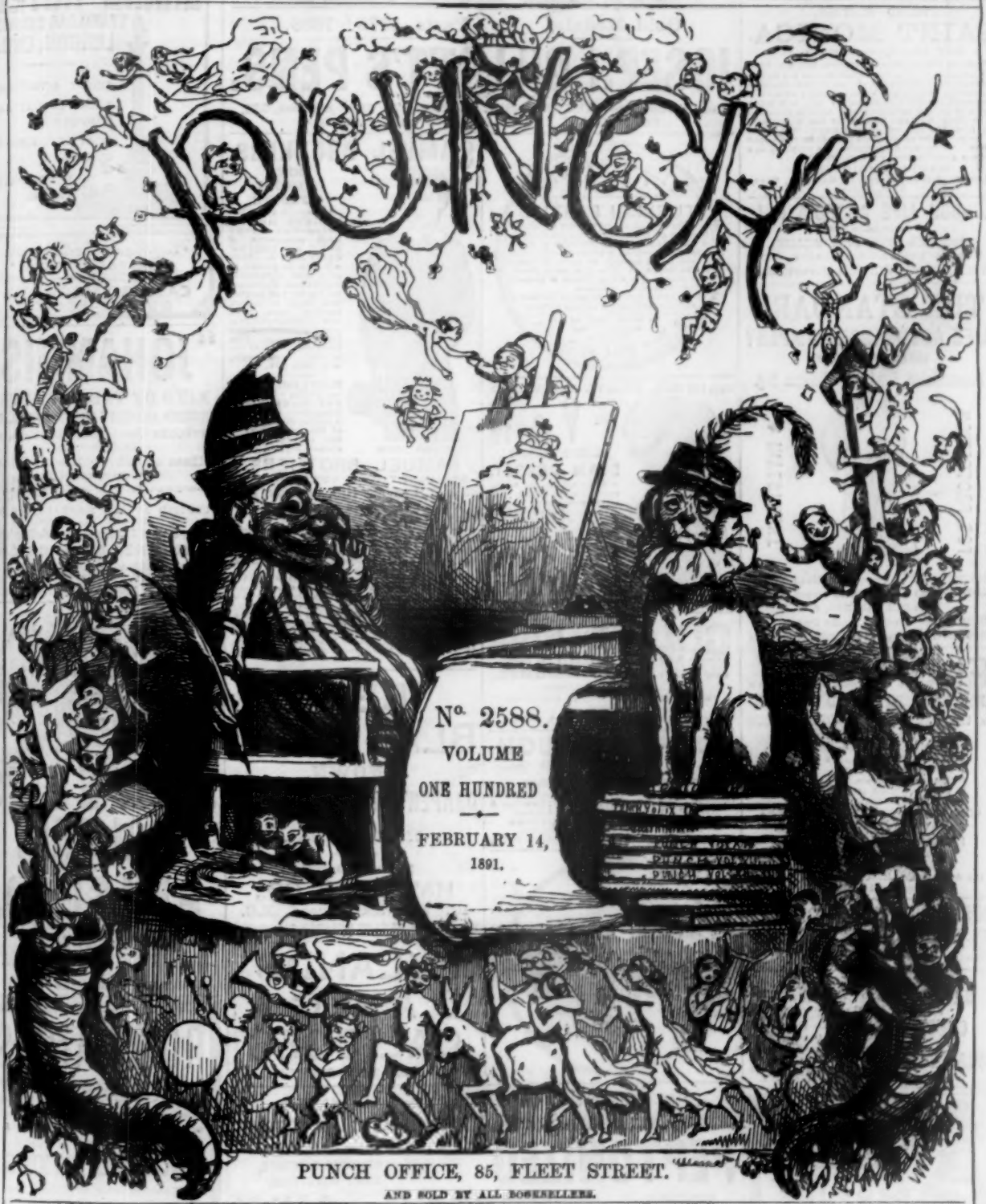

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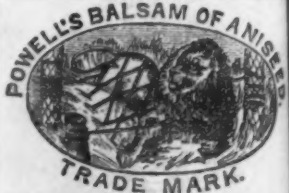

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MODERN TYPES.

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No. XXIII.—THE TOLERATED HUSBAND.

It is customary for the self-righteous moralists who puff themselves into a state of Jingo complacency over the failings of foreign nations, to declare with considerable unction that the domestic hearth, which every Frenchman habitually tramples upon, is maintained in unviolated purity in every British household. The rude shocks which Mr. Justice BUTT occasionally administers to the national conscience are readily forgotten, and the chorus of patriotic adulation is stimulated by the visits which the British censor finds it necessary to pay (in mufti) to the courts of wickedness in continental capitals. It may be that among our unimaginative race the lack of virtue is not presented in the gaudy trappings that delight our neighbours. Our wickedness is coarser and less attractive. It gutters like a cheap candle when contrasted with the steady brilliancy of the Parisian article. Public opinion, too, holds amongst us a more formidable lash, and wields it with a sterner and more frequent severity. But it is impossible to deny that our society, however strict its professed code may be, can and does produce examples of those lapses from propriety which the superficial public deems to be typically and exclusively continental. Not only are they produced, but their production and their continuance are tolerated by a certain class, possibly limited, but certainly influential.

Amongst these examples, both of lapse and of toleration, the Tolerated Husband holds a foremost place. Certain conditions are necessary for his proper production. He must be not only easy-going, but unprincipled, — unprincipled, that is, rather in the sense of having no particular principles of any kind than in that of possessing and practising notoriously bad ones. He must have a fine contempt for steady respectability, and an irresistible inclination to that glittering style of untrammelled life which is believed by those who live it to be the true Bohemianism. He should be weak in character, he may be pleasant in manner and appearance, and he must be both poor and extravagant. If to these qualities be added, first a wife, young, good-looking, and in most respects similar to her husband, though of a stronger will, and secondly a friend, rich, determined, strictly unprincipled, and thoroughly unscrupulous, the conditions which produce the Tolerated Husband may be said to be complete.

The Tolerated Husband may have been at one time an officer in a good regiment. Having married, he finds that his pay, combined with a moderate private income, and a generous allowance of indebtedness, due to the gratification of expensive tastes, is insufficient to maintain him in that position of comfort to which he conceives himself to be entitled. He therefore abandons the career of arms, and becomes one of those who attempt spasmodically to redeem commercial professions from the taint of mere commercialism by becoming commercial themselves. It is certain that the gilded society which turns up a moderately aristocratic nose at trade and tradesmen, looks with complete indulgence upon an ex-officer who dabbles in wine, or associates himself with a new scheme for the easy manufacture of working-men's boots. An agency to a Fire and Life Assurance Society is, of course, above reproach, and the Stock Exchange, an institution which, in the imagination of reckless fools, provides as large a cover as charity, is positively enviable—a reputation which it owes to the fancied ease with which half-a-crown is converted into one hundred thousand pounds by the mere stroke of an office pen.

The Tolerated Husband tries all these methods, one after another, with a painful monotony of failure in each. Yet, somehow or other, he still keeps up appearances, and manages to live in a certain style not far removed from luxury. He entertains his friends at elaborate dinners, both at home and at expensive restaurants; he is a frequent visitor at theatres, where he often pays for the stalls of many others as well as for his own. He takes a small house in the country, and fills it with guests, to whom he offers admirable wines, and excellent cigars. His wife is always beautifully dressed, and glitters with an array of jewels which make her the envy of many a steady leader of fashion. The world begins to ask, vaguely at first, but with a constantly increasing persistence, how the thing is done. Respectability and malice combine to whisper a truthful answer. Starting from the axiom that the precarious income which is produced by a want of success in many branches of business cannot support luxury or purchase diamonds, they arrive, *per saltum*, at the conclusion that there must be some third party to provide the wife and the husband with means for their existence. His name is soon fixed upon, and his motives readily inferred. It can be none other than the husband's rich bachelor friend, the same who accompanies the pair on all their expeditions, who is a constant guest at their house, and is known to be both lavish and determined in the prosecution of any object on which he has set his heart. His heart, in this instance, is set upon his friend's wife, and the obstacles in his way do not seem to be very formidable. The case, indeed, is soon too manifest for any one but a born idiot to feign ignorance of it. The husband is not a born idiot—he either sees it plainly, or (it may be, after a struggle) he looks another way, and resigns himself to the inevitable. For inevitable it is, if he is to continue in that life of indolence and extravagant comfort which habit has made a necessity for him. So he submits to the constant companionship of a third party, and, in order to be truly tolerated in his own household, becomes tolerant in a manner that is almost sublime. He allows his friend to help him with large subventions of money; he lets him cover his wife with costly jewels. He is content to be supplanted without fuss, provided the supplanter never decreases the stream of his benevolence; and the supplanter, having more wealth than he knows what to do with, is quite content to secure his object on such extremely easy terms. And thus the Tolerated Husband is created.

It is curious to notice how cheerfully, to all outward appearance, he accepts what other men would consider a disaster. Before the world he carries his head high with an assumption of genial frankness and easy good temper. "Come and dine with us to-morrow, my boy," he will say to an old acquaintance, "there 'll only be yourself and a couple of others besides ourselves. We 'll go to the play afterwards." And the acquaintance will most certainly discover, if he accepts the invitation, that the "ourselves" included not only husband and wife, but friend as well. He will also notice that the last is even more at home in the house, and speaks in a tone of greater authority than the apparent host. Everything is referred to him for decision, and the master of the house treats him with a deferential humility which goes far to contradict the cynical observation that there is no gratitude on earth. The Tolerated Husband, indeed, never tires of dispensing hospitality at the cost of his friend, and though the whole world knows the case, there will never be a lack of guests to accept what is offered.

At last, however, in spite of his toleration, he becomes an encumbrance in his own house, and, like most encumbrances, he has to be paid off, the friend providing the requisite annual income. One after another he puts off the last remaining rags of his pretended self-respect. He haunts his Clubs less and less frequently, and seems to wither under the open dislike of those who are repelled by the mean and sordid details of his despicable story. And thus he drags on his life, a degraded and comparatively impoverished outcast, untidy, haggard and shunned, having forfeited by the restriction of his spending powers even the good-natured contempt of those who were not too proud to be at one time mistaken for his friends.

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Mr. Balfour.—To learn to love both wings of the Irish Party.

Mr. Justin McCarthy.—To discover his exact position.

Mr. S. B. Bancroft.—To regard with satisfaction his gift to General Dealer BOOTH.

JUNIUS JUDEX.

A Pindaric Fragment. (A long way after Gray.)

Awake, O Themis-twangled lyre, awake,
And give to pæans all thy sounding strings!
Here is a triumph joyfuller than Spring's.
Jeune smacks of Summer rather, and must take
The cake!
As frescoed heroes cloud-borne progress make,
So—happy apotheosis!—advances
Stately Sir Francis!
See how late-knighted Justice moves along,
High, majestic, smooth and strong,
Through Cupid's maze and Neptune's mighty main
(O Wimpole Street, uplift the strain!)
Toward that proudly portal'd door.
Silk gowns and snowy wigs raise the applausive roar!
O Sovereign of the Social Soul,
Lady of bland and comfort-breathing airs,
Enchanting hostess! Business cares
And Party passion own thy soft control.
In thy saloons the Lord of War
Muffles the wheels of his wild car,
And drops his thirsty lance at thy command.
Smoothed by a snowy hand,
Aquila's self, the fierce and feathered king,
With sleek-pruned plumes, and close-furled wing
Will calmly cackle, and put by
The terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye.
Thee the voice, the dance obey;
Tempered to thy pleasant sway,
Blue and Buff, Orange and Green,
In polychromatic harmony are seen,
As on a bright Jeune day.
And now Jeune triumphs in no minor measure.
Judicial Pomp and Social Pleasure
Now indeed make marvellous meeting.
See with sussion firmly sweet
That brisk trio, gaily greeting
To that portal guide his feet.
Neptune's hoarse hails his friend's approach declare,
Probate, the winged sprite, about must play;
With wanton wings that winnow the soft air
In gliding state Lord Cupid leads the way
To where grave Law must mark, assay, reprove
Wanderings of young Desire, and lures of fickle Love!

TOMMY ATKINS'S HARD LOT.

"Tommy Atkins," writing modestly enough to the *Daily Chronicle* of the 6th February, complains that the coal supplied by the Authorities for barrack-rooms, is so limited in quantity that "during the winter this, as a rule, only lasts about two days" in the week, and Tommy and his comrades have to "club-up" to supply the deficiency out of their own microscopical pay. "In fact" (says T. A.) "I have been in barrack-rooms where the men have had no fires after the first two days of the week." *If* this be so, *Mr. Punch* agrees with Tommy in saying, "Surely this ought not to be!" Tommy Atkins may reasonably be expected to "stand fire" at any season, but not the absence of it in such wintry weather as we have had recently!

If this is poor Tommy Atkins's lot,
As Tommy might say, It is all Tommy-rot!

COLUMBIA ON HER SPARROW.

(With Apologies to William Cartwright.)

["The Americans have had enough of the Sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), and the mildest epithet reserved for him seems to be that of 'pest.'" —*Daily Chronicle.*]

Tell me not of joy,—a hum!
Now the British Sparrow 's come.
Sent first was he
Across the sea,
Advisers kind did flatter me,
When he winged way o'er Yankee soil,
My caterpillar swarms he 'd spoil;
And oh, how pleasant that would be!

He would catch a grub, and then
It would never feed again.
My fields he 'd skip,
And peck, and nip,
And on the caterpillars feed;
And nought should crawl, or hop, or run
When he his hearty meal had done.
Alas! it was a sell, indeed!

O'er my fields he makes his flight,
In numbers almost infinite;
A plague, alas!
That doth surpass
The swarming caterpillar crew.
What I did I much regret;
Passer is multiplying yet;
Check him I can't. What shall I do?

The British Sparrow won't depart,
His feathered legions break my heart.
Would *he* away
I would not, nay!
About mere caterpillars fuss.
Patience with grubs and moths were mine,
Would *he* but pass across the brine.
I call *Passer Domestic Cuss!*

"Here we Hare again!"—There are two Johnnies on the stage. Johnny Senior being J. L. Toole (now on his way home from New Zealand), and Johnny Junior, John Hare, both immensely popular as comedians, and both in high favour with our most illustrious and judicious Patron of the Drama, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. It is gratifying to learn that, after the performance of *A Pair of Spectacles* at Sandringham, the Prince presented the Junior of these two Johnnies with a silver cigar-box. In the right-hand corner of the lid is engraved a hare looking through a pair of spectacles, and inside is a dedication to John Hare from Albert Edward. "Pretty compliment this," as Sir Will Somers, the Court Jester, might have said,—"to Johnny Hare from the Hare Apparent."

THEIR "IBSEN-DIXIT."

A NEW set of Faddists has been gradually growing up, not in our midst, but in the parts about Literature and the Drama. The object of their cult is, one HENRIK IBSEN, a Norwegian Dramatist, (perhaps it would be more correct to say, *the* Norwegian Dramatist,) of whose plays a pretty sprinkling of scribes, amateur and professional, but all of the very highest culture, profess themselves the uncompromisingly enthusiastic admirers. You may not know the Ibsenites or any of their works, but in their company at least,—that is, supposing yourself so highly privileged as to be admitted within the innermost circle of the Inner Ibsen Brotherhood,—*not* to know IBSEN would be proof positive of your being in the outer darkness of ignorance, and in need, however unworthy, of the grace of Ibsenitish enlightenment. Recruits are wanted in the Ibsenite ranks, so as to strengthen numerically the one party against the other; for the Ibsenitish sect has so far progressed as to be at loggerheads amongst themselves; not indeed on any really essential question, such as would be, for example, any doubt as to the position of IBSEN as a Dramatist, or as to the order of merit and precedence to be assigned to his works. No, on such matters they are apparently at one; but in other matters they are at one another. Thus the unity appears to be only superficial, a decent plaster hiding the rift occasioned by one of their number having literally translated into English IBSEN's latest Norwegian drama, of which translation the verbal correctness is impugned by another learned Ibsenite.

Not being "a hardy Norseman," and having neither a reading nor speaking acquaintance with the Norse language, I am unable to decide abstruse points on which such learned doctors disagree; but not being altogether without some practical experience of English and French drama, I venture to call in question not only the dramatic ability of the dramatist himself, but also, after perhaps allowing him some merit as a type-writer or character-sketcher, to assert that the style and matter of most of his work is always tiresome, frequently childish, and the subject often morbid and unhealthy; and, further, that his method is tedious to the last degree of boredom; for, as a writer, if I may judge him fairly by his translators, he is didactic and prosy, and never more tedious than when his dialogue is intended to be at its very crispest. As a playwright his construction is faulty. Here and there he gives expression to pretty ideas, reminding me (still judging by the translation) of TOM ROBERTSON, not when the latter was in his happiest vein, but when laboriously striving to make his puppets talk in a sweetly ingenuous manner.

I have never seen any play of IBSEN's on the stage, but I have read several of them—indeed, as I believe, all that have hitherto been translated and published in this country. I was prepared to be charmed, expecting much. I was soon disillusioned, and great was my disappointment. Then I re-read them, to judge of them not merely as dramas for the closet, but as dramas for the stage, written to be acted, not to be read; or, at all events, as far as the general public were concerned, to be acted first, and to be read afterwards. As acting dramas, it is difficult to conceive anything less practically dramatic. I do not know what the pecuniary result of his theatrical productions may be in his own country—where, I believe, he doesn't reside—but, out of his own country (say, here in London), I should say that a one-night's performance, with a house half full, would exhaust IBSEN's English public, and quite exhaust the patience of those who know not IBSEN.

Years ago we had the Chatterton - Boucicault dictum that "SHAKSPEARE spelt failure." Now, for SHAKSPEARE read "IBSEN," and insert the words "swift and utter" before "failure," and you have my opinion as to how the formula would stand with regard to IBSEN. I should be sorry to see any professional Manager making himself pecuniarily responsible for the success of such an undertaking, a word which, in its funereal sense, is of ill omen to the attempt. Let the Ibsenites club together, lease a theatre, and see how the public likes their show. There's nothing doing at the Royalty just now; let them pay rent in advance, and become Miss KATE SANTLEY's tenants; then, if the IBSEN-worshippers, with their Arch-priest, or ARCHER-priest, at their head, come to a temporary understanding with the Gosse-Ibsenites, they could craftily contrive to be invited as guests to a dinner at the Playwreckers' Club. The *dilettanti* members of this association the United Ibsenites could flatter by deferring to the opinions of their hosts, while inculcating their own, thus securing the goodwill and patronage of the Playwreckers, a plan nowadays adopted with considerable success by some of our wiliest dramatists, eager to secure a free course and be glorified; and so, by making each one of these mighty amateurs feel that the success of IBSEN in this country depended on him personally, that is, on his verdict or "*Ibsen dixit*," a run of, say, perhaps three nights might possibly be secured, when they could play to fairly-filled houses. One "nicht wi' IBSEN," one night only, would, I venture to say, be quite enough for most of us. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" "Oh, that my enemy would bring out an Ibsenite play," and try to run it! Perhaps he will. In which case I will either alter my opinion or give him a dose of

ANTI-FAD.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW HOUSE.

"The house which Mr. GLADSTONE has just taken in Park Lane is, it is reported, the selection of MRS. GLADSTONE, who recommends it with a view to her husband's opportunities for exercise."—*Daily Paper.*

SULLIVANHOE!

Bravissimo, Sir Arthur Sullivan of Ivanhoe, or to compress it telegraphically by wire, "*Bravissimo Sullivanhoe!*" Loud cries of "Arthur! Arthur!" and as Arthur and Composer he bows a solo gracefully in front of the Curtain. Then Mr. Julian Sturgis is handed out to him, when "Sullivan" and "Julian"—latter name phonetically suggestive of ancient musical associations, though who nowadays remembers "Mons. Jullien"?—the composer and librettist, bow a duet together. "Music" and "Words" disappear behind gorgeous new draperies. "All 's swell that ends swell," and nothing could be sweller than the audience on the first night. But to our tale. As to the dramatic construction of this Opera, had I not been informed by the kindly playbill that I was seeing *Ivanhoe*, I should never have found it out from the first scene, nor should I have been quite clear about it until the situation where that slyboots *Rebecca* artfully threatens to chuck herself off from the topmost turret rather than throw herself away on the bad Templar *Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert-sans-Sullivan*. The Opera might be fairly described as "Scenes from *Ivanhoe*," musically illustrated. There is, however, a continuity in the music which is lacking in the plot.

All Dicky with Ivanhoe; or, The Long and Short of it.

The scenic effects are throughout admirable, and the method, adopted at the end of each *tableau*, of leaving the audience still more in the dark than they were before as to what is going on on the stage, is an excellent notion, well calculated to intensify the mystery in which the entire plot is enveloped.

The change of scene—of course highly recommended by the leech in attendance on the suffering *Ivanhoe*—from the little second-floor-back in the top storey of the castle tower, where the stout *Knight of Ivanhoe* is in durance, is managed with the least possible inconvenience to the invalid, who, whether suffering from gout or pains in his side,—and, judging by his action, he seemed to feel it, whatever it was, all over him,—found himself *and* his second-hand lodging-house sofa (quite good enough for a prisoner) suddenly deposited at the comparatively safe distance of some three hundred yards or so from the burning Castle of Torquilstone, in which identical building he himself, not a minute before, had been immured. So marvellous a flight of fancy is only to be found in an Arabian, not a Christian, Night's Entertainment.

The Tournament Scene is a very effective "set," but practically an elaborate "sell," as all the fighting on horseback is done "without." Presently, after a fierce clashing of property-swords, sounding suspiciously like fire-irons, *Ivanhoe* and *Sir Brian* come in, afoot, to fight out "round the sixth, and last." There is refreshing novelty in Mr. Copland's impersonation of *Isaac of York*, who might be taken for *Shylock's* younger brother who has been experimenting on his beard with some curious kind of hair-dye. This comic little *Isaac* will no doubt grow older during the run of the piece, but on the first night he neither looked nor behaved like *Rebecca's* aged and venerable sire, nor did Miss Macintyre—who, by the way, is charming as *Rebecca*, and who is so nimble in skipping about the stage when avoiding the melodramatic *Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert-sans-Sullivan*, and so generally active and artful as to be quite a *Becky Sharp*,—nor, I say, did Miss Macintyre seem to treat her precocious parent (*Isaac* must have married very young, seeing that *Becky* is full twenty-one, and *Isaac* apparently very little more than twenty-eight, or, say, thirty) with any great tenderness and affection; but these feelings no doubt will be intensified, as she becomes more and more accustomed to her jewvenile father during the run of the Opera, and he may say to her, as the Bottle Imp did to his victim, "Ha! Ha! You must *learn* to love me!"

The game of "Becky my Neighbour." The Stout Knight lays low.

I have not time to enumerate all the charming effects of the Opera, but I must not forget the magic property-harp, with, apparently, limp whip-cord strings, "the harp that once," or several times, was played by those accomplished musicians, *King Richard*, and *Friar Tuck*, the latter of whom has by far the most taking song in the Opera, and which would have received a treble [or a baritone] encore, had *Barkis*—meaning Sir Arthur—"been willin'." The contest between *Richard* and the *Friar* is decidedly "Dicky." Nor must I forget the magnificent property supper in the first scene, at so much a head, where not a ham or a chicken is touched; nor must "the waits" between some of the sets be forgotten,—"waits" being so suggestive of music at the merriest time of the year. Nor, above all, must I omit to mention the principal character, *Ivanhoe* himself, played by Mr. Ben Davies, who would be quite an ideal *Ivanhoe* if he were not such a very real *Ivanhoe*—only, of course, we must not forget that he "doubles" the part. There is no thinness about "*Ben Mio*," whether considered as a man, or as a good all-round tenor. I did not envy *Ivanhoe's* marvellous power of sleep while Miss Macintyre was singing her best, her sweetest, and her loudest. For my part I prefer to believe that the crafty Saxon was "only purtendin'," and was no more asleep than *Josh Sedley* on the eve of Waterloo, or the Fat Boy when he surprised *Mr. Tupman* and *Aunt Rachel* in the arbour, or when he pinched *Mr. Pickwick's* leg in order to attract his attention. But, after all, *Ivanhoe* and *Rowena*, as Thackeray remarked, are a poor namby-pamby pair, and the real heroine is *Rebecca*. The Opera ends with a "Rebecca Riot." Every one wishes success to the new venture.

"A 1" Saxon Friar.

As to the Music,—well, I am not a musician, and in any new Opera when there is no one tuneful phrase as in *Aïda* or *Tannhäuser*, which, at the very first hearing, anyone with half an ear can straightway catch, and reproduce next day till everyone about him cries, "Oh don't!" and when, as in this instance, the conducting-composer, Wagnerianly, will not permit *encores*—where am I? Nowhere. I return home in common time, but tuneless. On the other hand, besides being certain that *Friar Tuck's* jovial song will "catch on," I must record the complete satisfaction with which I heard the substantial whack on the drum so descriptive of *Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert-sans-Sullivan's* heavy fall "at the ropes." This last effect,

being as novel as it is effective, attracted the attention of the wily and observant Drurioianus, who mentally booked the effect as something startlingly new and original for his next Pantomime. The combat between the Saxon Slogger, very much out of training, and the Norman Nobbler, rather over-trained as the result proved, is decidedly exciting, and the Nobbler would be backed at long odds. Altogether, the whole show was thoroughly appreciated by

Wamba Junior.

SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

No. I.—The Classical Scholar in Reduced Circumstances.

You are, let us say, a young professional man in chambers or offices, incompetently guarded by an idiot boy whom you dare not trust with the responsibility of denying you to strangers. You hear a knock at your outer door, followed by conversation in the clerk's room, after which your salaried idiot announces, "A Gentleman to see you." Enter a dingy and dismal little man in threadbare black, who advances with an air of mysterious importance. "I think," he begins, "I 'ave the pleasure of speaking to Mr. ——" (*whatever your name is.*) "I take the liberty of calling, Mr. ——, to consult you on a matter of the utmost importance, and I shall feel personally obliged if you will take precautions for our conversation not being over'eard."

He looks grubby for a client—but appearances are deceptive, and you offer him a seat, assuring him that he may speak with perfect security—whereupon he proceeds in a lowered voice.

"The story I am about to reveal," he says, smoothing a slimy tall hat, "is of a nature so revolting, so 'orrible in its details, that I can 'ardly bring myself to speak it to any 'uming ear!" (*Here you will probably prepare to take notes.*) "You see before you one who is of 'igh birth but low circumstances!" (*At this, you give him up as a possible client, but a mixture of diffidence and curiosity compels you to listen.*) "Yes, Sir, I was '*fruges consumeary nati.*' I 'ave received a neducation more befitting a dook than my present condition. Nursed in the lap of haffluence, I was trained to fill the lofty position which was to have been my lot. But '*necessitas,*' Sir, as you are aware, '*necessitas non abat lejim,*' and such I found it. While still receiving a classical education at Cambridge College—(praps you are yourself an alumbus of *Halma Mater?* No? I apologise, Sir, I'm sure)—but while preparing to take my honorary degree, my Father suddenly enounced the horful news that he was a bankrup'. Strip of all we possessed, we were turned out of our sumchuous 'ome upon the cold world, my Father's grey 'airs were brought down sorrowing to sangwidge boards, though he is still sangwin of paying off his creditors in time out of what he can put by from his scanty hearnings. My poor dear Mother—a lady born and bred—sank by slow degrees to a cawfy-stall, which is now morgidged to the 'ilt, and my eldest Sister, a lovely and accomplished gairl, was artlessly thrown over by a nobleman, to 'oom she was engaged to be married, before our reverses overtook us. His name the delikit hinstinks of a gentleman will forbid you to inquire, as likewise me to mention—enough to 'int that he occupies a prominent position amongst the hupper circles of Society, and is frequently to be met with in the papers. His faithlessness preyed on my Sister's mind to that degree, that she is now in the Asylum, a nopeless maniac! My honely Brother was withdrawn from 'Arrow, and now 'as the yumiliation of selling penny toys on the kerbstone to his former playfellers. '*Tantee nannymice salestibus hiræ,*' indeed, Sir!

"But you ask what befell myself." (*You have not—for the simple reason that, even if you desired information, he has given you no chance, as yet, of putting in a word.*) "Ah, Sir, there you 'ave me on a tender point. '*Hakew tetigisti,*' if I may venture once more upon a scholarly illusion. But I 'ave resolved to conceal nothing—and you shall 'ear. For a time I obtained employment as Seckertary and Imanuensis to a young baranit, 'oo had been the bosom friend of my College days. He would, I know, have used his influence with Goverment to obtain me a lucritive post; but, alas, 'ere he could do so, unaired sheets, coupled with deliket 'elth, took him off premature, and I was once more thrown on my own resources.

"In conclusion, Sir, you 'ave doubtless done me the hinjustice to expect, from all I 'ave said, that my hobjick in obtaining this interview was to ask you for pecuniary assistance?" (*Here you reflect with remorse that a suspicion to this effect has certainly crossed your mind*). "Nothing of the sort or kind, I do assure you. A little 'uming sympathy, the relief of pouring out my sorrers upon a feeling art, a few kind encouraging words, is all I arsk, and that, Sir, the first sight of your kind friendly face told me I should not lack. Pore as I am, I still 'ave my pride, the pride of a English gentleman, and if you was to orfer me a sovereign as you sit there, I should fling it in the fire—ah, I *should*—'urt and indignant at the hinsult!" (*Here you will probably assure him that you have no intention of outraging his feelings in any such manner.*) "No, and *why*, Sir? Because you 'ave a gentlemanly 'art, and if you were to make sech a orfer, you would do it in a kindly Christian spirit which would rob it of all offence. There's not many as I would bring myself to accept a paltry sovereign from, but I dunno—I might from one like yourself—I *might Ord hignara mali, miseris succurreary disco*, as the old philosopher says. You 'ave that kind of *way* with you." (*You mildly intimate that he is mistaken here, and take the opportunity of touching the bell*). "No, Sir, don't be untrue to your better himpulses. '*Ave* a feelin 'art, Sir! Don't send me away, after allowing me to waste my time 'ere—which is of value *to me*, let me tell yer, whatever *yours* is!—like this! . . . Well, well, there's 'ard people in this world? I'm *going*, Sir . . . I 'ave sufficient dignity to take a 'int . . . You 'aven't got even a trifle to spare an old University Scholar in redoooced circumstances then? . . . Ah, it's easy to see you ain't been at a University yourself—you ain't got the *hair* of it! Farewell, Sir, and may your lot in life be 'appier than——All right, don't *hexcite* yourself. I've bin mistook in yer, that's all. I thought you was as soft-edded a young mug as you look. Open that door, will yer; I want to get out of this 'ole!"

Here he leaves you with every indication of disgust and disappointment, and you will probably hear him indulging in unclassical vituperation on the landing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Baron is delighted with Montagu Williams's third volume of *Reminiscences*, published by Macmillan & Co. His cheery after-dinner conversational style of telling capital stories is excellent. He is not writing a book, he is talking to us; he is telling us a series of good things, and, quoth the Baron, let me advise you to light your cigar and sit down in your arm-chair before the fire, as not only do you not wish to interrupt him, even with a query, but you feel inclined to say, as the children do when, seated round you in the wintry twilight, they have been listening to a story which has deeply interested them—"Go on, please, tell us another!"

The following interpolated "aside," most characteristic of Montagu Williams's life-like conversational manner of telling a story, occurs at page 8, where giving an account of a robbery, of which he himself was the victim, and telling how a thief asked to be shown up to his, the narrator's room, he says, "The porter, like a fool, gave his consent." The interpolated "*like a fool*," carries the jury, tells the whole story, and wins admiration for the sufferer, who is the real hero of the tale. But beyond the book's merit as an interesting and amusing companion, it contains some valuable practical suggestions for relieving the ordinary distress in the poorest districts which ought to receive attention in the highest quarters.

To some readers interested in theatrical life, *Polly Mountemple* must prove an interesting work of fiction, if a story can be so styled which, as its author assures his readers with his latest breath, I should say in his last paragraph (p. 291), "is a true tale." It is the story of a "ballet lady" who rises in "the profession" to the dignity of a speaking part, and is on the point of being raised still higher in the social scale, and becoming the wife of a real live young nobleman, when she sensibly accepts a considerable sum of money, consents to forego her action for breach of promise, and finally marries a highly respectable acrobat, and becomes the landlady of the "Man of Kent." The earlier portion is entertaining, especially to those who are not altogether ignorant of some of the personages, sketches of whom are drawn by the author, Mr. Charles Hollis, with, it is not improbable, considerable fidelity. They are rough sketches, not by any means highly finished, but then such was the character of the original models. Before, however, it can be accepted by the general public as giving an unexaggerated picture of a certain sort of stage-life, it ought to have the *imprimatur* or the *nihil obstat* of some generally acknowledged head of the profession; for "the profession" is Hydra-like in this respect—a republican creation, with many heads.

The Baron de Book-Worms.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Professional Golfer (in answer to anxious question). "Weel, no, Sir, at your Time o' Life, ye can never hope to become a *Playar;* but if ye practise hard for Three Years, ye may be able to tell Good Play from Bad when ye see it!"

THE "PAPER-CHASE."

The Hare (with many financial friends) loquitur:—

Here goes! 'Tis a rather new line—
But that is no very great matter.
If they 've faith in a lead, 'tis in mine,
So a tentative trail let me scatter.
The old track of country this time I 'll forsake;
I trust they 'll not think I have made a mistake?

That old line of country they know,
Across it for years they 've been rangers,
All right, when the going is slow,
When 'tis fast, are they fly to its dangers?
For Hares to raise scares 'midst the Hounds were improper,
But how if the pack come a general cropper?

Remarkably near it last time,
Though some of 'em didn't suspect it;
But *I* spy the peril! 'Twere crime
If I did not help them to detect it.
If they don't like my trail they must give me the sack;
I 'd rather be bullied than break up the pack.

They fancy I 'll keep the old course,
There or thereabout. But I 've a notion!
They 'll grumble perhaps, with some force,
But they 're not going to flurry G. Goschen.
Of this havresack there have been some smart carriers—
I 'll make 'em sit up, though, the L. S. D. Harriers!

I love 'em, each supple-shanked lad,
'Most as much as—Statistics. To trudge it
For *them* makes my bosom as glad
As—Big Surplus, and Popular Budget;
And so I should like to secure them a run,
Combining snug safety with plenty of fun.

I don't want to lessen their speed,
I don't want to hamper their daring;
But rashness won't always succeed—
Just ask that smart runner, young B-r-ng! [line
And that's why I 'm trying to strike a new
For our Paper-Chase—cutting the "Paper" up fine.

I scatter it wide. Will it float?
Of course for awhile there 's no knowing;
But I shall be able to note,
By the sequel, *which way the wind's blowing.* [notes, in full flight.
There! Look like white-birds, or bank-
Now, lads, double up! There 's not one yet in sight!

Of course I 'm ahead of my field,
As a Hare worth his salt ever should be.
My Hounds, though, are mostly spring-heeled.
Eh? Funk it? I don't think that could be!
The L. S. D. Harriers' lick others hollow
For pluck and for pace. There 's the trail,—*will they follow?*

"Survival of the Fittest."—You need not go to Holland to see the Hague. You may find it—him we mean—at Dowdeswell's Gallery. Here you can revel in a good fit of the Hague without shivering. Indeed, Mr. Anderson Hague, judging from his pictures of North Cambria, seems to be very fit, and therefore, he may be called an Hague-fit.

A CAN(NES)DID CONFESSION.

(By a Suffering Angelina.)

You write to me, sweetest, with envy
Of "zephyrs" and "summerlike stars;"
You say women, horses, and men vie
In chorus of croups and catarrhs;
You picture me safe from the snarling
Of Winter's tyrannical sway.
This isn't, believe me, my darling,
The Mediterranean way.

You rave of the "shimmering light on
An ocean pellucidly fair."
You get it, my darling, at Brighton,
And coals that can warm you are *there;*
Of "boughs with hot oranges breaking"—
Cold comfort, while fortunes we pay
For faggots that mock us in making
Their Mediterranean way!

You dream of me rapt by a casement
Mimosa caresses and rose;
This window was surely the place meant
For mistral to buffet my nose.
Of tennis and dances and drums in
"That Eden for Eves"—did you say?
Apt phrase! Nothing masculine comes in
Our Mediterranean way.

And "Esterel's amethyst ranges
Of gossamer shapes"—and the rest.
Good gracious, how scenery changes!
They too have a cold on their chest.
At "delicate lungs," dear, and so on
No more for this climate I 'll play,
But homeward in ecstasy go on
My Mediterranean way.

THE "PAPER-CHASE."

Right Hon. Geo. J. G-sch-n (*the Hare*). "WONDER WHETHER THEY 'LL FOLLOW?"

THE OYSTERS AT WHITSTABLE FROZEN IN THEIR BEDS!

(*See Daily Papers.*)

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER WATER SUPPLY.

(*An Old Nursery Rhyme with a new burden.*)

THERE was an old Woman, as I've heard say,
The frost froze her water-pipes fast one day;
The frost froze her water-pipes fast at first,
Till a thaw came at last, and the water-pipes burst.
By came the Company, greedy of gain,
And it cut her water all off at the main,
It cut her water off sharp, if you please,
Though it wasn't *her* fault that the pipes began to freeze.
It wasn't *her* fault that the water-pipes burst.
So she had no water for cleansing or thirst,
She had no water, and she began to cry,
"Oh, what a cruel buzzum has a Water Company!
But I'll repair the pipes, since so it must be,
And the plumber, I'm aware, will make pickings out of me.
If there's a frost I've no water for my pail,
And if there's a thaw then the rate-collectors rail."
On Law the old Woman is entirely in the dark;
There seems no one to save her from the fresh-water shark;
The shark does what he likes, and she can only cry,
"Who'll help a poor old Woman 'gainst the Water Company?"

MOI-MEM.

"*Moi-Même*," in the course of his pleasant *Worldly* wanderings among things in general, observes, *à propos* of the younger COQUELIN's suggestion about lectures by professors of the Dramatic Art to youthful students, "One can scarcely fancy a more humorous sight than Mr. TOOLE giving a professional lecture to dramatic aspirants, telling them when to wink, when to wheeze, when to 'souse his glove,'" &c. Now it so happens that when this same idea was first started—or perhaps revived—some eleven years ago, Professor TOOLE's Lecture to Students of the Dramatic Art was given in *Mr. Punch's* pages. The lecture, one of a series supposed to be given by various actors, will be found in Vol. LXXVIII., page 93. It appeared on the 28th of February, 1880.

Note by a Nomad.

SMITH, of Coalville, imagines that Civilised Man
Falls too much to the rear if he lives in a Van;
But Caravan-dwellers, with force and urbanity,
Declare that SMITH's views of Van life are pure vanity!

THE HIGHEST EDUCATION;

Or, what is looming a-head.

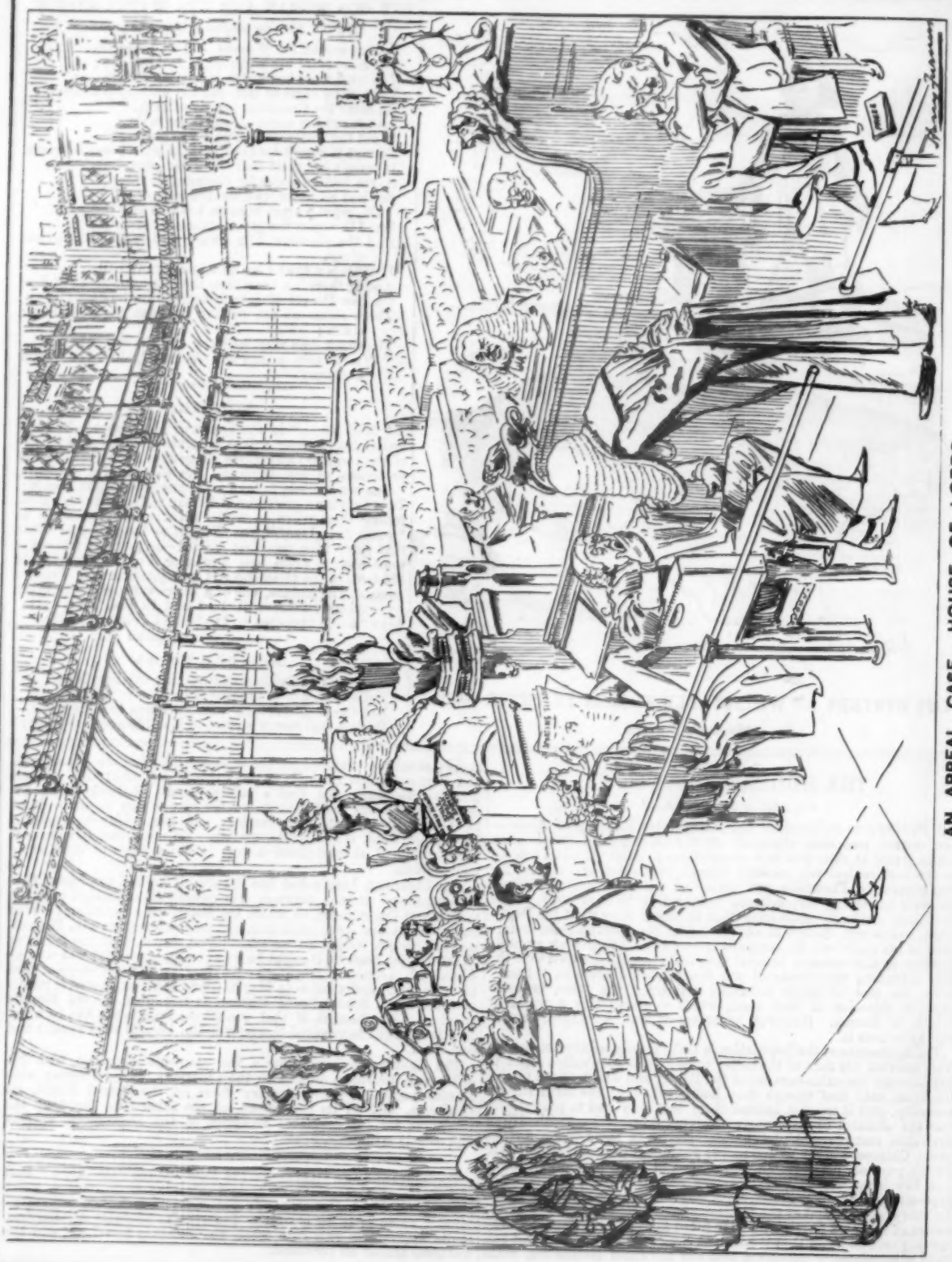
A DEPUTATION on behalf of the Exasperated Ratepayers' Association waited yesterday afternoon on the Chairman of the London School Board at their new and commodious palatial premises erected on the vast central site recently cleared, regardless of expense, for that purpose in Piccadilly, and presented a further protest against the ever-increasing expenditure indulged in by that body. The Chairman, smilingly intimating that he would hear what the Deputation had to say, though he added, amidst the ill-suppressed merriment of his *confrères*, he supposed it was the old sing-song protest, possibly on this occasion because they had recently directed that the boys attending the schools of the Board should come in "Eton" suits, the cost of which naturally fell upon the rates, or some captious objection of that kind, which it really was a waste of breath to discuss. However, whatever it was, he added, he was willing to hear it.

The Spokesman of the Deputation, a Duke in reduced circumstances, who ascribed his ruin to the heavy rates he had been called upon to pay through the extravagance of the Board, and who declined to give his name, said that though they had not thought the Eton suits a necessity, still it was not against them that they had to protest. It was the addition of Astronomy involving the erection (with fitting first-class instruments) of 341 observatories in the London district alone, Chinese, taught by 500 native Professors imported from Pekin for the purpose, horse-riding, yachting, and the church organ (these last two being compulsory), together with the use of the tricycle, type-writer, and phonograph, all of which instruments were provided for every single pupil at the expense of the ratepayers, to the curriculum of all those pupils who were fitted for the third standard. The speaker said he knew that it had long been settled that the finest and most comprehensive education that our advanced civilisation could supply should be provided for the submerged half of the population, and they could not grumble at these things, but what they did not consider necessary was, that a salary should be forthcoming for each pupil-teacher sufficient to enable him or her to drive down to the schools in their own carriage and pair. (*Much laughter.*) He did not think it a laughing matter. He would strongly suggest a diminution of at least £1000 a-year in the salaries of these overpaid officials.

The Chairman here asked the speaker if he had considered that "descending" from a carriage was necessarily connected with the teaching of Deportment, on which the Board set great value? Was he not aware that some great man had said, wishing to give Deportment its proper weight as an educational factor, that the Battle of Waterloo (at least he thought he was quoting correctly) was won at Almacks? (*Renewed laughter.*) Anyhow, he did not consider that £2,500 a-year, and a house in Mayfair, was at all an excessive remuneration for a School-Board teacher, as measured by the Board's standard. He thought, if that was all the Deputation had to urge, that they might have saved themselves the trouble their protest had cost them.

The Spokesman having for a few moments consulted with his colleagues, hereupon turned to the Chairman, and delivering with fearful emphasis the customary curse on the School Board, its Chairman, and all its belongings, at the same time thanking the Chairman for his courteous reception of the Deputation, silently and sulkily withdrew.

DRURIOLANUS AND DANCING.—The Fancy Dress Ball—not a "Ball Marsky"—at Covent Garden, last Tuesday week, was a great success, on which DRURIOLANUS FORTUNATUS is hereby congratulated. There is to be a similar festivity, to celebrate *Mi-Carême*. Quite appropriate this date, when the season is half Lent, and the costumes almost all borrowed.



AN APPEAL CASE. HOUSE OF LORDS.

TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

[*"Every minute of my time during 1891 is already mortgaged. In 1892 you may count upon me."—Mr. KIPLING to Magazine Editor, who wished to secure him as a Contributor.*]

OH, happy man! for whom this world of ours
Is but a ceaseless round of milk and honey,
Who use your wondrous word-compelling powers
For us in telling tales (and making money),

How you must laugh to rake the dollars in,
The publishers—how badly you must bleed them;
Your tales *are* good, but yet, ere you begin
On more, just think of us who've got to read them.

It frightens us to hear your Ninety-One
Is mortgaged—for the prospect's *not* inviting,
To think of all that may and will be done,
If, through the present year you ne'er cease writing!

With bated breath we ask, and humble mien—
We realise how far we come behind you—
That you will leave *one* remnant Magazine
In which we may be sure we shall not find you.

Then will your RUDYARD name with joy be hailed,
And yours will be a never-fading glory,
If, when you're asked to write a *Light that Failed*,
You merely tell us, "That's another story."

AN UPPER NOTE.

SIR,—I mustn't interfere with the diary of TOBY, M.P. But, as he is not reported as being in the Upper House on this particular occasion, I cannot help drawing general attention to the dispatch of business among the Lords on Thursday last. I quote from the Parliamentary Report in the *Daily Telegraph*, which informed us that

"The LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on the Woolsack at a quarter-past four o'clock."

Then in came "A New Spiritual Peer." Awful! It sounds like an apparition in a blood-curdling ghost-story. Where was LIKA JOKO with his pencil? Well, "the new Spiritual Peer took his oath and his seat"—why wasn't he called upon for his toast and sentiment?—and then—what happened? Did their Lordships stay to have a friendly chat with the new-comer? No, not a bit of it; for the report says,

"Their Lordships rose at twenty-five minutes to five o'clock."

So that, in effect, as soon as the new boy came in, and seated himself, all the old boys went out. There's manners for you! And this in the Upper House, too!!

Yours truly, THE MARQUIS.

UNREGENERATE.

"ONLY THINK HOW DELIGHTFUL, BOBBIE! THEY'VE DISCOVERED, IN MANUSCRIPT, AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK BY ARISTOTLE, AND THEY'RE GOING TO PUBLISH IT!"

"REALLY, MAMMIE! THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'M PRECIOUS GLAD I'VE LEFT SCHOOL FOR GOOD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 2.—"I do not," said OLD MORALITY, a cloud of disappointment settling on his massive brow, "know any case where, comparatively late in life, after a blameless career, depravity has so suddenly broken out in a man as it has with SYDNEY GEDGE. It is true, that upon occasion GEDGE has not given entire satisfaction to our friends opposite. They hold the opinion that his incursions in debate have been inopportune, and, in short, unnecessary; but that is their affair. We have had no ground for complaint. GEDGE has always voted straight, has appropriately filled up a dull half-hour when we had to keep a Debate going, and at all times he has invested our side of the House with a certain *je ne sais quoi* of dignity, combined with profound wisdom. And now to go and break out in this unexpected manner! It is incomprehensible,—would be, if I had not seen him with my own organs of vision, incredible. We must make GEDGE a Peer, or a County Court Judge."

The Rollit Albert that gathered Three Bills into the Statute Book.

OLD MORALITY'S discomposure not unwarranted. GEDGE certainly made our flesh creep to-night. Of all things in the world, it came about on the Tithes Bill. In Committee all night; Sir JOHN SWINBURNE spoken several times; HARCOURT, leading Opposition, made several efforts to inspire proceedings with a little life, but not to be done. Bill rapidly slipping through; Amendments to Clauses all disposed of; a few new ones on paper. Of course not slightest chance of being added to Bill. One by one moved; Minister objected; Clause negatived; and there an end of it. Twelve o'Clock close at hand; on stroke of Midnight, Debate must be adjourned; still plenty of time to get the Bill through Committee. Everything out of the way except new Clause in name of SYDNEY GEDGE. But GEDGE loyal Ministerialist; not likely *he* would interfere with arrangements, and endanger progress of Bill. HICKS-BEACH, in charge of measure, kept his eye on the clock; three minutes to Twelve; running it pretty close, but just time to get Bill through. GEDGE on his feet; quite unnecessary; needn't stand up to say he would not move his Clause; if he had simply lifted his hat when Chairman called his name it would be understood that he had sacrificed his Clause. Dangerous this, dallying on stroke of Midnight.

To his horror, HICKS-BEACH heard GEDGE beginning to describe purport of his new Clause. Was going to move it then? Yes. After moment's horrified pause, Ministerialists broke into angry cries of, "Divide!" Opposition convulsed with laughter; HICKS-BEACH pale and stern, and stony silent; SYDNEY GEDGE flushed, conversational, dogged. Even if Tithes Bill were lost he would explain the bearing of his new Clause. Scene increasing in hilarity; lasted three minutes; then Midnight sounded, and SYDNEY sat down, surprised to find he had talked out the Tithes Bill.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather," said ALBERT ROLLIT, who, before opening his lips, had observed the precaution of propping himself up against the wall. "GEDGE, of all men, to

spoil the Ministerial plan, and imperil their arrangements for the week! It's all COURTNEY's fault. Since GEDGE tasted COURTNEY's blood, on the night he interrupted his speech by chatting in the Chair with HERBERT GARDNER, GEDGE has never been the same man. There's no knowing to what lengths he may not go."

Business done.—SYDNEY GEDGE broken out again worse than ever.

Tuesday.—MARJORIBANKS rather depressed as he rose to move his Resolution for appointment of Royal Commission on New Magazine Rifle. Had hoped to appear under very different circumstances. Meant quite to put in the shade LYON PLAYFAIR's historic lecture on Margarine, when he had the tables covered with pots of that substance, with penny loaves and small knives for Members to sample withal. For weeks MARJORIBANKS been preparing for occasion. Had possessed himself of quite an armoury of rifles: intended to bring them into the House and illustrate his lecture with practical experiments. The climax was to be the shooting-off scene. BOBBY SPENCER and ANSTRUTHER on in this. BOBBY standing at the Bar with an apple held on palm of extended right hand; MARJORIBANKS, using Martini-Henry Rifle, was to clear the apple off, leaving BOBBY's hair unsinged, and not a wrinkle added to his collar. ANSTRUTHER was next to stand in the same place, braving the fire of the Magazine Rifle. But he didn't have an apple, as it was arranged that the new arm should jam.

Standing Fire.

"Suppose it doesn't?" ANSTRUTHER inquired, when MARJORIBANKS first unfolded his scheme.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said MARJORIBANKS, cheerily.

Long practice on the Terrace made the arrangements perfect, when they were suddenly upset by interference from unexpected quarter. The SPEAKER, wondering what all this rifle-popping was, came to hear of the project; at once said it wouldn't do; no arms of any kind admitted in House of Commons, except the sword worn by SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, and once a year the lethal weapons carried by the Naval or Military gentlemen who move and second Address. BOBBY SPENCER rather glad, I fancy; ANSTRUTHER not inconsolable. But MARJORIBANKS distinctly depressed.

"Not often I occupy time of House," he said. "We Whips make Houses, and you empty them. DUFF—and he's not a Whip now—made all the running with his orations on the herring brand. Thought I would make a hit this time."

"I was a little afraid of it too," said ANSTRUTHER.

"Oh, you were all right," said MARJORIBANKS; "the New Magazine Rifle will not fire unless, after first shot, you clean it out with an oily rag, and I was going to take precious good care to forget the rag. You've no public spirit, ANSTRUTHER, since you left us to help WOLMER to whip up Dissentients."

Grandolph's Latest Achievement.

No appeal from SPEAKER's ruling. MARJORIBANKS had to make the best of botched business. Brought to the table a spring snap-extractor, a bolt-head screw, and some other odds and ends; poor substitute for what he had intended. Still made out admirable case, Government mustering majority of only 34 against Motion.

Just before Midnight, Tithes Bill reached; GEDGE's Amendment still blocked the way; Chairman called aloud, "Mr. GEDGE!" no answer; place empty. Whilst Members whispering inquiry, Bill passed through Committee, and Ministers triumphed. That's all very well, but where's GEDGE? COBB, who is developing quite unsuspected gifts in the Amateur-detective line, intends to take this matter up when he has settled the affair of the Coroner at the BEDFORD inquest.

Business done.—Tithe Bill through Committee. Mysterious disappearance of SYDNEY GEDGE.

Thursday Night.—GRANDOLPH back again, bringing his sheaves—I mean his beard—with him. Hardly knew him at first. No such beard been seen in House since MACFARLANE left us. Not quite the same colour; but GRANDOLPH could give a handful to MACFARLANE, and win.

"Yes," he said, when I complimented him on so magnificent a result achieved in comparatively short time, "when I do a thing, I like to do it well. Little awkward at first, you know, specially on a windy day; tendency to get between your knees, or wrap itself round your neck. But we're growing used to each other, and shall get on nicely by-and-by."

More of Tithes Bill. Drearier than ever, now GEDGE's place is empty. *Business done.*—Report Stage of Tithes Bill.

Friday.—Conversation as to course of public business. OLD MORALITY regrets Tithes Bill not through Reporting stage yet. Down on the paper for to-night, but didn't think there would be much chance of reaching it. So put it down for Monday. If not got through then, must be taken on Thursday, and JOHN MORLEY's Resolution on Crimes Act shunted along indefinitely. Much regretted this; duty to Queen and Country, &c.; but no one had yet discovered the secret of inclosing a quart of fluid matter in a glass receptacle not exceeding the capacity of one pint.

Members thus informed that Tithes Bill was taken off *agenda* for to-night, went off; House emptied; and when, at quarter-past Seven, CONYBEARE rose to discuss Mining Royalties, was Counted Out.

"Why, bless me!" cried OLD MORALITY, aghast at the news, "here's a sitting practically wasted, and we might have used it for the Tithes Bill. *Business done.*—Motion to abolish Livery Franchise negatived by 148 votes against 120.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

SCENE—*The outside of a small fancy-stationer's in a back-street. The windows are plastered with highly-coloured caricatures, designed to convey the anonymous amenities prescribed by poetic tradition at this Season of the Year. A small crowd is inspecting these works of Art and Literature with hearty approval.*

First Artisan. See this 'ere, BILL? (*He spells out with a slow relish.*) "With yer crawlin,' lick-spittle carneyin' ways,
You think very likely bein' a nippercrit 'll pay!
Still some day it's certain you'll be found out at lorst
As a cringin', sloimy, snoike in the grorss!"

Why, it might ha' been wrote a-purpose for that there little cantin' beggar up at our shop—blowed if it mightn't!

Second Artisan. Young MEALY, yer mean? But that's cawmplimentry—for *him*—that is!

First A. But yer see the ideer of it. They've drawed im a snoike, all 'cept 'is 'ed, d'ye see? That's why they've wrote "Snoike in the Grorss," underneath. Hor-hor! they must be smart chaps to think o' sech things as that 'ere, eh? [*They move on.*

First Servant Girl (*reading*)—
"Two squintin' boss-heyes, and 'air all foiry-red.
You surely can't ever expect to be wed?
Yer nose shows plain you've took to gin,
You're a nice party for a wedding-ring!"

I ve 'arf a mind to go in and git one o' them to send Missis.

Second S. G. (*in service elsewhere*). Oh, I *would!* Go in, SALLY, quick. I can lend yer a ap'ny towards it.

Sally (*meditatively*). *I'd* do it—on'y she'd guess 'ood sent it her!

Second S. G. Let 'er. You can stick 'er out it wasn't *you*.

Sally. I *could*, o' course—but it wouldn't be no use, she'd tell the 'andwriting on the hongvelope! (*Gloomily.*)

Second S. G. Oh, if that's all, *I'll* direct it for yer. Come on, SALLY; it will be sech a lark, and then you can tell me all about what she said arterwards! [*They enter the shop.*

First Young Person in hat and feathers (*reading*)—
"The female 'art you think you'll mash,
By sporting stick-up collars and a la-di-da moustache.
But I tell you straight it'll be a long time
Before I take you to be *my* Valentine!"

I do wonder what CHORLEY 'AWKINS would say if I sent him one of them.

Second Y. P. But I thought you told me CHORLEY 'AWKINS never took no notice of you?

First Y. P. No more he does—but p'raps this 'ud *make* him!

A Young Woman (*who has fallen out with her fiancé*). They ain't *arf* Valentines this year. I wish I could come across one with 'orns and a tail!

Elder Sister (*to small Brother—in a moral tone*). *Now*, JIMMY, you see what comes o' Book-learnin'. If you 'adn't gone to the Board School so reg'lar, you wouldn't ha' been able to read all the potry on the Valentines like you can now, *would* yer now?

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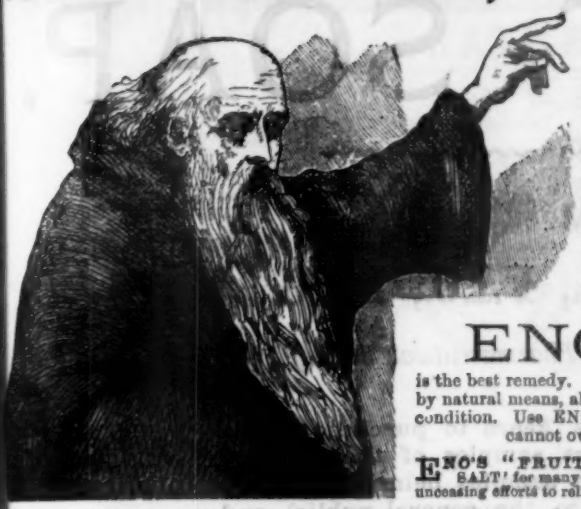
HOUSE SANITATION, TYPHOID, AND DIPHTHERIA.

BLOOD POISONS.



It is no exaggeration to state that not one quarter of the dwellings of all classes high or low, rich or poor, are free from dangers to health, due to defects with respect to drainage, &c., &c. . . . These original defects will inevitably entail a loss of health and energy to the occupants of the houses, and this may go on for years, working insidiously, but with deadly effect. . . . It is painful to know that, after all that has been done of late years in the way of sanitary improvements, persons die almost daily, POISONED by the DRAINS that should save life and not destroy it.—Sanitary Congress, September, 1882.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

How few know that after breathing impure air for two and a half minutes every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisoned blood, not a point but must have suffered injury.

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EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; from which on the first I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A Corporal, 18th Hussars. May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

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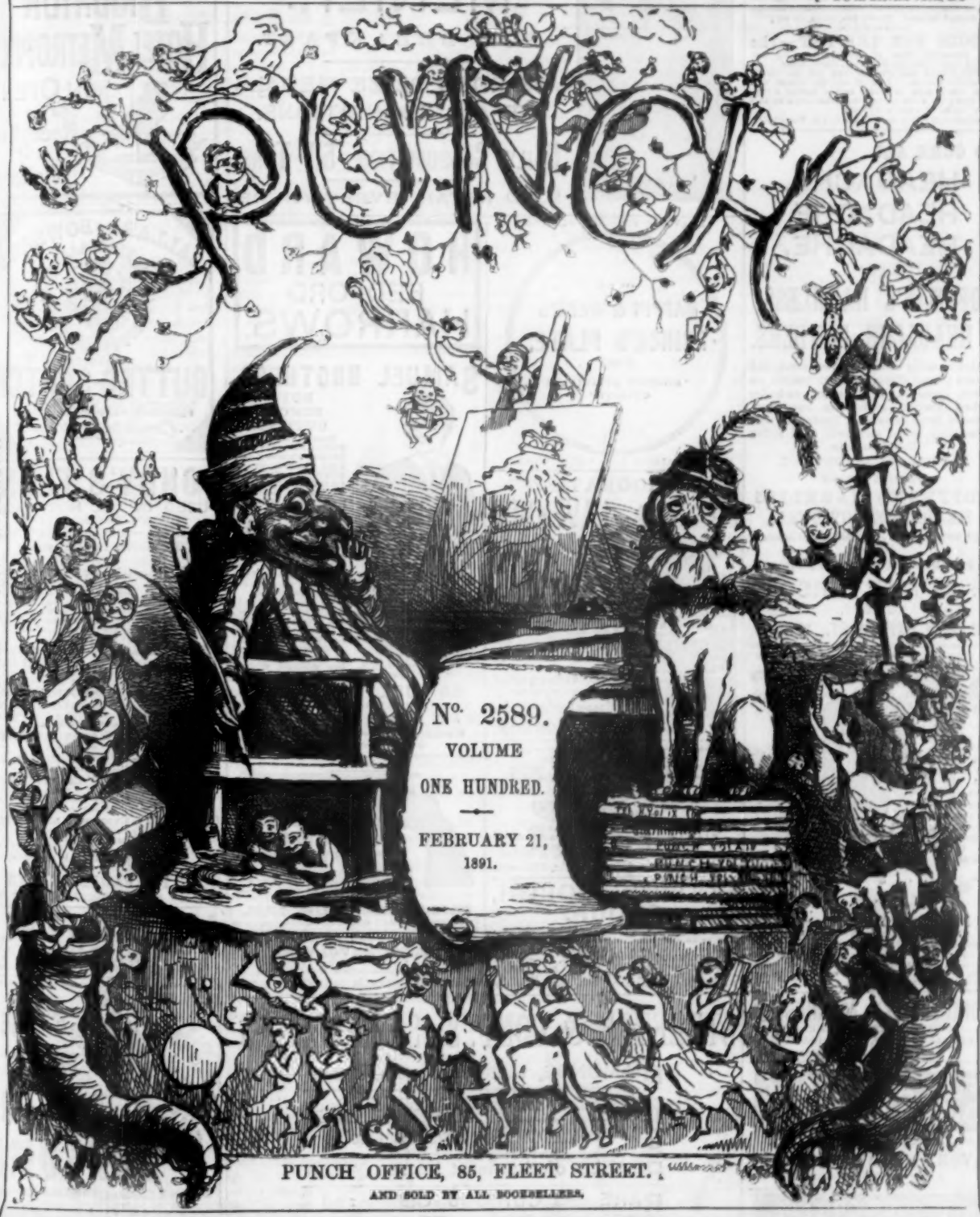
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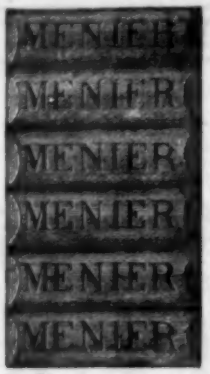

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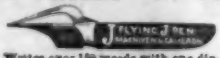

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CONDY'S FLUID WORKS,
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ALL FAT PEOPLE
Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.).
The only safe cure for Stoutness. Send 2s. 6d. to TRILENE CO., 79, Finsbury Pavement, London.

SWEET LAVENDER
MAUDE MILLETT'S BRAND, REGISTERED.
THE FAVORITE ENGLISH PERFUME
Always Refreshing, Sweet and Lasting.
PRICE 1/, 2/6, 5/, & 10/6 per Bottle.
To be had of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c.
WHOLESALE—R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XIII.—THROUGH SPACE ON A FORMULA.

(*By* RULES SPURN, *Author of "Gowned and Curled in Eighty Stays," "Twenty Thousand Tweaks Sundered the Flea," "A Tea with Ice," "A Doctor on Rocks and Peppermint," "A Cab-Fare from 'The Sun,'" "The Confidence of the Continent," "Attorney to Dissenters up at Perth," "Lieutenant Scattercash," &c.*)

["This," writes the Author, "is one of my best and freshest, although on a moderate computation it must be my thousand and first, or so. But I have really lost count. Still it 's grand to talk in large numbers of leagues, miles, vastnesses, secrets, mysteries, and impossible sciences. Some pedants imagine that I write in French. That 's absurd, for every schoolboy knows (and lots of them have told me) that I write only in English or in American. I have some highly dried samples of vivid adventure ready for immediate consumption. Twopence more and up goes the donkey, up, up, up to be a satellite to an undiscovered star. Brave Donkey! I follow."—R. S.]

CHAPTER I.

THE iceberg was moving. There was no doubt of it. Moving with a terrible sinuous motion. Occasionally an incautious ironclad approached like a foolish hen, and pecked at the moving mass. Then there was a slight crash, followed by a mild convulsion of masts, and spars, and iron-plates, and 100-ton guns, then two or three gurgles and all was still. The iceberg passed on smiling in triumph, and British Admirals wrote to the *Times* to declare that they had known from the first that H.M.S. *Thunderbomb* had been so faultily constructed, as to make a contest with a hen-coop a certainty for the hen-coop.

And still the iceberg was moving. Within its central chamber sat a venerable man, lightly clad in nankeen breeches, a cap of liberty, and a Liberty silk shirt. He was writing cabalistically. He did not know why, nor did he know what "cabalistically" meant. This was his punishment. Why was he to be punished? Those who read shall hear. The walls of the chamber were fitted with tubes, and electric wires, and knobs and buttons. A bright fire burned on the hearth. The thick Brussels carpet was littered with pot-boilers, all fizzing, and sputtering, and steaming, like so many young Curates at a Penny Reading. Suddenly the Philosopher looked up. He spoke to himself. "Everything is ready," he said, and pressed a button by his side. There was a sound as of a Continent expectorating, a distant nose seemed to twang, the door opened, and a tall lantern-jawed gentleman, wearing a goat-beard and an expression of dauntless cunning, stepped into the room.

"I guess you were waiting round for me," said Colonel ZEDEKIAH D. GOBANG (for it was indeed he), and sat down in an empty arm-chair, as if nothing had happened.

The Philosopher appeared not to notice. "Next character, please," he said, pulling out a long stop, and placing his square leg on the wicket which gave admission to his laboratory, while he waited for the entrance of the Third Man. There came a murmur like the buzz of a ton of blasting powder, in a state of excitement. A choir of angels seemed to whisper "Beefsteak and Pale Ale," as Lord JOHN BULLPUP dashed, without a trace of emotion, into the room, and sneezed three times without stopping to wipe his boots on the mat.

"One more," said the Philosopher. He hurled himself, feet first, at the ceiling, knocked his head against the floor, and called down the tube. "*J'y suis!*" came the answer, and the typical, light-hearted Frenchman, M. le Docteur REVERSI, with his thousand thunders, and his blue lower chest, tripped jauntily up to the other three. "And now," remarked the Philosopher, "we have got the lot complete. The story can start. Hurry up! Hark forrard! *En avant!*"

CHAPTER II.

"LEND me your ears," said the Philosopher. They lent them, but without interest. Yet they were all keen business men. "Attention, my friends!" he continued, somewhat annoyed. "You know why I have summoned you. We have to make another journey together. The moon, the sea, the earth—we have voyaged and journeyed to them, and they are exhausted. It remains to visit the Sun, and to perform the journey in an iceberg. Do you see? Colonel GOBANG will supply the craft, Lord JOHN BULLPUP the stupid courage, and you, M. le Docteur," he added, admiringly, "will of course take the cake."

He paused, and waited for Lord JOHN's reply. It came prompt, and in the expected words.

"Is it a plum-pudding cake?" said Lord JOHN. The rest laughed heartily. They loved their jokes, small and old.

"Are we agreed?"

"We are."

"Have you anything to ask?"

"Nothing. When do we start?"

"We are on our way."

"Shall we not melt as we approach?"

"Certainly not."

"How so?"

"We shall have a constant frost."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. I have taken in a supply of *Matinées*, and a stock of Five-act Tragedies."

"Good. But how to raise the wind?"

Scarcely had the question been asked, when a frightful explosion shook the iceberg to its foundations. The Doctor rushed to the gas-bag. It was empty. He frowned. Lord JOHN was smoking his pipe; the Colonel was turning over the pages of an old Algebra. He muttered to himself, "That ought to figure it out. If x = the amount of non-compressible fluid consumed by a given labourer in y days, find, by the substitution of poached eggs for kippered herrings, how many tea-cups it will take to make a transpontine hurricane. Yes," he went on, "that 's it. Yes, Sirree." And at these words the vast mass of congealed water rose majestically out of the ocean, and floated off into the nebular hypothesis. But the Philosopher had vanished.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the explosion narrated in the last chapter took place, the Philosopher had been looking out of the window. The shock had hurled him with the speed of a pirate 'bus through the air. Soon he became a speck. Shortly afterwards he reached a point in his flight situated exactly 40,000 miles over a London publisher's office. There was a short contest. Centrifugal and centripetal fought for the mastery, and the latter was victorious. The publisher was at home. The novel was accepted, and the Philosopher started to rejoin his comrades lost in the boundless tracts of space.

CHAPTER IV.

"MY faith," said Lord JOHN, "I am getting tired of this. Shall we never reach the Sun?"

"Courage, my friend," was the well-known reply of the brave little Doctor. "We deviated from our course one hair's-breadth on the twelfth day. This is the fortieth day, and by the formula for the precession of the equinoxes, squared by the parallelogram of an ellipsoidal bath-bun fresh from the glass cylinder of a refreshment bar, we find that we are now travelling in a perpetual circle at a distance of one billion marine gasmeters from the Sun. I have now accounted for the milk in the cocoa-nut."

"But not," said the Philosopher, as he popped up through a concealed trap-door, "for the hair outside. That remains for another volume." With that, he rang a gong. The iceberg splintered into a thousand pieces. The voyagers were each hurled violently down into their respective countries, where a savage public was waiting to devour them.

TOLSTOI ON TOBACCO.

[Count TOLSTOI has been declaiming against Tobacco in *The Contemporary Review*, and this in no way exaggerates his views.]

TOLSTOI fuming, in a pet,
Raves against the cigarette;
Says it 's bad at any time,
Leads to every kind of crime;
And the man who smokes, quoth he,
Is as wicked as can be.

TOLSTOI knew a man who said
He cut off a woman's head;
But, when half the deed was done,
Lo, the murderer's courage gone!
And he finished, 'tis no joke,
Only by the aid of smoke.

TOLSTOI asks us, when do boys
First essay Nicotian joys?
And he answers, quite aghast,
When their innocence is past.
Gamblers smoke, and then again
Smoking pleases the insane.

TOLSTOI, when he writes this stuff,
Swears he 's serious enough;
Lately Marriage earned his sneers;
At Tobacco now he jeers;
Proving that, without the weed,
Some folks may be mad indeed.

THE SERENADE: OR, OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

(Latest Transatlantic Version.)

"Replying to Sir JOHN MACDONALD's manifesto, Mr. MERCIER said it was ridiculous to say that reciprocity was veiled treason, and meant annexation to the United States."

Times' Montreal Correspondent.

Uncle Sam (twanging his patent Reciprocity Banjo) sings:—

OH, my love my passion can hear—and see,
Over the garden wall;
She is sighing, and casting sheeps' eyes at me,
Over the garden wall:
Miss CANADA muses; look at her there!
My wooing and BULL's she is bound to compare,

And she pretty soon will to join me prepare,
Over the Garden Wall!

Chorus (pianissimo).

Over the garden wall,
O sweetest girl of all!
Come along do, you'll never regret;
We were made for one another, you bet!
'Tis time our lips in kisses met,
Over the Garden Wall!

Your father will stamp and your father will rave,
Over the garden wall;
And like an old madman no doubt will behave,
Over the garden wall.
M'KINLEY has riled him, he's lost his head.
MAC's Tariff is stiff, but if me you'll wed,
I'll give Reciprocity, darling, instead,
Over the Garden Wall!

Chorus (piano).

Over the garden wall!
MACDONALD is bound to fall.
'Tis MAC against MAC, my Canadian pet,
And M'KINLEY is bound to win, you bet!
So join *me*, dear; we'll be happy yet,
Over the Garden Wall!

One day you'll jump down on the other side,
Over the garden wall;
There's plenty of room, and my arms are wide,
Over the garden wall:
JOHNNY may jib, and Sir JOHN may kick,
I have an impression I'll lick them—slick;
So come like a darling and join me quick,
Over the Garden Wall!

Chorus (forte).

Over the garden wall!
Dollars, dear, rule us all.
Patriot sentiment's pretty, and yet
Interest sways in the end, you bet!
MERCIER's right; so pop, my pet,
Over the Garden Wall!

Where there's a will there's always a way,
Over the garden wall!
MACDONALD's a Boss, but he's had his day,
Over the garden wall!
Tariffs take money, but weddings are cheap,
So wait till old JOHNNY is snoring asleep,
Then give him the slip, and to JONATHAN creep,
Over the Garden Wall!

Chorus (fortissimo).

Over the garden wall!
Your "Grand Old Man" may squall,
And swear Miss CANADA's loyal yet.
But loyalty bows to Dollars—you bet!
'Tis time our lips in union met
Over the Garden Wall!

[*Left twangling seductively.*

QUEER QUERIES.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.—My General Servant has just left me suddenly, on the ridiculous excuse that she was being "killed by overwork." She was not required to rise before 5 A.M., and she was generally in bed by twelve. Our house is not large, though rather lofty, and there are only fifteen in family. Of course I shall not pay her any wages, and shall retain her boxes; but how can I *really* punish her for her shameful desertion?—CONSIDERATE.

HAIR FALLING OFF.—My hair is coming off, not slowly, but in one great circular patch at the top of the head. A malicious report has in consequence been spread abroad in the neighbourhood that I have been *scalped!* What course ought I to adopt to (1) recover damages against my traducers, and (2) recover my hair?—LITTLE WOOL.

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.

"The first practical constructive step towards lighting the City of London by means of electricity, was taken yesterday (Feb. 3), when the LORD MAYOR placed in position the first stone of the main junction-box for the electric conductors, at the top of Walbrook, close under the shadow of the western walls of the Mansion House."—*Times.*

Bill Sikes. "WELL, I *HAM* BLOWED! IF THEY'RE GOIN' TO 'AVE THIS BEASTLY 'LECTRIC LIGHT ALL OVER THE PLACE—WOT'S TO BECOME OV *HUS?*"

Mr. William Sikes, Junior, loquitur:—

WELL, I *ham* blowed! I say, look 'ere, you NANCY!
Old Gog and Magog *is* woke up at last!
Goin' to hilluminate the City. Fancy!!
When this yer 'Lectric light is fairly cast
On every nook and corner, hole and entry
Of London, you and me is done, to-rights.
A Slop at every street-end standin' sentry,
Won't spile our game like lots o' 'Lectric Lights.

The Lights o' London? Yah! That's bin all boko.
Were London *lighted*, how could you and me
Garotte a swell, or give a tight 'un toko?
We ain't got arf a chance where coves can *see*.
'Tis darkness plays our game, and we've 'ad plenty,
But this means mischief, or my name ain't BILL.
Wy, not one pooty little plant in twenty
Could we pull orf if *light* spiled pluck and skill.

It's beastly, NAN, that's wot it is. Wy, blimy,
Narrer ill-lighted streets is our best friends.
Yer dingy nooks and slums, sombre and slimy,
Is gifts wot Providence most kyindly sends
To give hus chaps a chance of perks and pickins;
But if the Town's chock-full of "are" and "glow,"
With you and me, NAN, it will play the dickens.
We must turn 'onest, NAN, and *that's* no go!

'Ang Science! Ile lamps and old Charlies—bless 'em!—
Wos good for trade, *our* trade. Ah! if my dad
Could see 'ow Larnin', Law, and Light oppress 'em,
Our good old cracksmen-gangs, he'd go stark mad.
As for the *Hartful Dodger* and old *Fagin*,
Ah! they're well hout of it. Wot could they do
With Science and her bloomin' fireworks plaguin'
Their hartfullest little games the whole Town through?

Our only 'ope, my NAN, is in the Noodles,
There's still some left in London I'll be bound.
To lurk a crib, prig wipes, sneak ladies' poodles,
Gits 'arder every day; we're watched all round.
Many a programme wot looks vastly pooty,
Mucked by the mugs, leads on to wus and wus.
But if they *do* light up the dim, cramped, sooty,
Gog-ruled old Town—*wot's* to become of *hus?*

MOST APPROPRIATE.—The Bishop of DURHAM has appointed Mr. T. DIBDIN Chancellor of the Diocese of Durham. He already holds the Chancellorships of Exeter and Rochester. Three Chancellorships, all on the high seas too! "THOMAS DIBDIN" is the right man in the right place.

PROVERB "UP TO DATE."—"Cumming events cast their shadows before." And let's hope the shadows will be speedily dispelled.

HOW IT'S DONE.

(A Handbook to Honesty.)

No. VIII.—"SOLD AGAIN!"

Scene—*An Auction-room, breathing an air of solid, if somewhat Philistinish suburban comfort and respectability. Amidst a labyrinthine accumulation of household furniture, a number of people are dispersed, many of them substantial-looking middle-class male and female "buyers," with lists and lead-pencils, on the look-out for "bargains," a sprinkling of the ancient race, and an outer fringe of casual, lounging, lookers-on. The gentleman in the rostrum is a voluble personage, with a rapidly roving eye, of preternatural quickness in picking up "bids." Attendants, shaggy men, in soiled shirt-sleeves, with saw-dusty whiskers, and husky voices. A pleasant-faced* Paterfamilias, *and his* "Good lady," *are discovered inspecting a solidly-built, well-seasoned, age-toned chest of mahogany drawers.*

Paterfamilias (sotto voce). Just what you want, my dear, as far as I can see. What do *you* think?

Materfamilias. *I* like the look of them much, John. None of your new, cheap, thinly-veneered, blown-together rubbish, smelling

of shavings and French-polish. Solid ma'ogany, every bit; the drawers run as smoothly as could be wished, and—see! if there ain't actually some sprigs of dry lavender still a laying in 'em!

Paterfamilias (decidedly). Just so, my dear. I shall certainly bid for them. [*Marks his catalogue vigorously.*

Auctioneer (dropping his hammer smartly). Sold! Remove the first-class feather-bed, Sam. Buyer o' *that* has a bargain! (*Nodding blandly to pleased purchaser.*) Really the prices at which things are going to-night are ruinous! 'Owever, there's no reserve, and the lucky public gets the pull. The next article, Ladies and Gents, No. 471, is a very superior, well-made, fully-seasoned, solid Spanish ma'ogany chest of drawers. Chest o' drawers, Sam! (*To* Paterfamilias.) *Would* you mind standing a inch or so aside, Sir? Thanks! There they are, Ladies and Gentlemen, open to hinspection, and warranted to bear it. An unusually excellent lot, fit for the sleeping-apartment of a prince, at a price within the means of a pork-butcher. (*Laughter.*) Oh, it's righteous, Gents. No 'umbug about *me*. There's quality, if you like. Well worth a ten-pun note. What shall I have the pleasure of saying for this very superior article? 'Ow much for the chest o' drawers? Who bids for the ma'ogany chest? Thirty shillings. Thank you, Sir! Any advance on thirty shillings? Thirty-five! *And* six! Thirty-five-and-six for this very desirable little lot! Worth five times the amount, Ladies, as *you* know! What do you think, Mum? [*To* Materfamilias, *who smiles vaguely, and looks at her husband.*

Paterfamilias. Two pounds! [*Feels he has made an impression.*

Auctioneer. Two pounds! (*Confidentially to* P.) *Your* good lady knows a good bit o' stuff when she sees it, Sir! Two pounds for the chest! Two pounds! Any advance on a couple o' pounds? All done at two pounds? Going at two pounds! (*Meeting silence, pretends to hear another bid.*) Two-pun-ten! Quite right, Sir! Very foolish to lose such a superior harticle for a pound or two. Going at two-pun-ten! Larst time, two-pun ten! Going—going—g——

Paterfamilias (hastily). Two-fifteen!

Auctioneer (cheerily). Two-fifteen! (*Taking other imaginary bids.*) Three-pounds! Three-five! (*Thank you, Madam.*) Three-ten! Going at three-ten! Last time, three-ten! (*To* Paterfamilias.) Are *you going to lose it, Sir?* Worth double, I assure you! Ask your good lady!

Materfamilias (aside). Bid three-fifteen, John, but not a penny more!

Paterfamilias (weakly). Three-fifteen!

Auctioneer. Three-fifteen! Four! Going at four! Last time at four! All done, four! Going, going—gone! (*Drops hammer.*) Sold at four pounds, Sam! (*Looks round.*) Who bid four?

[*No response, as the last bid was imaginary.*

Sam (huskily). Gen'l'man as bid four jest slipped hout, Sir.

Auctioneer (tartly). Tut—tut—tut! Too bad, really. Well, Sir, then I must take *your* bid. Sold to this Gentleman, Sam, at Three-fifteen!

[Paterfamilias, *highly pleased, pays deposit, and arranges to send for his bargain in the morning. As he and his "good lady" leave, they notice close by, three men with barrows, each bearing a blazingly red and strongly-smelling chest of drawers.* Materfamilias *complacently remarks on the manifest superiority of the article they have purchased, to* "that *red rubbish.*" *Next morning they receive, instead of their own "bargain," one of these identical brand-new, badly-made, unseasoned, thinly-veneered "shop 'uns," which are "blown together" by the gross for such purposes. They protest, but vainly, notwithstanding their true assertion that the drawers they received contain "fresh shavings" instead of the "sprigs of blooming lavender" they had observed in those they thought they had purchased.* Paterfamilias, *a week later, looking in at the Auction-room, sees what he could swear to be the very chest of drawers he had purchased being "sold again" in a similar fashion.*

"MY PRETTY JANUS, OH NEVER LOOK SO SHY!"

Augustus Druriolanus is greater than ever. It is the penitential season of Lent; some excellent persons renounce all worldly amusements; others, not quite so excellent, and both lots thinking, it may be, no small beer of themselves, we may term the first lot Treble Excellent and the second Double Excellent—the latter division think that concerts possibly, sacred concerts certainly, and certain other forms of mild and non-theatrical entertainments, are of a sufficiently severe character to constitute, as it were, a form of discipline. Then there are the larger proportion of those "who," as *Mrs. Malaprop* would say, "'care for none of these things,' like Galileo, my dear," and who inquire, "What is the state of the odds as long as we think we're happy?" and who would indulge in balls and theatres, and in every other form of amusement, while such pursuits afforded them, or seemed to afford them, any pleasure. To the first section, *i.e.*, the "unco guid," Druriolanus has nothing to offer, not even a course of sermons by popular preachers; but to the two others he has much to say. For these, last Saturday, he commenced the first of his series of Lenten Oratorios at Covent Garden—it was the 14th of February, and this was his Valentine—and on the 17th, *i.e.*, the Tuesday afterwards, having made, so to speak, a clean sweep of everything serious, out he comes with his Fancy Dress and Masked Ball. *Elijah* the Prophet, on Saturday, in the Covent Garden Calendar, must be reckoned among the "minor profits," seeing that the biggest profit would be found in the *Bal Masqué* on Tuesday. Over the doors should be the motto, "*Festina Lente*," whereof the Druriolanian translation must be, "Keep it up in Lent." *Ave Janus Druriolanus!*

Janus Druriolanus.

Suggestion for Costume at another Masked Ball.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.

WHAT! when *London Assurance* is going off so well every night, isn't it a pity that it should go off altogether? CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Dazzle* is delightfully flashy, and FARREN as the old beau, *Sir Harcourt*, admirable. Miss MOORE charming, Mrs. BEERE bright and sparkling; BOURCHIER quite up to "the Oxonian" mark of *Tom and Jerry*; BLAKELEY delicious, and GIDDENS as good a *Dolly Spanker* as you'd wish to see. It's too good to be "taken off." Not that the piece itself is a perfect gem, but the acting! *Tout est là.* Oddsfish, your Majesty, CHARLES REX, Merry Monarch of the Cri, don't remove it altogether, but let us have it just once or twice a week during the season. CHARLES, "our friend," do! It's worth while, if but to see you sitting carelessly at the end of the piece in that chair, R.H., as if you didn't care for anything or anybody. Only—cut the tag and come to the Curtain.

THE ETHICS OF MATCH-BOXES.

BY COUNT DOLLSTOI.

(*Intended for a Contemporary, but found to be too short.*)

I.

WHAT is the true explanation of the use which people make of matches—of safety matches, wooden matches, WAX matches, and, less commonly, of fusees? Ask any man why he uses such things, and he will tell you that he does it to get a light, or because others do it.

Is this true? You will probably think so. Let us examine the question. Why does a man hold his hand in front of a match when he lights it in the street? To screen it from the wind, or *to hide it from the sight of passers-by?* Why do ladies leave the dinner-table before the men begin to smoke? To avoid the smell of tobacco—which is well known to be aromatic, healthy, and delightful—or *because the natural modesty of women shrinks from witnessing the striking of a match?* Why, in a railway-carriage, do you hold your fusee out of window when you light it? Is it because you do not care about being half-choked—a paltry plea—or is it to conceal from young persons who may be in the carriage the sparkle which must inevitably remind them of wicked and alluring eyes?

"*To get a light, or because others do it.*" Is that true? Do not trifle with the question. Read all my works. Do not get them from a contemptible circulating library, but buy them.

II.

SOME may not yet be convinced that the striking of matches is suggestive and immoral. To me nearly everything is suggestive, but there are some stupid persons in England. I will be patient with them, and give them more evidence.

A WAX match is called a vesta. Who was Vesta? But this is too horrible. I cannot pursue this point in a periodical which is read in families. I can only refer you to the classical dictionary, and remind you that everything must infallibly suggest its opposite. Again, there are matches which strike *only* on the box. It distresses me to write these words. The idea of "onlyness," of restriction, must bring matrimony to the mind of everyone. If you do not know what I think about marriage, buy *The Kreutzer Sonata.* It is not customary to have more than one wife. Consequently, anything which has *one* in it—as, for instance, the date of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—reminds me of marriage, and is, therefore, degrading. Why, the very word "match" suggests marriage; and yet we allow young children to sell whole boxes of them in the streets. Horrible! Do you think our lower orders would become discontented, and strike, if they had not seen matches doing it first? Still more horrible!

Finally, you strike a match that never struck you, that never offended you in any way. Is that just, or even manly? Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the law takes no notice of the offence.

"*To get a light, or because others do it.*" Are you not convinced now that, when you use these words, you are not speaking the truth?

III.

I DO not think I ever met anybody who was quite as moral, or quite as original, as I am. You should give a complete set of my works to each of your children. I might have generalised on the ill-effects of those vices from a special case—my own case. Had I done so, I could have got it printed. I can get anything printed that I write. I preferred to take a newer line, and to show you how vile you are when you use matches. Everything is vile. But you are wondering, perhaps, how a great novelist becomes a small faddist. You must wait till next month, and then read my article on the immorality of parting one's hair with a comb. A common table-fork is the only pure thing with which one can part one's hair. Combs deaden the conscience. But more of this anon.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

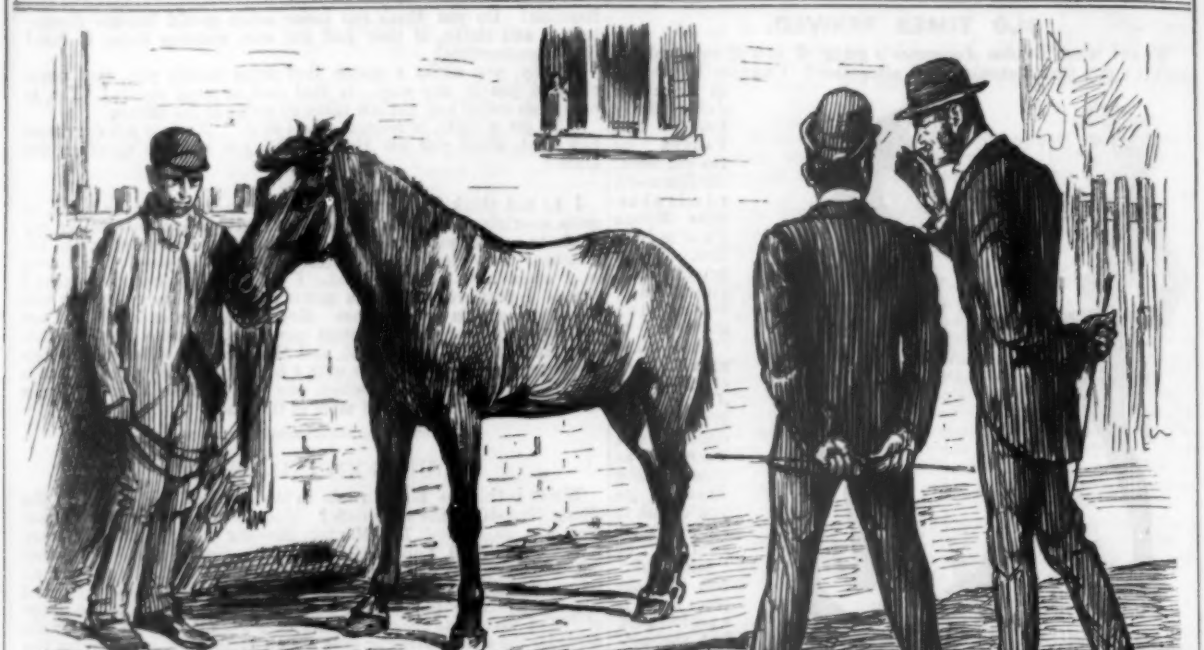
WHAT is this the Baron reads in the *D. T.* of Feb. 9, and in the *Daily Graphic* of the same date? Here is a portion of the extract from the *D. T.*:—"The Monthly Meeting of that quaint Literary Society, 'Ye Odd Volumes,' at Limmer's Hotel, brought together not merely a goodly show of the Volumes themselves, but an unusually large array of visitors," and then follows the distinguished list, the crowning point being reached when we come to the name of "The Baron de BOOK-WORMS of *Punch*," and in the *Daily Graphic* the daring reporter goes a step farther, as, after giving the name of a certain honoured guest, he parenthetically explains that this academical *convive* is *the* "Baron de B.-W.!" *Erreur!* I, the Baron de B.-W., being of sound mind and body, hereby declare that *the Baron himself was not present.* And why? Well, do my readers remember the honest milk-maid's retort to the coxcomb who said he wouldn't marry her? Good. Then, substituting "me" for "you," and "he" for "she," the Baron can adopt the maiden's reply. After this, other reasons would be superfluous.

How came the reporter to fall into so great an error? Who misinformed him? A worthy henchman, as indignant as was *Sam Weller* when he found his beloved master's name trifled with, writes to ask me, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, Sir?" With the immortal *Mr. Pickwick*, the Baron replies, "Certainly not. Not on any account." And, whatever that sturdy henchman may murmur to himself, he at once obeys. "Bring me my books!" cries the Baron, "I am off to the review."

The Baron's Deputy writes, that he has again been steeping himself in poetry, and reports as follows:—*Ionica* (GEORGE ALLEN) is a little volume, which no admirer of true poetry should fail to possess. The author now calls himself W. CORY, but he was known by a different name to many generations of Etonians. His Muse generally wears a classical robe, but her speech is always delightfully musical. She has beautiful cadences, that haunt the memory like some old *Volkslied.* In spite of a careless confusion between "thou" and "you," I defy anybody to read "*Heraclitus*," to take only one instance, without a sense of pleasure which will compel him to learn the two verses by heart. But the Muse is pathetic, playful, and patriotic, too, when the occasion fits, and, whatever she sings, she sings with genuine taste and feeling. Would that we might hope for more of her pure music. So far the Deputy.

Was that excentric character in *David Copperfield* nameless, who was represented as sitting in some sort of slop-shop, wheezing out fiercely, "O my lights and liver! O goroo, goroo!" I think DICKENS didn't give him a name, good or bad; but his constant repetition of the above outlandish exclamations has impressed upon him an awful and terrific personality, which places him among the more popular creations of Dickensian genius. Of what is this *à propos?* you will ask the Baron. "Well," he will make reply, "it is *à propos* of cookery books, and bookery cooks; the latter being those who are not above teaching themselves from the sacred books of Cookery, and who can put in practice the lessons they learn therein. Now," quoth the Baron, "let me recommend you to ask at CHAPMAN AND HALL'S for *Hilda's 'Where Is It' of Recipes*, a work got up as simply and substantially as a good dinner should be, with 'pages in waiting,' quite blank, all ready for your notes,—the book, like a dining-table, being appropriately interleaved; and there is, happy thought, a pencil in the cover-side most handy for the intending Lucullus." The season of Lent is an excellent one for cookery-books, because you can be studying for the dinner-giving season, and then—do not forget the generally excellent advice of your friend,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

"There now, Mr. Moss! *There's* a Picture for yer! Why, he's regular downright *built* for yer, that little 'Osse is! Suit yer to a T,—and dirt-cheap at a Hundred-and-Twenty Guineas!"
"Exactly, Mr. Isaacs. Knock off the Hundred, and he's mine!"

THE RIVAL "JARVIES;"

OR, THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

Air:—"*The Low-backed Car.*"

"*Honest John*" *sings:*—

When first I knew Ch-rl-s St-rt,
'Twas in a happier day,
The Jaunting Car he drove in
Went gaily all the way.
But now the Car seems all askew,
Lop-wheel'd, and slack of spring;
Myself and Will, in fear of a spill,
Feel little disposed to sing,
As we sit on the Jaunting Car,
The drivers at open war,
Seem little to care
For a Grand Old Fare,
As they fight for the Jaunting Car.

Ch-rl-s St-rt at one rein, Sir,
And J-st-n at the other,
Give prospect small of progress
In pummelling one another.
As Honest John my chance is gone
Of helping ill-used Pat,
If the Union of Hearts in Shindy starts,
And the Message of Peace falls flat.
Will and I on the Jaunting Car,
With the couple of Jarvies at war,
Are sad to our souls,
Wherefore win at the polls
If we lose on the Jaunting Car?

In battle's wild commotion,
With proud and hostile Sm-th,
O'er Land or Tithe, our hearts were blithe,
Till P-en-ll sapped our pith.
But "Mr. Fox's" lethal darts
Make "Union" all my eye;
Our ranks they thin (whilst our enemies grin),
As right and left they fly.
Though we cling to the Jaunting Car,
We were better out of it, by far;
Not the G. O. M.'s art
Can those Jarvies part
Who fight for the Jaunting Car.

I rather like this Car, Sir,
With Gl-dst-ne by my side;
But row galore is an awful bore,
When two would-be whips collide.
With J-st-n seated forninst us,
To victory we *might* haste, [noise,
But with squabbling bhoys, and a deuce of a
Our efforts are cut to waste. [Car,
Though we're perched on the Jaunting
Our purpose these madmen mar,
Whilst W-ll-m and I,
With a tear and a sigh,
Hold on to the Jaunting Car.

Par about Pictures.—Messrs. J. and W. Vokins, Great Portland Street, have an interesting loan collection of some of the Old Giants of the English Water-colour School on view. There may be found Turner, De Wint, William Hunt, Holland, Copley Fielding, Stanfield, Mulready, J. D. Harding, besides many others. How good are the Old Giants, and their works are as bright and fresh as the day they were painted. Their reputations have not faded, neither have their pictures, and moreover, they are not likely to. And so say all of us! And so says, Yours paragonically, Old Par.

THE HUNDRED-AND-TEN-TONNER!

What is it, that, with labour skilled,
Though taking full three years to build,
The place of better weapons filled?
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

What was it, though, that had to stoop,
When fired, to putting on a hoop,
Spite this, yet found its muzzle "droop"?
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

And what, that matters made more hot,
Such curious ammunition got,
It cost £400 a shot?
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

Yet, much to the tax-payer's bliss,
What, firing such a sum as this,
At eighteen hundred yards would miss?
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

What is it, spite the First Lord's grace,
That guns of better make and case
At half the cost could well replace?
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

So, what no more upon the deep
Should John Bull floating useless keep,
But quickly from his Navy sweep?
The Hundred-and-Ten-Tonner!

Proposed Tunnel between England and Ireland.—An Irishman observed this would bridge over a lot of difficulties; he begged pardon, he meant it would Leth-bridge them over.

THE RIVAL "JARVIES."

J. M-rl-y. "DRIVE ON, M'CARTHY!—IT'S *YOUR* JOB!"

HUNTING SKETCH.

The Lost Shoe, or Late for the Meat.

CANDOUR IN COURT.

[In *Savell* v. *the Duke of Westminster*, Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, said:—"It was the demands for interrogatories and discovery of documents and commissions in cases of this simple nature which had made the practice of the Common Law so expensive, and caused the public to fly from Courts of Law as from a pestilence. This oppression must be put down."]

"How does it hap," quoth Esher, M.R.,
"That Solicitors languish for lack of bread?
That want of cases, as felt by the Bar,
To cases of want has recently led?
Oh, how does it come, and why, and whence,
That men shun the Law as a pestilence?

"It can't be denied that the public tries
To avoid an action by every means;
To a Court it with much reluctance hies,
And to arbitration madly leans.
In fact—I say it without offence—
It shuns the Law as a pestilence.

"'Tis all the fault," said this great Law Lord,
"Of demands for inspection, and similar pleas;
Of expenses that neither side can afford,
Commissions and interrogator-ees;
Till Pelion's piled on Ossa—and hence
Men shun the Law as a pestilence.

"*I* call it oppression, and I'm a Judge!
We must put it down, for the wrong's acute;
And then the public no fees will grudge,
But will rush to get suited with a suit;
For Law, the perfection of common sense,
Should never be shunned as a pestilence!"

KING JOHN AT OXFORD.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society have acted another Shakspearian play with conspicuous success. To say that the O. U. D. S. have acted a play of Shakspeare is to say nothing, seeing that they are compelled, under fear of the most dreadful punishments known to the University Calendar, to confine their histrionic efforts to the drama as Shakspeare wrote it, with an occasional excursion into the dramatic verse of Browning. A great many, however, of the most influential members of the Hebdomadal Council are said to view any such departure from Shakspeare with alarm, as calculated to impair the discipline and sap the morality of the tender nurselings confided to their charge, and it is doubtful if the experiment will be repeated. Long live the legitimate drama, say I, and so say all of us. But, after all, it may be questioned whether those who can listen unharmed to the broad, and, if I may say so, "illegitimate" humour of *Faulconbridge* in *King John* would take much damage from Sheridan, or Lytton, or Tom Taylor, or even—though I make this particular suggestion with bated breath—from the performance of such burlesques as the A. D. C. at Cambridge from time to time offers to its patrons.

All this is, however, by the way. We must take the O. U. D. S. as we find it, and I must confess I found it in a very strong and flourishing condition during the performance of *King John*. The audience is not an easy one to act to. Not that it errs on the side of over-criticism. Rather it is too painfully friendly and familiar with the actors. Here is a stray example culled from the Stalls:—

Enter King Philip, *the* Dauphin, *and attendant Knights.*

Undergraduate in the Stalls (*to his Neighbour*). Halloa! There's old Johnnie in chain armour and a helmet. Did you ever see such a rum 'un? Let's make him laugh.

[*They do, and the unfortunate Knight infects his fellow Knights at a moment when a specially stern demeanour is required.*

Or again, as here:—

The Dauphin *places his arm round the waist of the* Lady Blanch, *and conducts her to the back of the stage.*

Voice in the Dress Circle. Look out for the Proctor!

[*General laughter.*

But in spite of these and similar exuberances, the play went well from first to last, and the enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. It was stated on the programme that Mr. Henry Irving had lent the chain-mail and the tapestries. I have come to the conclusion that he lent himself as well, and then went and pretended he was his own son. At any rate, while Mr. Henry Irving (stated to be of New College) was declaiming as *King John*, I could have sworn that the impersonator of *Shylock* and *Macbeth* was walking the stage. Voice, gesture, and even mannerisms were there, toned down, of course, to suit the academic atmosphere, but manifest to all who know and love the great original. My hearty congratulations to the actor, whoever he was, on a most carefully studied and dignified rendering of his difficult part. Mr. Alan Mackinnon, who grouped and arranged the whole of the play, was vigorous and spirited as *Faulconbridge*. He delivered his insults with immense force and go. The letter "*r*" is not an easy one for him to pronounce, but he struggled manfully with this obstacle, and after a time I got perfectly accustomed to the bold tones in which he ordered *Austria* to "hang a calf-skin chround those chrechreant limbs." *King Philip's* legs were, perhaps, too much inclined to independence, and never quite seemed to have made up their minds where they would settle down, but when once they were fixed the King was every inch a King. Little Miss Mabel Hoare made us all weep copiously as *Arthur*. I have kept *Hubert* to the last, in order to emphasise my opinion that Mr. Clark, of New College, who acted this tender-hearted Chamberlain, carried off the chief honours of the performance. For consistent and restrained force, it would not have been easy to match Mr. Clark's impersonation. Lady Radnor's band was delightful, in light-blue and pink bows.

The fight in the Second Act was tremendous. Never have I seen such dreadful blows delivered with such immense vigour on any other stage. A very polite French Knight who had taken part in the combat accorded me the honour of an interview afterwards. I congratulated him, and suggested that so realistic a battle must have been long and carefully rehearsed. "Rehearsals!" he laughed; "not a bit of it. We just lace into one another's heads as hard as we can lick." For the benefit of Mr. D'Oyly Carte and other fighting managers I have given these admirable words as they were spoken.

I had almost forgotten the ladies. There were three, Miss Fetitche, Mrs. Charles Sim, and Miss Dowson, and they were all good—especially Mrs. Sim as *Constance*.

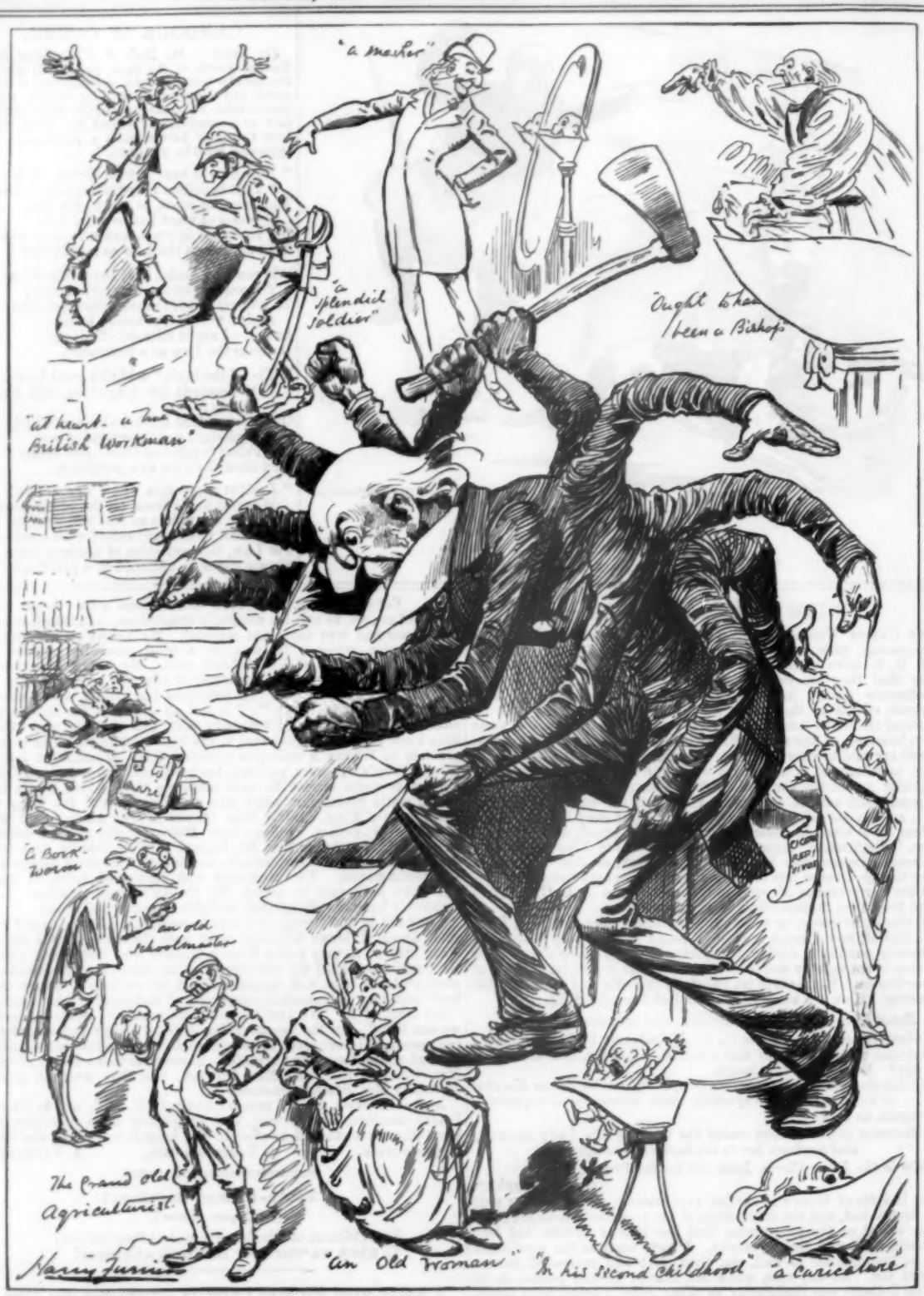
And so farewell, for the present, to the O. U. D. S. and to Oxford. I may mention, by the way, that hospitality is as extensive and port wine as abundant as ever in the neighbourhood of the High. *Experto crede.* Yours to a turn, A Vagrant.

A South-African Sentiment.

(*See Papers passim.*)

The Colossus of Rhodes as a marvel they toss us;
To which we retort, *our* Rhodes *is* a Colossus!

A Ready-made Military Chaplain.—"The Rev. the Dean of Battle." Evidently of the Church militant.



ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS. No. 1.—THE G. O. M. VARIETY ENTERTAINER.

THE PINK OF COURTESY, AND A TRUE BLUE.

Last week a Cambridge Graduate, a Layman, not a Reverend Don, kindly coached the Oxford Eight. The great Duke of Wellington, courteously instructing the French Army how to defeat the English, would be an historical parallel. It is to be hoped that this sublime example of unselfish devotion to aquatic sport will be followed in other walks of life. We may expect to learn from the daily papers how,—

On Monday a Cabinet Council was held at Downing Street. Lord Salisbury presided, and Mr. W. H. Smith being indisposed, Mr. W. E. Gladstone (at a moment's notice) kindly consented to take his place.

On Tuesday General Caprivi went on leave, his place as confidential adviser to the Emperor of Germany being supplied during his absence by Prince Von Bismarck.

The Czar of Russia, wishing to take a short holiday in Denmark, has arranged that his place shall be supplied by Prince Alexander, once of Battenberg, and late of Bulgaria. Before his return to St. Petersburg His Majesty is likely to spend some time as the guest of several leading Nihilists.

On Wednesday President Carnot paid a long visit to General Boulanger, with a view to submitting to that eminent statesman a scheme for the reorganisation of the French Army.

On Thursday the King of Italy, having arranged to accompany Signor Crispi in a yachting cruise to South America, the Pope took up his residence at the Quirinal, and presided at a National Council. Later in the day his Holiness reviewed the Roman garrison.

On Friday Mr. O'Brien gave a numerously attended "at home" in his new prison. Amongst those present were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Parnell, Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. Tim Healy. It is understood that the result of this amicable meeting will be found in a spirit of reciprocity exhibited in the anti-Parnellites writing Mr. Parnell's manifestoes for the Parnellites, and *vice versâ*.

Query by Ignoramus.—From the *Times'* "Court Circular," Feb. 11:—"The following Ladies and Gentlemen had the honour of receiving invitations, and being received by Her Majesty afterwards in the Drawing Room." Well, Sir (writes our Correspondent) and where are they usually received? In the kitchen? The report doesn't mention whether it was the front or back Drawing Room.

INCONVENIENCE OF MODERN MALE ATTIRE.

First Stranger. "Here—Hi! I want a Knife and Fork, please!"
Second Stranger. "Con-found you—so do I!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 9.—The Attorney-General, with copy of Orders in his hand, casts reproachful, almost angry, glance on the harmless Howorth; that great diplomatist just dropped in from Arlington Street; been to see the Markiss, and give him latest instructions as to conduct of public affairs, more especially with respect to Behring Sea, the Northampton Election, the Newfoundland Fisheries difficulty, and Assisted Education. A little fatigued with his exertions; doesn't observe Webster's woful regard.

"If it hadn't been for him," Attorney-General mutters, still glaring on elect of Salford, "shouldn't have to be down here now, answering these sort of questions."

Caustic Causton.

No doubt Howorth was, though undesignedly, originator of the business. Saw in incident of Hartlepool election an opening for minimising effect. Wrapped purpose up in form of question addressed to Attorney-General. Question in subtly diplomatic form insinuated against Furness charge of breach of Corrupt Practice Act. Attorney-General, knowing that Howorth is the man who pulls the strings of statecraft, not only in Salford and London, but in Berlin and St. Petersburg, did not venture to decline to answer; gravely played up to his lead. Opposition laughed and cheered; saw their opening, and have since diligently filled it. Scarcely day passed since that questions on hypothetical cases, addressed to Attorney-General, have not appeared on Orders. As they are moulded on Howorth's, which he answered fully, even genially, difficult to refuse reply. But there must be a limit to this kind of thing; reached to-day when caustic Causton comes forward with request for gratuitous opinion on case submitted, involving difficult question of eligibility of Catholics for seat on Woolsack. Summers, who, depressed by Irish domestic difficulty, hasn't put a question for three weeks, goaded into activity; puts down another on same subject. Mr. Attorney respectfully declines to answer either. Opposition yell with derisive cheers.

Mr. Attorney a man of equable temper, but this too much for him. Must find object of attack somewhere. Waited till Howorth had said adieu to five ladies whom he had been showing round the House. "Look here, Howorth," said Mr. Attorney, his amiable visage clouded with unwonted wrath, "you content yourself with looking after the Markiss, and keeping him straight, but don't you come round me any more with your confoundedly clever questions."

Business done.—Tithe Bill still on Report stage.

Tuesday.—Met John Morley in corridor just now walking along with long stride and troubled countenance. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Is the French Revolution still troubling you, or are you in fresh difficulties On Compromise?"

"No, dear Toby," he said; "like Martha, I am troubled with none of these things. The fact is, I am pining for opportunity to give battle to Balfour in the matter of his Government of Ireland. You remember I tabled notice of a Motion on the matter as soon as the House met in November. Then I was so anxious, so absorbed in the subject, that I forgot all about it till Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit appeared on the scene, and bid against each other for precedence. Thereupon I pulled my Resolution out of pigeon-hole; reminded Old Morality of my prior claim; had it admitted, and day fixed. Should have come on last Monday, you know. Tithes Bill in hand all last week; everybody tired of it; agree there's really nothing in it; Opposition smouldering out; then suddenly, my Motion having been put down for Monday, interest in Tithes Bill swells; becomes absorbing. Couldn't possibly finish last Thursday; everyone so urgent to continue debate that House was Counted Out on Friday; yesterday was appropriated for further debate on

Report stage; Thursday next is taken for Third Reading, and I'm put off till Monday."

"And who arranged all this?" I asked, with unfeigned sympathy.

"Well, it was our fellows, you know, with assistance of Irish Members. We are all so anxious to have it out with Prince ARTHUR that we made it impossible for debate on his iniquities to come on this week. TIM HEALY suddenly developed personal interest in Tithes Bill. Put down several new Clauses. So succeeded in perhaps indefinitely deferring debate on my Resolution. You know little, TOBY, of the thirst for battle. It's more exhausting than the conflict itself. You'll excuse me, I'll take another turn; to walk off the restless excitement is the only hope left for me."

Walking it Off.

And crossing his hands behind him, honest JOHN was off again, down the corridor, his red necktie gleaming in the further recesses like the lurid light of battle.

Business done.—Tithes Bill through Report stage.

Wednesday.—Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on again. A hardy annual, carefully cultured in Commons, and regularly nipped in Lords. The speeches to-day naturally did not present any features riotously novel. HALL of Oxford (not the University, but the Brewery) seconded Motion for rejection of Bill. A beautiful speech, I thought, full of touching sentiments, delivered with much unction. His plea for the sanctity of sisterhood brought tears into eyes unused to excessive moisture. Didn't seem to have much to do with the Bill, but very touching.

"Like evening bells," I said to the Member for Sark.

"More like a barrel-organ," he responded, gruffly. "HALL has the oratorical manner of a street-preacher, and the emptiness of a tankard that a thirsty porter has held to his lips for sixty seconds. Like a skilfully-drawn glass of his own four-half, he's mostly froth: only, after all, there's something under the froth in the glass of 'HALL's Hextra,' and there's nothing beneath the sound of HALL's ambitious common-places."

Hirsute Hints for Lord Randolph; or, the Art of Political Make-up.

SARK often says nasty things; seems in particularly disagreeable mood to-day. Even fell foul of the inoffensive Member for Crewe. WALTER MCLAREN, whilst declaring himself strongly in favour of Bill, wanted to throw it out because it didn't provide opportunity for women to marry their deceased husband's brother.

"MCLAREN," snarled SARK, "is one of those typical Radicals who have no toleration. He's the sort of man who would bite off his nose to spite his face. Quiet, gentle, almost feminine, in his manner, he would think nothing of boiling you and me in molten lead if we didn't cross our t's exactly at the height he is accustomed to do, or dotted our i's at an angle which did not conform with his views. Scratch a Radical, TOBY my boy, and you'll find the Tyrant."

I'll take care to do no such thing.

Business done.—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill read Second Time by 202 Votes against 155.

Thursday.—After long period of anxiety, House to-night reassured. GEDGE, who hasn't been seen since he disappeared after obstructing passage through Committee of Tithes Bill, turned up again. Curiously regarded by House; looked for signs of privation, but no falling off visible, whether in physical contour or volume of voice. Tithes Bill during his absence has gone through Committee and Report stage. Now awaiting Third Reading. GEDGE proposed to continue his speech interrupted by stroke of Midnight, when House in Committee. Fixed himself obligingly behind GOSCHEN and HICKS-BEACH, so that they should miss nothing of his counsel, and started off. Instantly arose stormy cries for Division. GEDGE, wherever he has been, seems to have been well-fed, and kept generally in good fettle. Cheerfully accepted challenge to vocal contest. Every time he commenced sentence the boisterous chorus, "'vide! 'vide! 'vide!" rang though House. Opposition, who didn't want Bill, started it; Ministerialists, anxious to see Bill pass, took it up; a roaring, excited crowd; amid them GEDGE, grey-faced, imperturbable, with mouth wide open, shouting in the ear of the pleased CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. *Business done.*—Tithes Bill read Third Time by 250 Votes against 161.

Friday.—The United Services come nobly to the front to-day, all about Nelson's Pillar in Sackville Street, Dublin. However it may be at Westminster, Irish Members can't abear obstruction at home; brought in Bill to remove Monument lower down street; long debate; towards close Admiral FIELD suddenly hove in sight; bore down on enemy.

"As humble naval officer," he roared, as through a speaking-trumpet, "I protest against addressing our immortal naval hero in the words of the Poet, saying unto him, 'Friend, go down lower.'"

General FRASER, V.C., sitting next to Admiral on Front Bench below the Gangway; bosom swelled with generous emulation; Navy attacked; duty of Army to come to its assistance. General doesn't often speak; appearances as public orator chiefly confined to responding to patriotic toast at dinners. This led him a little astray. Drawing himself up to full height, setting hands on hips, he began, in deep bass voice, "In rising to respond to this toast——" Then, remembering where he was, he executed strategic retreat, and addressed himself to SPEAKER.

"In rising to respond."

Spectacle of the two veterans defending memory of NELSON deeply touched House. Nevertheless, Bill carried. *Business done.*—Counted Out at Half-past Seven.

IN MONTAGU WILLIAMS' *Later Leaves* there is a small error, but of importance to the historian of the English Stage, which can be corrected in the next edition:—Mr. KEELEY never played *Bob Nettles*, and there is no such character in TOM TAYLOR'S *Our Clerks*. *Bob Nettles* is one of the principal characters in *To Parents and Guardians*, and it was played by MRS. KEELEY, her husband playing *Waddilove*. Middle-aged play-goers will remember both pieces; and in the latter, no one will forget ALFRED WIGAN as the French Tutor.

CIVIL SERVICE NOTE.—The Directors of the Covent Garden Opera Company present their compliments to the C. S. Examiners, and trust that they will reconsider their determination to exclude the Italian language from their list of subjects. The Directors will be happy to give every facility to students during the forthcoming Opera season. Box Office now open. Reduction on taking a quantity.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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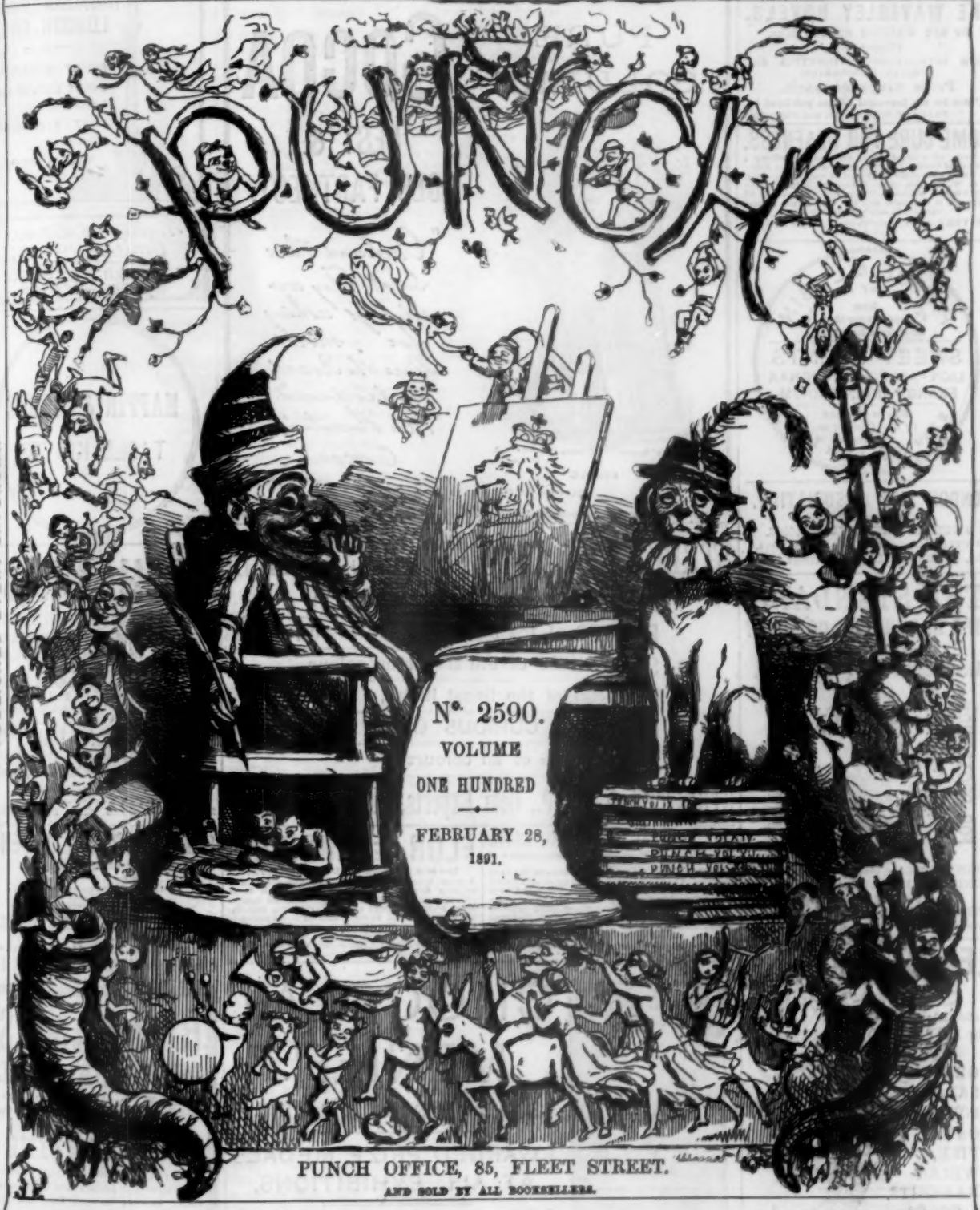

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ODONTO Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Sold everywhere.

SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

No. II.—The Literary "Ghost."

We will assume, simply for the purposes of this argument, that you, reader, are an innocent-minded elderly lady, and a regular subscriber to the Local Circulating Library. You are sitting by your comfortable fireside, knitting a "cross-over" for a Bazaar, when your little maid announces a gentleman, who says he has not a card-case with him, but requests that you will see him.

"You are sure he *is* a gentleman, Mary Ann?" you will inquire, with a slight uneasiness as to the umbrellas in the hall.

"Oh, a puffict gentleman, Mam," says Mary Ann—"with a respirator."

Upon this testimony to his social standing, you direct that the perfect gentleman shall be shown in.

Mary Ann has not deceived you—he has a respirator, also blue spectacles, and a red nose. He apologises with fluent humility for intruding upon you without the honour of a previous acquaintance, and takes a chair, after which he shifts his respirator to his chin, sheds a pair of immense woollen gloves into his hat, and produces a bundle of papers, over which he intreats you to cast an eye. On perusing them, they prove to be letters from various eminent authors, whose names are, more or less, familiar to you. These documents are more interesting as autographs than from any intrinsic literary merit, for they all refer to remittances for various amounts, and regret politely that the writer is not in a position to obtain permanent employment for his correspondent. While you are reading them, your visitor pays assiduous court to your cat—which impresses you favourably.

"Possibly, Madam," he suggests, "you may be personally acquainted with some of those gentlemen?" When you confess that you have not that honour, he seems more at his ease.

"I asked," he says, "because I have long heard of you as a Lady of great taste and judgment in literary matters—which, after seeing you, I can the more readily understand."

It is a fact that several of your nieces and female neighbours are in the habit of declaring that they would rather take your opinion on a novel than that of all the critics; still, you had not expected your fame to have spread so wide.

"I had another motive," he confesses, "because, if you were intimate with any of these authors, I should naturally 'esitate to say anything which might have the effect of altering your opinion of them. As it is, I can speak with perfect freedom—though in the strictest confidence. You see before you, Madam, an unfortunate bean, whom circumstances have 'itherto debarred from ever reaping the fruit of his own brine! Well may you remark, 'Your Gracious Goodness'"—(*your natural astonishment having escaped you in the shape of this invocation*)—"for in your goodness and in your graciousness rests my sole remaining 'ope. I was endowed from an early age with a fertile and versatile imagination, and creative powers which, without vanity, I may say, were of a rather superior class. The one thing I lacked was inflocence, and in the world of letters, Madam, as I am sure you do not need to be informed, without inflocence Genius is denied a suitable opening. At several literary Clubs in the West End I made the acquaintance of the authors whose letters you have just had the opportunity of reading—men who have since attained to the topmost pinnacle of Fame. At that time they were comparatively obscure; they 'eard my conversation, they realised that I 'ad ideers, of which they knew the value better, perhaps, than I did myself. I used to see them taking down notes on their shirt-cuffs, and that, but I took no notice of it at the time. Probably you have read the celebrated work of fiction by Mr. Gashleigh Walker, entitled, *King Cole's Cellars?* I thought so. I gave him the plot, scenery and characters complete, for that story. I did, indeed."

"And do you mean to say he has taken all the credit himself!" you exclaim, very properly shocked.

"If he has," he replies, meekly, "I am far from complaining—a shilling or two was an object to me at that time. And it got me more work of the sort. There's *Booty Bay*, now, the book that made Robertson—*that* was took down, word for word, from my dictation, in a back parlour of one of Lockhart's Cocoa-Rooms. I got fifteen shillings for that. *He* got, I daressay, 'undreds of pounds. Well, *I* don't grudge it to him. As he said, I ought to remember he had all the *manual* labour of it. Then there's that other book which has sold its thousands, *Four Men in a Funny*—that was mine—all but the last chapter; he *would* put in that, and, in *my* opinion, spoilt it, from an artistic point. But what could I do? It was out of *my* 'ands! I must say I never anticipated myself that it would be so popular. 'I should be robbing you,' I said, 'if I took more than ten shillings for it.' All the same, it turned out a good bargain for him. Then there's the Drama, you would hardly credit it that I could name three leading theatres at this present moment where pieces are running which came originally out of *my* 'ed! But it's no use my saying so—no one would believe it. And now I've 'elped all these men up the ladder, they can do without me—they can go alone—or think they can. See the way they write—not a word about owing anything to my 'umble services, a postal order for three-and-six; but that's the world all over!"

"But surely," you will sympathetically observe, "you will expose them, you will insist on sharing in the reward of your labours—it is a duty you owe to the public, as well as yourself!"

"So I've been told, Madam. But what can I do?—I'm a poor man. 'Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed,' as Pope, or Goldsmith—for a similar idea occurs in both—truly observes. To put my case before the public as it *ought* to be put, I should first have to gain the ear of the Press—and you want a golden key to do that, nowadays. The Press is very reluctant to run down successful writers. 'Hawks won't pick out Awkses heyes,' as Burns remarks. (*By this time you are probably fumbling for your purse, which, as usual, is at the bottom of your work-basket.*) No, they will find me out some day—after I'm dead and gone, most likely! In the meantime I envy nobody. I have the consciousness of Genius, and—I'm sure your generosity is overwhelming, Madam—I really never ventured to—Pardon these tears; it is the first time my poor talents have ever obtained such recognition as this! Could you crown your favours by giving me the names and addresses of any charitable friends and neighbours whom you think at all likely to follow your noble example? . . . I thank you from my heart, Madam, and, when I succeed in recovering my literary in-'eritance, and am called upon to issue a collected edition of my works, I shall take the liberty of inscribing on the title-page a dedication to the generous benefactress who first 'elped to restore my fallen fortunes!"

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

With this he seals his lips again with the respirator, pockets his documents and your donation, and bows himself gratefully out, leaving you to meditate on the unscrupulousness of popular Authors, and the ease with which a confiding public is hoodwinked.

M. P. Manfield, M.P.

Northampton's new Member an honour can claim
On which he need set little store:
He now has M.P. written after his name,
But he always had M.P. before.

If every M.P. in the lobby counts one,
To the *Ayes*, or the *Noes*, walking through,
Does logic demand, in each case, *pro* and *con.*,
M. P. Manfield, M.P., should count two?

Chance for Spinsters of an Uncertain Age.—There is to be a Mahommedan Mission in England.

"THE WATER BABIES AND THE ROYAL GODMOTHER."

BRAVO, BAGSHAWE!

A LADY of Bedford, despotic and rash,
Tried to force her poor groom to shave off his moustache.
Judge BAGSHAWE the wise, made her pay for her prank.
This makes one inclined to sing, "*I know a Bank*,"
Where BAGSHAWS might bring common-sense, for a change;
They're worse than the Lady of Goldington Grange,
These Banking Bashaws with three tails, who must clip
Nature's health-giving gift from a clerk's chin or lip.
Bah! What *are* they fit for, these stupid old rules?
To be shaped by rich tyrants, obeyed by poor fools!

QUEER QUERIES.

ENGLISH HISTORY.—I have been reading several books on this subject, and am rather puzzled. Are the English people, *as existing now*, Teutons, or Danes, or Celts, or what? Can we be Teutons when the aborigines of these islands were not Teutonic? I feel that my own genius—and I have a lot—is Celtic; at the same time I have always prided myself on my Norman blood; yet from my liking for the sea, which never makes me sick, at least at Herne Bay, I fancy I must be descended from a Scandinavian Viking. What is the ethnological name given to a person who is an amalgamation of such heterogeneous elements?—INQUIRER.

THE BRUM AND THE OOLOGIST.

[Mr. W. JAMES asked the LORD ADVOCATE whether his attention had been called to a circular, issued from Birmingham by the Naturalists' Publishing Company, inviting applications for shares in "An Oological Expedition to the land of the Great Auk," meaning the Shetland Isles, and stating that, "if the season is a pretty fair one, a haul of at least twenty thousand eggs" of rare sea-birds might be expected.—*Daily Paper.*]

THE "Brum" and the Oologist
Were walking hand in hand;
They grinned to see so many birds
On cliff, and rock, and sand.
"If we could only get their eggs,"
Said they, "it would be grand."

"If we should start a Company
To gather eggs all day,
Do you suppose," the former said,
"That we could make it pay?"
"We might," said the Oologist,
"On the promoting lay!"

"Then you 've a tongue, and I a ship,
Likewise some roomy kegs;
And you might lead the birds a dance
Upon their ugly legs;
And, when you 've got them out of sight,
I 'll steal their blooming eggs."

"Oh, Sea-birds," said the Midland man,
"Let 's take a pleasant walk!
Perhaps among you we may find
The Great—or lesser—Auk;
And you might possibly enjoy
A scientific talk."

The skuas and the cormorants,
And all the puffin clan,
The stormy petrels, gulls, and terns,
They hopped, and skipped, and ran
With very injudicious speed
To join that oily man.

"The time has come," remarked the Brum,
"For 'talking without tears'
Of birds unhappily extinct,
Yet known in former years;
And how much cash an egg will fetch
In Naturalistic spheres."

"But not *our* eggs!" replied the birds,
Feeling a little hot.
"You surely would not rob our nests
After this pleasant trot?"
The Midland man said nothing but,—
"I guess he 's cleared the lot!"

"Well!" said that bland Oologist,
"We 've had a lot of fun.
Next year, perhaps, these Shetland birds
We 'll visit—with a gun;
When—as we 've taken all their eggs—
There 'll probably be none!"

TOUCHING CONFIDENCE IN THE FOG.

Gentleman of Engaging Manners. "BLESS YOUR 'EART, YOU 'LL BE HALL RIGHT ALONG O' *ME*, MUM! LET ME KERRY THE LITTLE BAG FOR YOU, MUM!!"

Queer Queries.

DIVORCE FACILITIES.—I should like to be informed in what part of the United States it is that a Divorce is granted in half-an-hour, at a merely nominal fee, on the ground of conscientious objections to monogamy? What is the cost of getting there, and would it be necessary that my wife should go there too? There might be a difficulty in persuading her to take the journey.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

A CANADIAN CALENDAR.

(*To be hoped not Prophetic.*)

1892. Reciprocity firmly established between the Dominion and the U.S.A.

1893. Emigration ceases between the Dominion and the Mother Country, and trade dies out.

1894. Return from Canada of families of the best blood to England and France.

1895. Great increase of the Savage Indian Tribes in the country, and the Improvident Irish Population in the towns of the Dominion.

1896. Practical suspension of trade between the Dominion and the U.S.A., the latter having now attained the desired object of shutting out goods of British manufacture from the American market.

1897. England refuses to assist Canada in resenting Yankee encroachment in the seal fisheries.

1898. Canada asks to be annexed to the U.S.A.

1899. After some hesitation Uncle SAM consents to absorb the Dominion.

1900. Canada becomes a tenth-rate Yankee State.

THE DICTUM OF DIOGENES.

"ONE MAN, One Vote!" A very proper plan
If you with each One Vote can find—One *Man!*

MRS. GRUNDY TO MR. GOSCHEN.

THE Three per Cents, the Three per Cents,
Serene but mortal Three,
In view of recent sad events,
Oh! give them back to me.
Oh! GOSCHEN, Sir, kind gentleman,
Hear my polite laments;
Restore this trio, if you can—
Those musical Per Cents.

My income once was safe, if small;
It 's larger, but unpaid,
Despite "the quite phenomenal
Development of Trade."
The "Bogus Man" is on the track,
And queer "Financial Gents"
Have promised me in white and black
Their Six and Ten per Cents.

The Three per Cents were regular,
Respectable, and good. [par"
Their health was such that "under
They very seldom stood; [rash,
They needed no "conversion"
Like Darker Continents;
A sort of Sunday turned to cash
They were, my Three per Cents.

A distant river somewhere rolls,
The wicked River Plate;
Upon its *banks* there flourish souls
Perverse and reprobate.
Ah, send your missionaries *there!*
If haply it repents,
I 'll not surrender Eaton Square
For Surrey's wild or Kent's.

Not I alone; the best that breathe,
Archbishop, Duke, and Lord,
Your bust with chaplets rare will wreathe,
This boon if you 'll accord.
How can we by example shame
The mob who mock at rents,
If we are left to do the same
Without our Three per Cents?

Reft of a carriage, life is poor:
A well-conducted set
Needs ready money to procure
Their butler and *Debrett.*
The country totters to its fall,
Disgraced to all intents,
Unless you instantly recall
Our solid Three per Cents.

THE FLOWERLESS FUNERAL.

(*By a Flower Merchant.*)

FUNERAL Reform? Oh! just a fad,—
Its advocates, in fact, as bad
As those who want Cremation.
A set of foolish, fussy fools
Whose misplaced ardour nothing cools—
A nuisance to the nation!

Economy, they 're all agreed,
Should be with them a cult and creed,
Simplicity a passion.
They 'd quickly wreck this trade of ours,
Since they would scorn the use of flowers,
If they could set the fashion!

Yes; parsons agitate, but these
Good gentlemen all take their fees—
We thank them much for giving
Such good advice upon this head,
But recollect that from the dead
We 've got to get our living!

CHORUS OF THE OBJECTORS TO THE PROPOSED LORD'S TUNNEL RAILWAY.—"WATKIN the matter be!"

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XIV.—LE PÉTROLIUM; OU, LES SALOPERIES PARISIENNES.

(*Par Zorgon-Gola, Auteur de "Toujours Poivre," "Charbon et Orasse," "La Fange," "499 Pages d'Amour," "Le Pourvoyeur Universel," "Une Rêveuse qui vise l'Académie."*)

I.—LA FAMILLE.

SI vous voulez voir les *Slums* Parisiens et comprendre le Peuple—avec la majuscule—vous devez visiter les Saloperies, faubourg au delà de Belleville et de Ménilmontant, faubourg où les femmes sortent le matin en cheveux — ça ne veut pas dire comme Lady GODIVA, mais simplement sans chapeau—acheter de la charcuterie; et où vers minuit dans des bouges infects les hommes se coupent le gavion, en bons zigs, après une soirée de rigolade. C'est ici qu'on trouve des admirables exemplaires de cette nombreuse famille EGOU-OGWASH, qui, datant de PHARAMOND, peuple Paris et joue tous les rôles dans la comédie humaine. Ce n'est pas une famille tout à fait vieille roche, voyez-vous: au contraire, ça commence dans la boue de Provence et finit dans les égouts de Paris; mais elle est distinguée, tout de même. Elle a son épilepsie héréditaire, belle et forte épilepsie qu'on trouvera partout dans cette vingtaine de romans que je suis resolu d'écrire au sujet des EGOU-OGWASH. C'est une épilepsie généalogique. Il y en a pour toute la famille.

II.—LES POPPOT.

JANE POPPOT se promenait sur le Boulevard des Saloperies par une belle matinée d'août. En cheveux, panier sur le bras, elle allait acheter de la charcuterie pour le déjeuner de son mari, oui, son mari pour de bon, chose unique dans la famille OGWASH, un vrai mariage à la Mairie et à l'église. Cette petite blonde, JANE, a ses idées à elle de se ranger, de vivre en honnête femme avec son respectable JEAN POPPOT qui l'adore, au point de lui pardonner tout le volume premier de son histoire.

Il n'y a pas dans tout Paris ménage plus gentil que le petit appartement au septième des POPPOT dans une cité ouvrière de ce Betnal Grin Parisien. Tout va bien avec ces braves gens. Lui, c'est le Steeple-Jack de Paris, où il fait les réparations de tous les toits. Elle, blanchisseuse de fin, a développé un secret dans la façon d'empeser les plastrons de chemises. Elle fait des plastrons monumentaux, luisants, dur comme l'albâtre. Elle a des clients dans le beau monde et à l'étranger, jusqu'au Prince de BALEINES, qui lui confie ses chemises de grande toilette, celles qu'il porte au dîner du Lor Maire, par exemple.

JANE achète sa charcuterie, et après elle s'arrête au coin de la rue pour regarder Paris. C'était un tic qu'elle avait, de regarder Paris. Cela tenait de la famille OGWASH. Instinct de race.

Paris, vu du hauteur des Saloperies, semble une grande marmite pleine de boue et de sang, où les gens grouillent, se tordent, s'empiffrent, se dévorent, et *squirment* dans leur propre graisse, comme de la blanchaille sautant dans l'huile bouillante. Un nuage de *sewer-gas* monte jusqu'à JANE stationnée sur la hauteur de Belleville; et dans cette brume puante elle sent l'odeur de femmes et de l'ognon, le cognac, le meurtre, le fricot, le mont de piété, les omnibus, les croquemorts, les gargotes, les bals à l'entrée libre pour dames, tout ce qu'il y a de funeste et de choquant dans cette ville infecte.

JANE s'amuse à flairer toutes ces horreurs pendant que le pauvre POPPOT danse devant le buffet en attendant l'arlequin ou le demi kilo de charcuterie assortie dans le panier de sa femme.

III.—DÉGRINGOLADE.

ELLE a dégringolé. Cela a commencé tout doucement en trainant ses savates. Quand une femme dégringole elle traine ses savates. C'est une loi universelle. L'on ne dégringole pas sans trainer ses savates; l'on ne traine pas ses savates sans dégringoler. Ainsi gare aux souliers éculés. O, mais elle est changée, cette pauvre p'tite blonde! La maladie héréditaire des EGOU-OGWASH vient d'être indiquée. POPPOT, ce brave POPPOT, lui aussi il dégringole. Il ressemble à un réverbère sur le boulevard dont on oublie d'éteindre le gaz. Il est allumé du matin au soir.

Ça a commencé si gentiment après que ce bon Steeple-Jack était tombé du faîte de Notre Dame, où il faisait des réparations. Le pauvre homme a fait cette chute en regardant JANE, qui dansait le cancan sur la Place du Parvis pour choquer ces crétins de *Cook-tourists*, et pour distraire son mari. C'était pendant la convalescence de POPPOT que la dégringolade a commencé. JANE lui donna un dé à coudre de vilain cognac, et de ce premier doigt de casse-poitrine à l'ivrognerie brutale n'était qu'une glissade, presque aussi rapide que la glissade de Notre Dame. POPPOT trainait ses savates; il chômait; il rigolait; il gardait le Saint Lundi; il passait des journées devant le buffet du Pétrolium, ce grand cabaret du peuple où l'on voyait distiller le trois-six pour tout le quartier.

JANE faisait pire que dégringoler; elle cascadait. Elle ne se débarbouillait plus. Elle avait pris en horreur le savon. Est-ce une aversion héréditaire, datant de la première femme qui a senti la puanteur de cet abominable savon français, avant la bienfaisante invention de M. POIRRS? Sans doute c'était l'atavisme en quelque forme. Elle avait son béguin. C'était le linge sale. Plus il était sale, plus elle en raffolait. Elle ne voulait plus les chemises en batiste fine du Prince de BALEINES. Elle priait les aristos du Jockey Club de donner leurs plastrons à d'autres. Les clients qu'elle préferait étaient les porte-faix, les forts de la halle, les chauffeurs du chemin de fer. C'était en allant chercher le linge de ces derniers qu'elle entrait sans le savoir dans le Dédale de cette voie ferrée qui enlace et écrase les êtres vivants comme les grandes roues des locomotives écrasent la poussière de la voie.

Le Président du P. L. M. lui aussi avait son béguin héréditaire. Il courait les femmes malpropres. Plus elles ne se débarbouillaient pas, plus il les courait. C'était innocent. Il les admirait du côté esthétique. Cela tenait de la famille, puis de ce que lui aussi était de la vieille souche des EGOU-OGWASH. Il s'allumait en lorgnant la figure noircie de cette pauvre JANE, et la rencontrant dans la gare un jour il se permit un peu de *flirtage* sans penser à mal. Mais par une fatalité, POPPOT, affreusement paf, descendait d'une quatrième classe au moment ou le vieux baisait la main crasseuse de JANE, en lui disant son gentil bon soir: et des cet instant POPPOT voyait rouge.

IV.—SURINADE.

IL voyait rouge. Paris lui semblait un abattoir. Il couvait le meurtre, et pour l'aider il avait un complice qui était du métier, JACQUES RISPÈRE, conducteur de machines sur le P. L. M., qui avait aussi sa manie héréditaire, et sa manie à lui était de couper les gorges. Il les coupait sans rancune, à l'improviste, en souriant à sa victime, les yeux dans les yeux. Crio! c'était fait. Par exemple il est descendu un jour de la locomotive et devant le buffet d'une station où il n'y avait pas trop de monde il a suriné la *barmaid* qui lui souriait en lui vendant une brioche. Il a égorgé son chauffeur au risque d'arrêter le train de luxe entre Avignon et Marseilles. On ne le punit pas. Cela tenait de la famille.

"Touche là, mon drôle! C'est convenu," dit JACQUES RISPÈRE, après un entretien de quelques heures devant le buffet du Pétrolium. "Moi, j'arrangerai tout cela avec les fonctionnaires. Le train arrivant de Génève doit passer le Rapide entre Macon et Dijon. Il ne passera pas. Je retarderai le train omnibus arrivant de Marseilles. J'accélererai le *train-luggage* arrivant de Paris. Il y aura une mêlée de quatre trains, entrechoqués, tordus, enlacés, faisant le *pique-à-baque*: et pendant cette mêlée j'égorgerai ce vieux mufe de Président. C'est simple."

"Comme bon jour," repondit POPPOT, aveuglément soûl.

RISPÈRE tenait parole. À onze heures du soir il y avait une de ces catastrophes qui font frémir l'Europe voyageuse. L'assassin ne

s'arrêtait pas à la gorge du Président. Le vieil aristo n'avait pas assez de sang pour assouvir la soif meurtrière de l'épileptique. Rispère égorgea tout le monde, à tort et à travers, une véritable tuerie. On le prit les mains rouges, la bouche blanche d'écume. C'était la vraie épilepsie d'Esquirol.

Quant à Poppot personne n'a soupçonné sa complicité dans ce crime gigantesque. Lui et Jane se soûlent paisiblement du matin au soir devant le buffet du Pétrolium, en amis. Ils deviennent tous les jours plus pauvres, plus paresseux, et plus poivres. Ainsi c'est facile de prévoir leur fin:—

L'hôpital, trente pages de délire alcoölique, et la fosse commune.

Note de l'Auteur.—C'est mon intention irrévocable de finir ma vingtaine de romans sur la famille Ogwash, et je compte avec plasir offrir les dix-neuf à suivre à mon ami estimé, *Punche*.

LISTENING TO THE GENTLE KOOEN.

Maid Marian is "a Comic Opera in Three Acts," at least so I gather from the title-page of the book and from the programme of the Prince of Wales's Theatre; though where the comicality comes in, except occasionally with Mr. Monkhouse, it would require *Sam Weller's* "pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power" to detect. Mr. Le Hay, too, has nothing like the opportunity which was given him in *Prince Bulbo*. Now, when in a so-called Comic Opera your two principal low comedians have very little to do, say, or sing, and when that little is not of a particularly side-splitting character, and when the plot is not replete with comic situations, such a work must depend for its success on the freshness of its melodies, on the popularity of its *artistes*, and on the excellence of its *mise-en-scène*.

Libretto by Smith. As he appears in Act III., "hammering at it."

As to the last of these essentials, if, perhaps, it is not so brilliantly placed on the stage as some other shows have been, yet there is plenty of Harrisian movement, due always to the devices in stage-management of Charles of that ilk, who certainly knows how to keep the Chorus moving and the game alive generally.

The yet existing admirers of the once enormously popular composer, Offenbach, among whom I certainly include myself, will be much gratified by the delicately introduced reminiscences of the work of that master of *opéra bouffe* which occasionally crop up during the performance of *Maid Marian*. If it be permissible for great Masters to repeat themselves, as notably more than one has done, may not little Masters exhibit the results of their profound studies in the schools of popular Composers? Surely they may; and was I not pleased with Mr. De Kooen (whose name seems to suggest "the voice of the turtle,"—the dove, not the soup) when his prelude to the Third Act distinctly recalled to my attentive mind the celebrated unison effect in *L'Africaine*, only without the marvellous jump, which, when first heard, thrilled the audience, and compelled an enthusiastic encore? Then Miss Violet Cameron sang a song about the bells, with a chorus not in the least like that in *Les Cloches de Corneville* you understand, because the latter, I think, is performed without the bells sounding, but in this there is a musical peal which intensifies the distinction between the two. This "number" was encored heartily, nay, I think it was demanded three times, and came just at the right moment to freshen up the entertainment. In the previous Act Miss Attalie Claire had had a good song which had also obtained an encore, thoroughly well deserved as far as her singing was concerned.

I forget what Mr. Coffin had to sing, but, whatever it was, he did it more than justice, as did also the *basso profondo*, whose efforts in producing his voice from, apparently, his boots, were crowned with remarkable success.

The *Friar Tuck* here is a kind of good old-fashioned burlesque Friar, more like that one some years ago at the Gaiety, in *Little Robin Hood* than the Friar in *Ivanhoe*. But I should say that this Friar would be uncommonly thankful to have got anything like the song that Sir Arthur has given *his* Friar over the way, or something even as good as Mr. Dallas had to sing, years ago, in Rece's Gaiety Burlesque. However, perhaps it was not intended for a singing part, and perhaps the actor who plays it is not a professional singer. We're not all of us born with silver notes in our chests.

I see that Mr. Horace Sedger announces the drama in action, entitled *L'Enfant Prodigue*, which recently made such a hit in Paris. Wonder how it will go here. Not knowing, can't prophesy.

Private Box.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Baron thanks Sir Henry Thompson for his *Food and Feeding*, which (published by Warne & Co., a suggestive name) has reached its sixth edition. It is, indeed, an entertaining work, and a work that all honest entertainers should carefully study. It will delight alike the host and the guest. To the first, Sir Henry, being a host in himself, can give such valuable advice as, if acted upon, will secure the ready pupil a position as a Lucullus of the first class; and, even when so placed, he will still have much to learn from this Past Grand Master in the art of living well and wisely. "*Fas est ab 'hoste' doceri*"—and a better host it would be difficult to find as teacher than Sir Henry Thompson, P.G.M., to whose health and happiness the Baron quaffs a bumper of burgundy of the right sort and at the right time. Most opportunely does this book appear in the season of Lent, which may be well and profitably spent in acquiring a thorough knowledge of how to turn to the best account the fleshpots of Egypt, when the penitential time is past, and the yolk of mortification is thrown off with the welcome return of the Easter Egg. Read attentively what our guide and friend has to say about salads, especially note his remarks on the salad of "cold boiled table vegetables." His arrangement of the *menu*, to the Baron's simple taste, humble mode of life, and not inconsiderable experience, is perfect. *Hors d'œuvres* are works of supererogation, and have never been, so to speak, acclimatised in our English table-land. The Baron may have overlooked any directions about *écrivisses*, not as *bisque*, but pure and simple as cray-fish, which, fresh from the river and served hot and hot come in late but welcome as an admirable refresher to the palate, and as a relish for the champagne, though the Baron is free to admit that the dainty manipulation of them is somewhat of a trial to the inexperienced guest, especially in the presence of "Woman, lovely Woman." "Hease afore helegance," was *Mr. Weller's* motto, but "Ease combined with elegance" may be attained in a few lessons, which any skilled M.D.K. (*i.e.*, *Mangeur d'écrivisses*) will be delighted to give at the well-furnished table of an apt and ardent pupil. Once more "*Your* health, Sir Henry!" that's the Baron's toast (bread not permitted) in honour of the eminent practician who does so much for the health of everybody.

That a considerable number of novel-readers like *Saint Monica*, by Mrs. Bennett-Edwards, is evident, because it has reached its sixth edition, but that the Baron is not one of this happy number he is fain to admit. *Saint Monica* seems to him to be a story with which the author of *As in a Looking-Glass* might have done something in his peculiar way. It begins with promise, which promise is not justified by performance.

Who does not welcome the works of Hawley Smart, the brightest of our novelists? This is not a conundrum, and, consequently, has no answer. Everybody likes the books of our literary Major, and everybody will be pleased with *The Plunger*. The new Story is in two volumes, and is full of incident. There is a murder, which carries one through, from the first page to the last, in a state of breathless excitement. Not that the tale commences with the tragedy. But its anticipation is as delightful as its subsequent realisation; and, when the mystery is solved, joy becomes universal. The story is told with so light a hand, that it may be truly said that the only "heavy" thing about the book is its title.

The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson is a good stout volume, full of portraits and interest from beginning to end, forming an important addition to the theatrical history of the day. The Baron drinks to his old friend, the greatest *Rip* that ever lived. "Here's your health, and your family's, and may you live long, and prosper!" says, heartily,

The Baron de Book-Worms.

SATIETY.

"Oh, Mammy darling, why can't the Toyshop-man call for Orders every Morning, like the Baker?"

CORIOLANUS.

"*First Citizen.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

"*Second Citizen.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud."—*Coriolanus*, Act I., Scene 1.

Teuton Coriolanus loquitur:—

"*Was ever man so proud as is this* Marcius?"
There spake the babbling Tribune! Proud? Great gods!
All power seems pride to men of petty souls,
As the oak's knotted strength seems arrogance
To the slime-rooted and wind-shaken reed
That shivers in the shallows.
I who perched,
An eagle on the topmost pinnacle
Of the State's eminence, and harried thence
All lesser fowl like sparrows!—I to hide
Like a chased moor-hen in a marsh, and bate
The breath that awed the world into a whisper,
That would not shake a taper-flame or stir
A flickering torch to flaring!
"*I do wonder*
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius." So the Roman said:
Sicinius Velutus, thou hadst reason.
Under Cominius! Who 's Cominius now?
The adolescent Emperor, or his cool
Complacent Chancellor? Cominius!
Unseasoned youth, or untried middle-age,
A shouting boy, or a sleek-spoken elder,
Hot stripling, cool supplanter!
I serve not
"Under Cominius," nay!—yet since he stands
There, where I made firm footing amidst chaos,
Stands in smug comfort where we Titans struggled—
Moltke, and I, and the great Emperor,—
Struggled for vantage, which he owes to us;—
Since he stands there, and I in shadow sit,
Silenced and chidden, I half *feel* I serve,
Whom he would bid to second. Second *him*,
In that Imperial Policy whose vast
And soaring shape, like air-launched eagle, seemed
To fill the sky, and shadow half the world?
As well the Eagle's self might be expected
To second the small jay!
My shadow, mine?
Yes, but distorted by the skew-cast ray
Of a far lesser sun than lit the noon
Of my meridian glory. So I spurn
The shrunken simulacrum!
And they shriek,
Shout censure at me, the cur-crowd who crouched,
Ere that a woman's hate and a boy's pride
Smote me, the new Abimelech, so sore;
They 'd hush me, like a garrulous greybeard, chaired
At the hearth-corner out of harm; they 'd hush
My voice—the valorous vermin! What say they?
"*That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud;*
Loves not the common people!" Humph! I stand,
As Marcius would not, in the market-place,
And show my wounds to the people. Is *that* pride?
I stooped to—*her!*—let me not think of that;
'T would poison paradise!—but is *that* pride?
The Roman pride was stiff and taciturn,
And I,—they tell me, I "will still be talking,"
And no Menenius is by to say
In charity of the modern Marcius,
"*Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars*
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In bolted language: meal and bran together
He throws without distinction."
Well, well, well
"*I would he had continued to his country*
As he began; and not unknit, himself,
The noble knot he made." So they 'll whine out
The smug Sicinius*es. But what I wonder
If once again the Volscians make new head!
Who, "like an eagle in a dovecote," then
Will flutter them and discipline Aufidius?
An eagle! Shall I spurn my shadow, then
Trample my own projection? So they babble
Who 'd silence me, make this my mouthpiece* mute;
Who prate of prosecution—banishment,
Perchance, anon, for me, as for the Roman,
Because "I cannot brook to be commanded
Under Cominius." What said Volumnia
To her imperious son? "*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd!" I would not have
My own Virgilia say so—she who frets
At my colossal chafing. Arnim's shade
Would mock my fall; but silent Friedrichsruh
Irks me, whilst lesser spirits so misshape
My vast designs, whose shadow. dwarfed, distorted,
I trample in my anger, thus—thus—thus!

* The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, in whose columns (says the *Times*) Prince Bismarck, according to the friends of the Government, "inspires incessant attacks upon the Imperial Policy, domestic, foreign, and colonial, and especially upon the proceedings of his successor, General Caprivi."

CORIOLANUS.

"SUCH A NATURE,
TICKLED WITH GOOD SUCCESS, DISDAINS THE SHADOW
WHICH HE TREADS ON AT NOON."—*Coriolanus*, Act I., Sc. 1.

DUMAS UP TO ARMY ESTIMATES' DATE.

Part I.—*The Three Volunteers.*

Lieutenant Porthos, Captain Athos, and Major Aramis were delighted with the progress discernible in every detail of the battalion to which it was their honour to belong. Not a man that did not appear on parade conscious of the fact that he had made himself proficient—the privates were contented, the non-commissioned officers happy. It was, indeed, a model Regiment. On the occasion of their inspection by Colonel D'Artagnan, a man marched from the ranks, and demanded a hearing.

"And what do *you* want?" asked the inspecting officer.

"We wish the unjust to be made just," returned the discontented one. "We ask for a reform."

Porthos, Athos, and Aramis would have protested, but Colonel D'Artagnan motioned them to be silent. "I am here," he murmured, "to listen to complaints. I must listen to his."

"Sir," said the complainant, "we have admirable officers—the Lieutenant, the Captain, and the Major. They are always at work."

"Yes," returned Colonel D'Artagnan; "and so are you."

"But we have merely to obey orders, and not to command. We feel that although we pay for everything connected with the battalion, we should do something more. We ought to subscribe a sum to pay our excellent officers for commanding us!"

And Porthos, Athos, and Aramis refused the suggestion, to the great disappointment of their subordinates.

Part II.—*Twenty Years Afterwards.*

Lieutenant Porthos, Captain Athos, and Major Aramis were once again being inspected by D'Artagnan, now wearing the gold and crimson scarf of a general officer.

"Yes, I have a complaint to make," replied one of the rank and file, in reply to the customary interrogation. "We have three officers; but they have merely to give orders, while we have to obey them. This is unfair—unjust. We are always at work."

"Yes," returned General D'Artagnan, "and so are they."

"True enough. We feel that, although they pay everything for the battalion, they should do more. They ought to compensate their excellent privates for the time we devote to obeying them."

And Porthos, Athos, and Aramis accepted the suggestion, to the great delight of their subordinates.

Part III.—*Ten Years Later.*

Lieutenant Porthos, Captain Athos, and Major Aramis were yet again on parade.

"I salute you, my friends," said Field Marshal D'Artagnan, the inspecting officer. "But where is your Regiment?"

Porthos looked at Athos, and Athos glanced at Aramis. Then they replied in a breath, "It has been disbanded."

"Disbanded!" echoed D'Artagnan. "But where are the accounts of the Corps?"

Then the three friends replied in a mournful tone, "Filed in the Court of Bankruptcy!"

"And what do you call this filing of officers' accounts in the Court of Bankruptcy?"

"We call it the last act of the Volunteer Movement, which, by the way, however, was not entirely voluntary!"

And the four friends having no further occupation requiring their joint attention, shook hands warmly, and parted—for ever!

MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN ME IN—TO DINNER.

(*By a Dinner-Belle.*)

No. I.—The Over-cultured Undergraduate.

He stood, as if posed by a column,
Awaiting our hostess' advance;
Complacently pallid and solemn,
He deigned an Olympian glance.
Icy cool, in a room like a crater,
He silently marched me down-stairs,
And Mont Blanc could not freeze with a greater
Assurance of grandeur and airs.

I questioned if Balliol was jolly—
"Your epithet," sighed he, "means noise.
Vile noise! At his age it were folly
To revel with Philistine boys."
Competition, the century's vulture,
Devoured academical fools;
For himself, utter pilgrim of Culture,
He countenanced none of the Schools.

Exams: were a Brummagem fashion
Of mobs and inferior taste;
They withered "Translucence" and "Passion,"
They vulgarised leisure by haste.
Self to realise—that was the question,
Inscrutable still while the cooks
Of our Colleges preached indigestion,
Their Dons indigestible books.

Two volumes alone were not bathos,
The one by an early Chinese,
The other, that infinite pathos,
Our Nursery Rhymes, if you please.
He was lost, he avowed, in this era;
His spirit was seared by the West,
But he deemed to be Monk in Madeira
Would probably suit him the best.

"Impressions of Babehood" in plenty
Succeeded, "Hot youth" and its tears,
Till I wondered if ninety or twenty
Summed up his unbearable years.
Great Heavens! I turned to my neighbour,
A Squarson by culture unblest;
And welcomed at length in field-labour
And foxes refreshment and rest.

Question of the Knight.—If it be true, as was mentioned in the *World* last week, that Mr. Justice Wright has "climbed down," only to be placed upon a higher perch, will any change of name follow on the Knighthood? Will he be known as Sir Robert Rong, late Mr. Justice Wright?

OUR ADVERTISERS.

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TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

(*An Explanation.*)

["Every minute of my time during 1891 is already mortgaged. In 1892 you may count upon me."—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, *not* Mr. Rudyard Kipling. *See "Punch," Feb.* 14.]

Oh, Mr. Kipling!—you whose pungent pen
Of pirate publishers has been the terror,
Try hard, I beg you, to forgive me, when
I openly confess I wrote in error.

It was not you by whom the deed was done,
But Mr. Jerome 'twas who wrote and said he
Could not contribute, since his Ninety-One
Was mortgaged to the Editors already.

'Twas rough on you, indeed, in such a way,
By thinking you were he, to dim your glory.
Yet pray believe I really grieve to say
I mixed you up with quite "another story"!

Dramatic Illustration of an Advertisement.—In one of the advertising columns of the *Times* the paragraph appeared one day last week. The newspaper containing it lay on the table of a drawing-room. Elderly beau was making up (he was accustomed to making-up in another sense, as his wig and whiskers could testify) to charming young lady. Such was the scene. He asked her to accept him. Her reply was to show him the heading of this advertisement in the *Times*:—"Youth Wanted." *Tableau! Exit* Beau. Curtain.

MISS PARLIAMENT'S DREAM OF A FANCY BALL.

A Suggestion for Drury-Lanus at Covent Garden.

MR. PUNCH TO MISS CANADA.

Oh, Canada, dear Canada, we shall not discombobulate
Ourselves concerning Jonathan. 'Tis true he tried to rob you late
(That is if Tariff-diddling may be qualified as robbery),
But Bull has learned the wisdom of not kicking up a bobbery.

No, Canada, we love you dear, and shall be greatly gratified
If by your March Elections our relations are—say ratified.
We don't expect self-sacrifice, we do not beg for gratitude,
But keep an interested eye, my dear, upon your attitude.

Railings and ravings rantipole we hold are reprehensible,
But of our kindly kinship we're affectionately sensible.
A mother's proud to see her child learning to "run alone," you know;
But does not wish to see her "run away" from home, she'll own you know.

Macdonald is magniloquent, perhaps a bit thrasonical;
His dark denunciations—at a distance—sound ironical,
And when we read the rows between him and Sir Richard Cartwright; dear, [right, dear!
We have our doubts if either chief quite plays the patriot part

But there, we know that party speeches are not *merum nectar*, all,
And we can take the measure of magniloquence electoral;
The tipple Party Spirit men will stir and whiskey-toddy-fy,
But when they have to drink it—cold—its strength they greatly modify.

Beware the Ides of March? Oh, no! All auguries we defy, my dear!
The spectre of disloyalty don't scare us; all my eye, my dear.
So vote away, dear Canada! our faith's in friendly freedom, dear;
And croakers, Yank, or Canuck, or home-born, we shall not heed 'em, dear!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 16.—After long tarrying, House once more justified its old character. Been dolefully dull these weeks and months past. Thought it was dead; only been sleeping. To-night woke up, and audience that filled every Bench, blocked the Gangways, and thronged the Bar, had rare treat. Occasion was the indictment of Prince Arthur; long pending; was to have come off at beginning of Session; put off on account of counter attractions in Committee-Room No. 15; postponement no longer possible; and here we are, House throbbing with excitement, Old Morality nervously clacking about Treasury Bench, bringing his chicks together under his wing. Randolph brought his young beard down to witness performance.

Initial difficulty in Irish Camp; Brer Fox sitting in old place, two steps down third bench below Gangway. Brer Rabbit, sunk in profound meditation, oblivious to the rival Leader's presence, occupies corner seat; room for one between them. Who shall take it? Anxious time for Tim Healy. Nothing he dreads so much as possibility of outbreak. In Committee-Room No. 15, Brer Fox snatched out of Brer Rabbit's hand a sheet of paper. Suppose now, in sudden paroxysm, he were to reach forth and taking Brer Rabbit by the beard bang his head against the back of the Bench? Tim's gentle nature shivered with apprehension; thing to do was to get a good plump gentleman set between the two, so that in case hostilities broke out his body might be used as buffer. Thought of Elton first. Besides a professional desire to find occupation for Members of the Bar, Elton's figure seemed made on purpose for the peaceful errand Tim had in mind. Broached subject. Elton said, always happy to oblige; but was, in fact, just now retiring from Parliamentary life; didn't care to be brought into undue prominence. Besides, he belonged to other side of House; Why not try T. B. Potter?

A Buffer Q.C.

A SENSITIVE EAR.

Intelligent Briton. "But we have no Theatre, no Actors worthy of the name, Mademoiselle! Why, the English delivery of Blank Verse is simply torture to an Ear accustomed to hear it given its full Beauty and Significance by a Bernhardt or a Coquelin!"

Mademoiselle. "Indeed! I have never heard Bernhardt or Coquelin recite English Blank Verse!"

Intelligent Briton. "Of course not. I mean *French* Blank Verse—the Blank Verse of Corneille, Racine, Molière!"

Mademoiselle. "Oh, Monsieur, there is no such thing!"

[*Briton still tries to look intelligent.*

"The very man!" cried Tim, "I believe you and he scale the same to a pound, and though your waist is more shapely, he has the advantage in shoulders."

Potter most obliging of men; offered no objection. So Tim conducted him to the seat; he dropped gently, but firmly in it; Brer Rabbit putting on his spectacles, and looking across the expanse of T. B.'s shoulders, thought he recognised Brer Fox at the other side. Anyhow, he was beyond speaking distance, and so embarrassment was obviated.

Tim, his mind thus at rest, able to devote his attention to debate, to progress of which, he contributed a few interjections. Finally, when Division taken on John Morley's Motion, and everybody ready to go home, he moved and carried Adjournment of Debate.

Business done.—Prince Arthur indicted for breach of Constitutional Law in Ireland. Jury retired to consider their verdict. Agreed upon acquittal by 320 Votes against 245.

Tuesday.—A once familiar presence pervades House to-night. Everyone more, or less vaguely, conscious of it. Even without chancing to look up to Peers' Gallery, Members are inspired with sudden mysterious access of Moral Influence. Old Morality himself, that overflowing reservoir of moral axioms, takes on an aggravated air of responsibility and respectability. Has had a great triumph which would inflate a man of less modest character. Last night, or rather early this morning, Irish Members appeared to force Government hand; just when it seemed that Russell's Amendment was about to be substituted for Morley's Resolution, Tim Healy interposed, moved Adjournment of Debate; Old Morality protested; Sexton slily threatened all-night sitting; after an hour's

struggle, Government capitulated; Adjournment agreed to; Irish Members went off jubilant.

To-night SEXTON asks OLD MORALITY when they shall resume debate?

"Ah," says OLD MORALITY, with look of friendly interest, as if the idea had struck him for the first time, "yes; just so. The Hon. Member wants to know when we shall resume the debate, the adjournment of which he and his friends were instrumental in carrying at an early hour this morning. Well, I must say, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, that we are perfectly satisfied with matters as they were left. We had a lively debate, a majority much larger than we had dared to hope for, and, as far as we are concerned, I think we'll leave matters alone. As one of our great prose-writers observed, it is, on the whole, more conducive to comfort to endure any inconveniences that may press upon one at the current moment, than to hasten to encounter others with the precise nature of which we do not happen to be acquainted."

Under-Secretary.

GRAND CROSS missed this delightful little episode, not coming in till questions were over. Now he sat in Peers' Gallery and gazed through spectacles on scene of earlier triumphs. Looks hardly a day older than when he left us; the same perky manner, the same wooden visage, with its pervading air of supreme self-satisfaction and inscrutable wisdom. It is a night given up to Indian topics. PLOWDEN, in his quiet, effective way, has just carried Motion which will have substantial effect in the direction of securing fuller debate of Indian questions. GORST, standing at table replying to BUCHANAN on another Indian topic, alludes with deferential tone to "the SECRETARY OF STATE." GRAND CROSS almost audibly purrs from his perch in the Gallery.

"An odd world, my masters," says the Member for SARK, striding out impatiently, "when you have a man like GORST Under-Secretary, with a man like GRAND CROSS at the Head of the Department."

Business done.—An hour or two given to India.

Thursday.—Army Estimates on to-night. HANBURY comes to the front, as usual. STANHOPE tossing about on Treasury Bench, in considerable irritation.

"What's the use, my ST. JOHN," he asked BRODRICK, the only man standing by him, "of a family arrangement like ours, if one is subjected to annoyance like this? With one brother in the Peers, a pillar of staid Conservatism; with myself on the Treasury Bench, a Cabinet Minister, a right-hand man of the Government: and then, final touch, old PHILIP EGALITÉ below the Gangway opposite, with his Radicalism, and his tendency to out-JACOBY LABOUCHERE. This is a broad-based family combination, that ought to make us, each in his way, irresistible. And yet there seems nothing to prevent a fellow like HANBURY looking down from his six feet two scornfully on a British soldier not more than five feet four in his stocking-feet, whilst he inflates his chest, and asks, in profound bass notes, how are the ancient glories of the British Army to be maintained with men who cannot stretch the tape at thirty-six inches?"

"Amazed at his own Moderation."

When HANBURY sat down, after pounding away in ponderous style for nearly an hour, STANHOPE got up and prodded him reproachfully. Wonderful how much vinegar and vitriol he managed to distil into his oft-repeated phrase, "My honourable friend!" As for HANBURY, he sat with hands in pocket, staring at empty benches opposite, amazed at his own moderation.

Hours of the usual kind of talk on Army Estimates; the Colonels, Volunteer and otherwise, showing that the Army is as GILL (who has recently spent some time in Boulogne) says, *en route pour les chiens*; the SECRETARY of State for WAR demonstrating that everything is in apple-pie order, and his right honourable predecessor on the Front Opposition Bench bearing testimony to the general state of efficiency.

WOLMER flashed through the haze a word that has long wanted saying in the House. Why, he asked, place sentries surrounding St. James's Palace, the War Office, and the Horse Guards? Why, if presence of armed men at these particular gateways is essential to proper conduct of affairs of Department—why should Charity Commissioners and Education Office be left unguarded? WOLMER should keep pegging away at this question till he gets common-sense answer.

Business done.—Army Estimates moved.

Friday.—Gallant little Wales took the floor to-night. Wants the Church Disestablished; PRITCHARD MORGAN, in speech of prodigious length, asked House to sanction the proposal. The Government, determined to oppose Motion, cast about for Member of their body who could best lead opposition. Hadn't a Welshman on the Treasury Bench.

"There's RAIKES, you know," AKERS-DOUGLAS said, discussing the matter with OLD MORALITY. "He's not exactly a Welshman, but, when he's at home, he lives in Denbighshire, which is as near being Wales as you can get. Besides, his postal address is Llwynegrin."

"Ah!" said OLD MORALITY, "that looks well. He's not the rose, but he lives in convenient contiguity to the flower."

So RAIKES was put up, and a nice, peaceful, soothing, insinuating, conciliatory speech he made. In fact, as the Member for SARK says, "He got gallant little Wales down on its back, tied its horns and heels together, partially flayed it, and then rubbed in cunningly contrived combination of Cayenne pepper and vinegar."

Business done.—Welsh Disestablishment Motion negatived by 235 Votes to 203.

Celt Again.

GRANT-ALLEN,—his manner moves cynics to mirth!—
Makes out that the Celt is the Salt of the Earth.
That accounts, it may be, for his dominant fault;
A "salt of the earth" *has* a taste for assault!

OUT OF SCHOOL!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are so awfully good to chaps at school that I am sure you will insert this letter. SMITH MINOR, who takes in the *Times*, says, that a "PARENT" has been writing to say, that there should be a meeting of Fathers to swagger over the meeting of Head Masters. Well, this wouldn't be half a bad idea if it were properly conducted; but the "PARENT" seems to be a beast of a governor, who wants to cut down the holidays, and such like rot. And this brings me to what I want to propose myself. If there are to be meetings of Head Masters and Parents, why not a meeting of Boys? We have a heap of grievances. For instance, lots of chaps would like to know why "the water" was stopped at Westminster, and something about the domestic economy of Harrow. Then the great and burning question of grub is always ready to hand. The "PARENT" wants to have a hand in the payment for school-books, seeing his way to getting the discount (stingy chap!) then why shouldn't we fellows have a voice choosing them? Then about taking up Greek, why shouldn't we have our say in *that* matter? After all, it interests us more than anyone else, as we are the fellows that will have to learn it, if it is to be retained. Then about corporal punishment. Not that we mind it much, still *we* are the fellows who get swished at Eton, and feel the tolly at Beaumont. Surely the Boys know more about a licking than Head Masters and Parents? You, as a practical man, will say, "Who should attend the Congress?" I reply, every public school might send a delegate; and by public school, I do not limit the term to the old legitimate "E. and the two W.'s," Eton, Winchester and Westminster. No; I would throw it open to such respectable educational establishments as Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Marlborough, Felsted, Cheltenham, Stonyhurst, and the rest of them. The more the merrier, say I; and if there was a decided division of opinion on any subject, we could settle the matter off-hand at once, by taking off our jackets and turning up our shirt-sleeves. The more I think of it, the more I like it! It *would* be a game!

Always your affectionate friend, (*Signed*) JONES MINIMUS.

The Same Old Game.

[Russia is said to be threatening the old Finnish laws and liberties.]

RUSSIA snubs him who, as a candid friend,
Horrors Siberian, Hebrew would diminish.
Must Muscovites prove tyrants to the end?
At least they aim to prove so to the *Finnish*!

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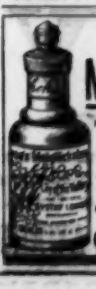

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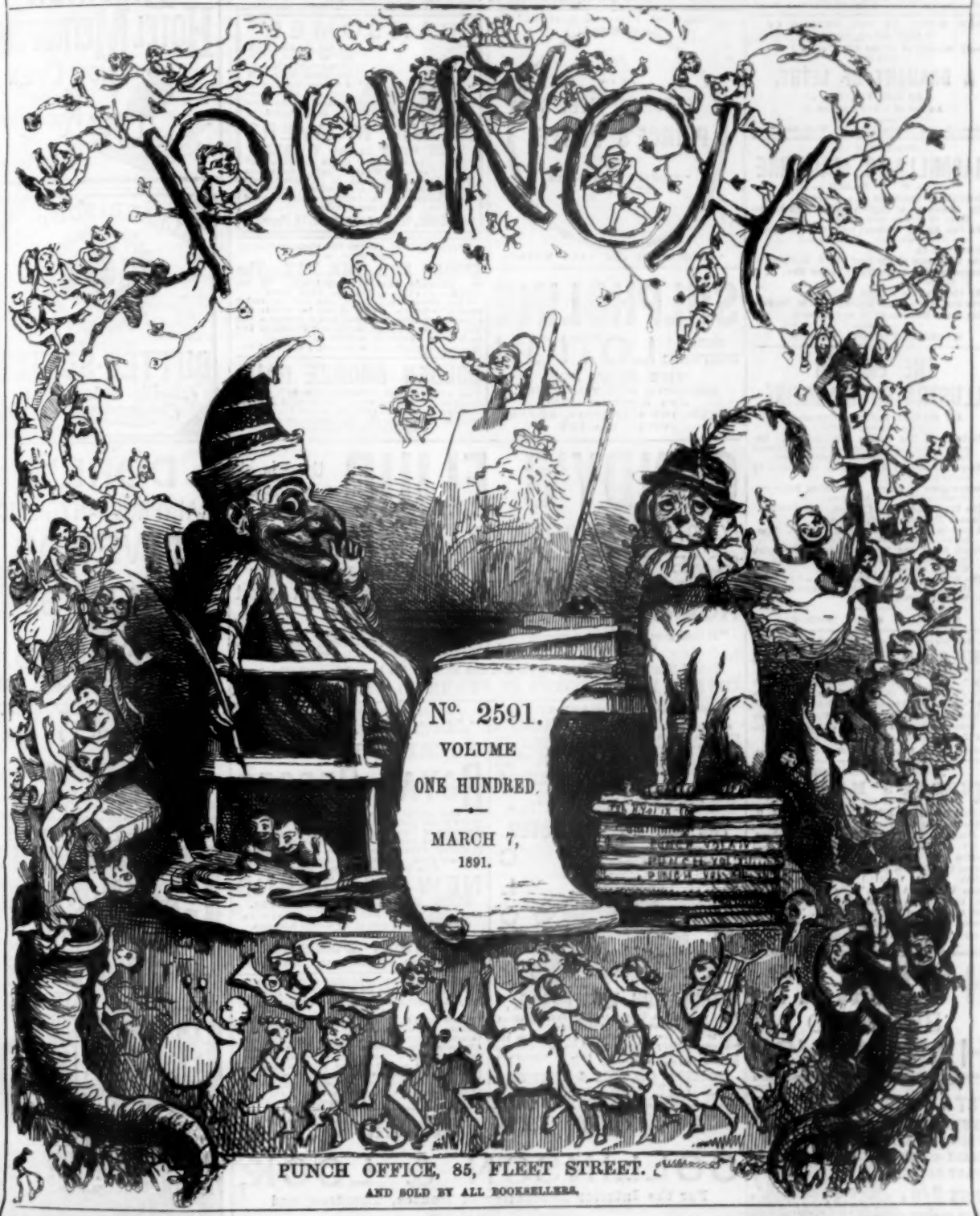

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VOCES POPULI.

IN A FOG.—A Reminiscence of the Past Month.

Scene—*Main Thoroughfare near Hyde Park. Time* 8 P.M. *Nothing visible anywhere, but very much audible; horses slipping and plunging, wheels griding, crashes, jolts, and English as she is spoke on such occasions.*

Mrs. Flusters (*who is seated in a brougham with her husband, on their way to dine with some friends in Cromwell Road*). We shall be dreadfully late, I know we shall! I'm sure Peacock could go faster than this if he liked—he always loses his head when there's much traffic. Do tell him to make haste!

Mr. F. Better let him alone—he knows what he's doing.

Mrs. F. I don't believe he does, or he wouldn't dawdle like this. If you won't speak to him, I must. (*Lets down the glass and puts out her head.*) Peacock!

A Blurred Shadow on the Box. Yes, M'm.

Mrs. F. What are we stopping for like this?

The Shadow. Fog very thick just 'ere, M'm. Can't see what's in front of us, M'm.

Mrs. F. It's just as safe to keep moving as to stand still—go on at once.

The S. Very good, M'm. (*To horse.*) Pull urp! [*Crash!*

Voice from the Unseen. What the blanky blank, &c.

Peacock. There *is* suthin in front, M'm. A van, from 'is langwich, M'm.

Mrs. F. (*sinking back*). Marmaduke, this is awful. I'd no idea the fog was like this—or I should never have—— (*With temper.*) Really, people have no *right* to ask one out on such a night.

Mr. F. (*with the common-sense that makes him "so aggravating at times."*) Well, Fanny, you could hardly expect 'em to foresee the weather three weeks ahead!

Mrs. F. At all events, *you* might have seen what it was going to be as you came home from the Temple. Then we could have sent a telegram!

Mr. F. It seemed to be lifting then, and besides, I—ah—regard a dinner-engagement as a species of kindly social contract, not to be broken except under pressing necessity.

Mrs. F. You mean you heard me say there was nothing but cold meat in the house, and you know you 'll get a good dinner at the Cordon-Blewitts,—not that we are likely to get there to-night. Have you any idea whereabouts we are?

Mr. F. (*calmly*). None whatever.

Mrs. F. Then ask Peacock.

Mr. F. (*lets down his window, and leans out*). Peacock!

The Shadow. Sir?

Mr. F. Where have we got to now?

Peacock. I ain't rightly sure, Sir.

Mrs. F. Tell him to turn round, and go home.

Mr. F. It's no use going on like this. Turn back.

Peacock. I dursn't leave the kerb—all I got to go by, Sir.

Mr. F. Then take one of the lamps, and lead the horse.

Peacock. It's the *young* 'orse, Sir.

Mr. F. (*sinking back*). We must put up with it, I suppose. [*A smart crack is heard at the back of the carriage.*

More Voices. Now, then, why the blanky dash, &c., &c.

Mrs. F. Marmaduke, I can't sit here, and know that a bus-pole may come between us at any moment. Let us get out, and take a cab home at once.

Mr. F. There's only one objection to that suggestion—viz., that it's perfectly impossible to tell a cab from a piano-organ. We must find out where we are first, and then turn. Peacock, drive on as well as you can, and stop when you come to a shop.

Mrs. F. What do you want to stop at a shop for?

Mr. F. Why, then I can go in, and ask where we *are*.

Mrs. F. And how do you expect *them* to know where we are! (*She sees a smear of light in the distance.*) Marmaduke, there's a linkman. Get out quick, and hire him to lead the way.

Mr. F. (*who gets out, and follows in the direction of the light, grumbling to himself*). Hallo!—not past the Park yet—here's the railings! Well, if I keep close to them, I shall—— (*He suddenly collides with a bench.*) Phew! Oh, confound it! (*He rubs his shins.*) Now, if it hadn't been for Fanny, I—— Where's that linkman? Hi!—you there!—stop! (*The light stops.*) Look here—I want you to come to my carriage, and show my man the way out of this!

Voice from behind the Railings. We got to find our *own* way out fust, Guv'nor. We're *inside!*

A Belated Reveller (*lurching up to* Mr. F.) Beg your pardon, bur cou' you dreck me nearesht way—er—Dawshon Plashe?

BITING SARCASM.

Gentleman with the Broom (*who has inadvertently splashed the Artist's favourite Shipwreck*). "Ow yus! I suppose yer think ye 're the President o' the Roy'l Academy! A settin there in the Lap er Luxury!!"

Mr. F. (*savagely*). First turning to the right, third to the left, and then straight on till you come to it!

The B. R. I'm exsheedingly 'blished; (*confidentially*) fact ish, I'm shuffrin' shli' 'fection eyeshi', an' I 'shure you, can't shee anyshing dishtingly to-ni'. (*He cannons against a lamp-post, to which he clings affectionately, as a Policeman emerges from the gloom.*) *Policeman.* Now then, what are you doing 'ere, eh?

The B. R. Itsh all ri', P'lishman, thish gerrilman—(*patting lamp-post affectionately*)—has kindly promished shee me home.

Mr. F. Hang it! Where's Peacock and the brougham? *He discovers a phantom vehicle by the kerb, and gets in angrily.*) Now, look here, my dear, it's no earthly good——!

Occupant of the Brougham (*who is* not Fanny). Coward, touch a defenceless woman if you dare! I have nothing on me of any value. Help! Police!

[Mr. F., *seeing that explanation is useless, lets himself out again, precipitately, dodges the* Policeman, *and bolts, favoured by the fog, until all danger of pursuit is passed, at the end of which time he suddenly realises that it is perfectly hopeless to attempt to find his own carriage again. He gropes his way home, and some hours later, after an extemporised cold supper, is rejoined by his Wife.*

Mrs. F. (*cheerfully*). So *there* you are, Marmaduke! I wasn't anxious—I felt sure you 'd find your way back somehow!

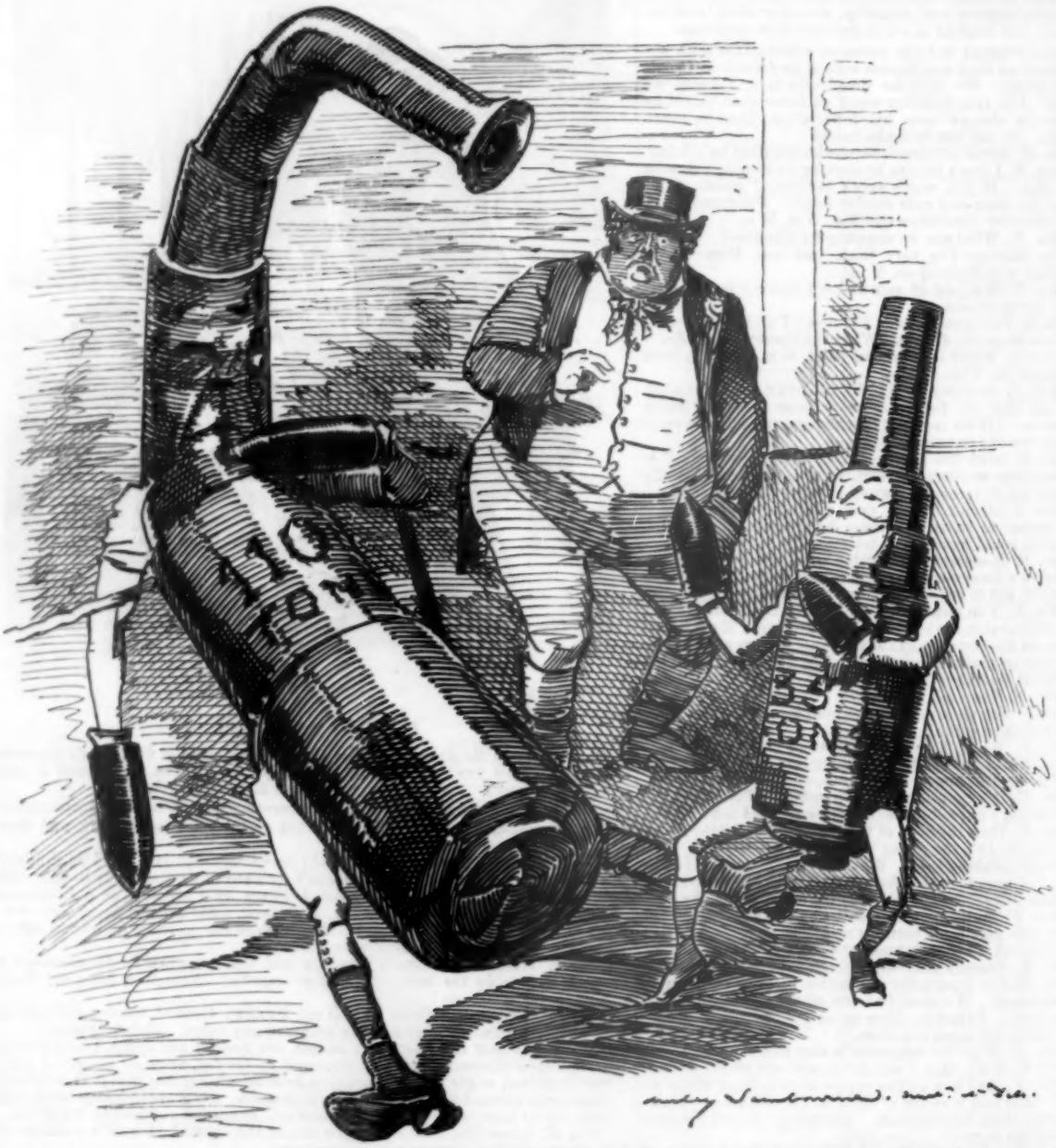
Mr. F. (*not in the best of tempers*). Find my way back! It was the only thing I could do. But where have *you* been all this time, Fanny?

Mrs. F. Where? Why, at the Blewitts, to be sure! You see, after you got out, we had to keep moving on, and by-and-by the fog got better, and we could see where we were going to,—and the Blewitts had put off dinner half an hour, so I was not so *very* late. Such a *nice* dinner! Everybody turned up except *you*, Marmaduke—but I *told* them how it was. Oh, and old Lady Horehound was there, and said a man had actually got into her brougham, and tried to wrench off one of her bracelets!—only she spoke to him so severely that he was struck with remorse, or something, and got out again! And it was by the Park, *close* to where you left me. Just fancy, Marmaduke, he might have got into the carriage with *me*, instead!

Mr. F. (*gloomily*). Yes, he *might*—only, he—er—*didn't*, you know!

"A GOOD LITTLE 'UN IS BETTER THAN A BAD BIG 'UN."—(*P.R. Maxim.*)

A BIT OF MODERN BOXIANA.



"110-Ton Guns do not count for any practical purpose . . . These monsters are the laughing-stock of everyone who takes the smallest interest in the subject. They are quite indefensible, and not worth making, even if they were unobjectionable, for the simple reason that everything we require can be done by smaller weapons . . . It is believed that more of these useless monsters are to be made by way of reserve. It is an insane policy, designed simply to save somebody's *amour propre*, and we still hope to hear from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON that it has been abandoned."—"*The Times*" *on the Naval Estimates.*

"THAT a good little 'un is better than a bad big 'un," is an old and accepted maxim amongst the really knowing ones of the P. R. It is one, however, that now, as of yore, swell backers, self-conceited amateurs, and other pugilistic jugginses are apt to ignore or forget.

Where, we wonder, would the slab-sided "Sprawleybridge Babe" or the shambling "Baldnob the Titan" have been in front of the small but active and accomplished "Duodecimo Dumps"? Why, where the vaunted "Benicia Boy" would have been after fifty rounds with TOM SAYERS—*with* his "Auctioneer" in full play. In fact, when a good little 'un meets a bad big 'un, it is very soon a case—with the latter—of "bellows to mend," or "there he goes with his eye out!"

These remarks have been suggested by recent revelations concerning that much over-rated pet of the mugs—the "Woolwich Whopper," *alias* the "Elswick Folly," *alias* HAMILTON'S "Novice."

The "W. W." always *was* a fraud, and, for all his lumbering bulk and "MOLINEAUX-like" capacity of "tatur-trap," never *could* train-on soundly, or—figuratively speaking—"spank a hole in a pound of butter." Many cleverish trainers, and still more ambitious backers

of the "Corinthian Jay" species, have had a shy, professionally or monetarily, at the "Woolwich Whopper," and invariably with disastrous results. The "W. W.," though big enough in all conscience, is not of sound constitution, nor of the true wear-and-tear sort, is very difficult (*and* expensive) to train, and when brought fairly up to the scratch is certain to go bang to pieces after the first few rounds, if these are at all of a hot-and-hot character.

Still there are—worse luck!—certain parties connected, more or less, with the P.R. who—whether from interest, vanity, or sheer cussedness, still pin their faith to this "huge, lumbering, soft, long-shanked, top-heavy, shambling, thump-shirking Son of a Gun," as Nobby Nupkins, of the Nautical Division, pithily called him the other day. If some of these credulous or conceited coves had witnessed the little trial "scrap" which took place recently (on the strict Q.T.), at the "Admiral's Head," in the presence of Mr. John B-ll (the famous P.R. referee), between the vaunted "Whopper" and a smart and handy light-weight known as "Quickfire," their owl-eyes might, having been a little opened, and their peacock-strut a bit modified.

The "Woolwich Whopper," for all his height and overwhelming weight, seemed to toe the scratch with awkward reluctance. He put up his dukes very fumblingly, and his attitude was decidedly of the "head-over-tip" character. Young "Quickfire," on the contrary, was erect as a dart, nimble on his pins as a girl at her first dance, and smart in delivery as a newly-promoted Postman, or the Parcels Express. He was all over his man in a brace of shakes, and the "Whopper," who looked as though he could have knocked holes in him *if* he could have hit him, could hardly land a "little one in" once in the course of a round, and then it was so short that it would hardly have brushed a bumble-bee off a buttercup.

The respected Referee, who watched the dust-up with careful interest, was much pleased with the promise of the smart light-weight, "Quickfire," who seems to have in him the makings of a fine fighter. Mr. B-ll did not disguise his disgust at the feeble figure cut by the "Whopper," about whose pretensions to first-class form, let alone Champion honours, it is to be hoped we shall hear little more for the future.

[*Mem.—Mr. Punch* suspects that the above edifying and idiomatic homily was intended for some sporting contemporary, but, with his accustomed courtesy, he gives it for what it is worth.]

TO A COMPLIMENTARY COUNSEL.

["Here the Plaintiff met the Defendant, who formed a strong attachment for her, at which he (the learned Counsel), did not wonder."—*Extract from a recent Report.*]

The Plaintiff she was very fair—
I'd very gladly make a verse on
Her face, her smile, her eyes, her hair,
Her comely and attractive person.
Last year a gentleman had stormed
Her heart and swore that nought should sunder
The strong attachment he had formed,
At which you said you "*did not wonder!*"

Oh! tell me was it quite the thing,
Of prudence shamelessly defiant,
In such a pointed way to sing
The praises of your pretty client.
Had she been ugly—yes, or plain,
Would you have reckoned it your duty
To say how much it caused you pain
To look and mark her lack of beauty?

Perhaps you meant the words you said,
'Twould be amusing to discover
If she had really turned your head,
And in her lawyer found a lover.
Yet even should this be the case,
You cannot well escape supporting
This statement—that it's not the place
In open Court to go a-courting.

When next a lady comes to say
That He and She at last have parted,
And that she'll make the villain pay
For having left her broken-hearted,
You'll recollect that in the Breach
Of Promise Case, you must not blunder,
But mention in your opening speech
That at his love you *do not wonder*.

RECOGNITION OF MERIT.

The M'Dougall, L.C.C. (to Cambridge Don). "Well done! The Spinster to the Spinning House! You are indeed a Proctor and a Brother!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Quiet Mrs. Fleming is very nearly being a good novel of the kind with which "once upon a time" Mr. F. C. Philips used to delight us. Mr. Richard Pryce's *Quiet Mrs. F.* might perhaps be placed in the same category with F. C. P.'s *Little Mrs. Murray*, which was not by any means the Author's best. The story, like the Consols, is good enough for those who don't want much interest for their money. It may be safely recommended as a pleasant companion during a railway journey. The Baron does not consider that *The Quiet Mrs. F.* will make much noise in the novel-reading world.

A coloured leaflet, of autumnal tint, commands me, in the tone of a Wellington dispatch, to "order early" a new "Family Magazine," entitled, *Golden Gates*, edited by John Strange Winter. "I have not yet seen it," says the Baron, "but wish the adventurous pennyworth every possible success." Its bill of contents announces "a complete story," by the editress, and also a "complete novelette," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron. This looks well for the first number; and an editor's motto must be, "Take care of Number One." I suppose in each number there will be "A Winter's Tale."

Interesting reading for the Baron and his friends the Public, is Mr. Anderson's article, entitled *Studies in Illustrated Journalism*, in this month's *Magazine of Art*. Mr. Anderson is a trifle inaccurate in some details of his pleasantly-written and generally trustworthy sketch of the history of *Mr. Punch*, on which it is needless for the Baron to dwell *hic et nunc*. The Baron remembers the dapper, sportingly-attired "little Howard," who had the reputation of being "Leech's only pupil," but who was never one of *Mr. Punch's* Staff Officers. In the same number of this Magazine is a brief, but carefully written notice of the Baron's old friend, *convive*, and fellow-worker on *Mr. Punch's* staff, Charles Keene. "A superb Artist," writes Mr. Spielman, "pure and simple"—true this, in every sense—"the greatest master of line in black and white that will live for many years to come." The engraving that accompanies this notice of our old friend is not a striking likeness of "Carlo," but it exactly reproduces his thoughtful attitude, with his pipe in his hand, so familiar to all his associates.

Hereby and herewith thanks-a-many are returned to the "Bibliographer," who is also the Secretary of the Sette of Odd Volumes, for his charming little *brochure* about *Robert Houdin, his Life and Magical Deeds*, by his truly,

The Baron de Book-Worms.

A "Sterne" Truth (*as to conviction under The Embezzlement and Larceny Act*, 1861).—"They order this matter better in France."

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XV.—SONOGUN.

(*By* Miss Redna Trial, *Author of "Wee Jew;" "A Lardy Horseman"; "Spun by Prating," &c., &c., &c.*)

["I think you will like this book," writes the fair Author; "its tone is elevated and its intention good. The philosophic infidel must be battered into belief by the aid of philosophy mingled with kindness. Take Renan, Haeckel, Huxley, Strauss, and Draper—the names, I mean; it is quite useless and might do harm to read their books,—shake them up together and make into a paste, add some poetical excerpts of a moral tendency, and spread thick over a violent lad smarting under a sense of demerit justly scorned, Turn him out into the world, then scrape clean and return him to his true friends. Cards, race-meetings, and billiards may be introduced *ad lib.*, also passion, prejudice, a faithful dog, and an infant prattler. Death-scenes form an effective relief. I have several which only need a touch or two to be complete. That is the way to please the publishers and capture the public. Try it, and let me know what you think.—R. T."]

Chapter I.

Ah me, how shall we know the true,
How mark the old, how fix the new?
Or teach the babe in arms to say,
"Base, bold, bad boys are cheap to-day"?

Narr. *The White Witch.*

Sonogun scarcely knew what to do. He had been up all day, wandering about the lanes which surrounded the family mansion. A fitful light blazed in his magnificent eyes, his brow contracted until it assumed that peculiarly battered expression which is at once characteristic of a bent penny and consistent with the most sublime beauty. To be properly appreciated he must be adequately described. Imagine then a young man of twenty, who was filled with the bitterest hatred of the world, which he had forsworn two years ago, on being expelled from school for gambling. There was about him an air of haughty reserve and of indifference which was equally haughty. This it was his habit to assume in order to meet any neighbours who happened to meet him, and the result naturally was that he was not so popular as some inferior beings who were less haughty. In fact he had a very short way with his relations, for whose benefit he kept a shell into which he frequently retired. He was dangerously handsome, in the Italian style, and often played five bars of music over and over again, with one finger, to please his mother. Some women thought he was an Apollo, others described him as an Adonis, but everybody invariably ended or began by calling him an ancient Roman. He was sarcastic, satiric, and very strong. Indeed, on one occasion, he absolutely broke the feathers on a hand-screen, and on another he cracked three walnuts in succession without looking up. But, oh, the sufferings that young heart had undergone. Slapped by his nurse, reproved by his mother, expelled by his schoolmaster, and shunned by the society of the country-side, it was small wonder that the brave soul revolted against its fellow-men, and set its jaws in a proud resolve to lash the unfeeling world with the contempt of a spirit bruised beyond the power of such lotions as the worldly-wise recommended for the occasion. He whistled to his dog *Stray*, and clenched his fists in impotent anger. An expression of gentleness stole over his features. The idea was suggestive. He, too, the proud, the honourable, the upright would steal, and thus punish the world. He looked into his make-up box. It contained bitter defiance, angry scorn, and a card-sharper's pack of cards. He took them out; and thus Sonogun, the expelled atheist, made up his mind.

Chapter II.

On the green table of life the cards fall in many ways, and the proud king often has to bow his head before the meek and unassuming ace.—Binns.

And now began for Sonogun a time of moral stress and torture such as he had never anticipated. It is an old saying, and perhaps (who knows?) a truism, that virtue is its own reward, not, perhaps, the reward that ambitious people look for, but the easy consciousness of superiority which comes to those who feel themselves to be on a higher level than the rest of the world, which struggles on a lower level. Another philosopher, nameless, but illustrious, has declared, in burning words, that "Honesty is the best policy," best in some form, perhaps hardly understood now, but no less real because we are unable to appraise it in the current coin of the realm over which Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom may Heaven preserve, holds sway. But Sonogun had never thought of Heaven. To him, young, proud, gloomy, and moody, Heaven had seemed only——(Several chapters of theological disquisition omitted.—Ed.) The click of the billiard-balls maddened him, the sight of a cue made him rave like a maniac. One evening he was walking homeward to Drury Lane. He had given his coat to a hot-potato-man, deeming it, in his impulsive way, a bitter satire on the world's neglect, that the senseless tubers should have jackets, while their purveyor lacked a coat. The rain was pouring down, but it mattered little to him. He had wrapped himself in that impenetrable mantle of cold scorn, and thus he watched with a moody air the crowd of umbrella-carrying respectabilities, who hurried on their way without a thought of him. Suddenly some one slapped him on the back, and, as he turned round, he found himself face to face with a couple of seedy-looking gentlemen.

"I perceive," began Sonogun, "that you hate the world, having suffered much injustice from it."

"We do; we have!" was the cordial reply.

"I, too," continued Sonogun, "have many grievances. But tell me who and what are you?"

"Our names are unknown even to ourselves," replied his new friends, for friends he felt them to be. "By profession we are industrial knights. That should be sufficient."

"It is;—more than sufficient," said the proud, honourable young man. "I will be one of you. We will take it out of the world together."

The bargain thus made was soon ratified. They procured cards, Sonogun whistled to his dog *Stray*, and they all set out together to the nearest railway station to pick up their victims. This is the usual method, and thus card-sharpers are manufactured.

Chapter III.

Nay, this is truth, though heart-strings break,
And youth with gloomy brows hears:—
Howe'er you try, you shall not make
Silk purses out of sows' ears.

W. Braun. *Soul-tatters.*

In the present there is absolute redemption. Though a gulf should yawn, go not you to sleep, but rub your eyes; be up and doing.—Jakes.

In the meantime, Sonogun's cousin, Acis Arrant, generally known to his jocular intimates as Knave Arrant, had been living in luxury with his cousin's weak mother, whom he had contrived to marry. To effect this, however, he had been compelled to tear a will into little pieces, and had, at the same time, ruined that peace of his mind which he often gave to Sonogun. The unfortunate consequence was, that Sonogun did not value it in the least, and always returned it to him. And thus the relations of the two men, who should have been friends, the guardian and the ward, were always on a hostile footing, which only the most delicate handling could have healed. Acis was not happy. When his glass told him he was old, he had no repartee ready, and could only speculate gloomily on the disagreeable fate which had compelled him to take part in a modern novel, and had evidently told him off to pass away into the unseen in Chapter 40.

But, of course, Gladys and her father, the doctor, knew nothing

about all this. GLADYS always looked happy; her hair, her mouth, her eyes, her ears, even her little unformed nose, all looked as happy as possible. She was a pleasant little patent moraliser, with a double escapement action for great occasions. On this evening all the family was gathered together, including the inevitable infant, whose prattle serves to soothe the gloomy perversity of morose heroes. On such an evening as this SONOGUN had seen them all years ago, and, though he was standing in the garden and all the windows were shut, he had heard every single whisper of the family conversation. The Doctor seemed to be troubled, and GLADYS came up to him in her caressing way.

"My dear," he said, simply, "SONOGUN is in trouble, and we must rescue him." No more was said, but the next moment GLADYS and her father had left by the London express.

CHAPTER IV.

All things are fair that are not dark;
Yet all are dark that are not fair.
And the same cat that slays the lark,
Itself is often killed by care.—BOHER.

SONOGUN had seen a notice in a railway-carriage. "Beware of card-sharpers" was printed upon it, and it flashed upon him, with the force of a revelation, that it must be meant for him. Once more he made up his mind. He would fly. Fear lent him a spare pair of second-hand wings. He whistled to his dog *Stray*, and having thrown HAECKEL and RENAN out of the window, he flapped twice, and then soared up, *Stray* following as best he could. It was very dark, and the clouds were threatening. For a long time he avoided them, but at length he fell into a particularly damp one, and would inevitably have been drowned, had not the sagacious *Stray* brought men to his assistance. And thus SONOGUN, the scoffer, the agnostic, the moody, gloomy, morose, cast-iron, Roman-faced misanthrope, got home. That same evening he changed his clothes and his character, and on the following day married GLADYS.

THE END.

"QUITE NEW AND ORIGINAL."

THE fencing Lecture, entitled, *The Story of Swordsmanship*, seems to have been so great a success, last Wednesday, at the Lyceum, as to have aroused the ire of some Music-hall Managers, who earnestly contend that the Stage of the Theatre, that is, of the Drama *pur et simple*, very pure *et* very simple, should not be used or misused for the purpose of giving an entertainment, which, though given without scenes, was yet "illustrated with cuts."

Infants in Arms.

It is highly probable that this offensive and defensive subject will be followed by other lectures more, perhaps, in keeping with theatrical tradition. We will not give our authority for this statement, but may intimate that that eminent professor of the P.R. and P.M.N.A.S.D., known within certain circles as *The Slogger*, will, at no very distant date, give at one of our most popular theatres a lecture, the first of a series, on *Pugilism and the Drama*.

Tickets, of course, to be obtained at the Box-office. The subject of the first Lecture will be *Box and Fighting Cocks*.

Among other things the eloquent professor will draw the attention of his audience to what a change in the history of the Stage, nay, perhaps, in the history of the world, would have occurred if to *Box's* inquiry as to his pugilistic capacity, *Cox* had replied, "I can!" and had there and then thrown himself, like *Mr. Pickwick* "into a paralytic attitude," and exclaimed, "Come on!" an invitation which the challenger would have been bound in honour to accept. The Lecturer will practically show how "to make a hit," and give an example from the life of the "early closing movement." The Lecture will be interspersed with songs, such as "*Black Eyes and Blue Eyes*," "*Hand and Glove*," "*Ring! Ring!*" "*The Hymn to Floorer*" a part-song, by four choristers, and "*Me-fist-O's song*" from *Faust*. Perhaps the next Lecture on the same subject will be given at *The Umpire Theatre*.

AN OLD CRY REVIVED (*unpalatable to the French Painters and Patriots*).—"*A Berlin! à Berlin!*"

SHAKSPEARE AND THE UNMUSICAL GLASSES.

MR. PINERO, in his letter to the *D. T.*, complained that, should the Music Halls obtain their wicked way, through the incompetence of the County Council to deal with the matter—(but is not DRURIOLANUS a Counti-Counciliarius, and ready to see justice done to the poor player, author, [and manager alike? Sure-ly!)—then a play at a Hall of Music (they used to be "Caves of Harmony" in THACKERAY's time, and the principal Hall of Music was SAM HALL) will be heard between "a puff at a cigar and a sip from a glass." Well, but what piece can get on without a puff or so? Would not a good cigar during a good piece be an additional "draw?" We have "Smoking Concerts"; why not "Smoking Theatricals"? *But how about the Ladies?* Years ago there were no smoking-carriages on the Railways. And what nowadays is the proportion of smoking to non-smoking compartments? Very small. The Ladies will decide this question. *But how about the Actors?* In modern pieces they never lose an opportunity of smoking. Why shouldn't the cigar be introduced into Shakspearian revivals? Anachronism to the winds!—which is a polite way of expressing "Anachronism be blowed!" 'Baccy be blowed too. Sir WALTER RALEIGH would have approved its introduction in Elizabethan days. In *Twelfth Night* for example, the line, "Help me to some light," is suggestive; so, also, in *Macbeth*—"Give us a light, then"—out comes the cigar. *Titus Andronicus* might be revived, with a view to inaugurating the innovation, and the line, "Some of you shall smoke," would be the signal for the production of many a cigar-case in point. *Hamlet* could, perhaps, find some authority for reading the line, "Will you play upon this pipe?" as, "Will you smoke this pipe?" And the other actor would reply, "Certainly — and thank you, my Lord, I have one of my own." MR. EDWARD TERRY has no objection to *The Churchwarden* in his theatre, and his Churchwarden drew very well. However, we've had this discussion before. Will it end this time, as it has hitherto done, in smoke? Let us suppose a Shakspearian play under the proposed conditions:—

"Can you play upon this pipe?"

SCENE II.—*Capulet's Garden. After* ROMEO's *soliloquy, which, perhaps, has produced a thirstiness among the audience, resulting in several orders for drinks having been given,* JULIET *appears on balcony.*

"*Juliet.* Ah, me!" [*Popping of corks, and striking of matches.*
"*Romeo.* She speaks!——"
Fascinating Female Attendant in Stalls. One whiskey, Sir?
"*Romeo.* Oh, speak again, bright angel!"
Thirsty Party in Stalls. No; I said B. and S.—bring it quick.
"*Romeo* (*continuing*). As is a winged messenger of heaven."
Second Fascinating Attendant. Which Gent ordered gin-sling? (*No one pays any attention. Attendant sees a mild man listening as earnestly as he can to the play.*) Did you order a sling, Sir?
Earnest Listener (*irritably*). No, no—I don't want anything. There, I've lost the last part of ROMEO's speech.
[*Steels himself against further distractions, and tries to concentrate all his attention on the play.*
"*Juliet.* O, ROMEO! ROMEO! wherefore art thou, ROMEO?" &c.
"*Romeo* (*aside*). Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?"
Excited Somebody (*in distant Stall, beckoning to Second Attendant*). Here! Hi! Here! I ordered gin-sling.
Second Attendant (*much relieved*). Oh, you was it? D'you mind stretchin' across—— (*To gorgeous, eveningly-attired Lady, in row between*). Beg pardon.
Gorgeous Lady (*horribly disturbed*). She'll spill it—you'll spill it—— CHARLEY, why don't you——
Charles (*her Friend*). Here! (*To Fascinating Attendant as politely as possible.*) Can't you go round with it——
A Few Ancient Playgoers. Sesh! Sesh!
Second Attendant (*to distant Customer*). I'll bring it. 'Scuse me.
[*Retraces her fascinating steps along front row. Chaff—exclamations—near and distant poppings of corks, striking of matches, and other accompaniments to* JULIET's *speech.*

And so forth, *ad libitum*. The same thing going on all over the house during the remainder of the Shakspearian play.

"L'INVITATION À LA VALSE."

She. "But you don't know my Name! What have you put down on your Cuff?"
He. "Oh, I've put down 'Pearl Necklace.'" *She.* "But there are lots of Pearl Necklaces here!"
He. "Yes; but I've also put down 'Small and rather Tight'—I mean the *Necklace*, you know!"

THE GREAT WHALING EXPEDITION.

Latest Version.

By Billy (H. Sm-th), *the* (*St. Stephen's*) *Bo'sun.*

'Twas in Ninety One, d'ye see,
Brave boys!
With Solly I did sa-a-a-ail,
When one Monday night
We went out—*not* to fight,
But we went for to catch a Whale.
Brave boys!
We went for to catch a Whale!

There was dirty weather about,
Brave boys!
Trade-winds was blowin' a ga-a-a-le,
When the Skipper sings out,
As we chopped about,
"My eyes! there goes *such* a Whale!
Brave boys!
Dear eyes! there goes *such* a Whale!"

It were the whoppingest Whale,
Brave boys!
As ever whisked a ta-a-a-il;
In the trough o' the sea
It was Labouring free,
And a lashin' the waves like a flail,
Brave boys!
A lashin' the waves like a flail.

We had heard o' that Whale afore,
Brave boys!
Says Solly, "I'll go ba-a-a-ail,
The Rads would roar
If that monster they sor-r!
But *we* want to catch that Whale,
Brave boys!
We want to catch that Whale!

"Young Grandolph* has kep' a look-out,
Brave boys!
Wich it weren't of no awa-a-a-il.
Brum Joey*, no doubt,
Is a-cruisin' about,
But *they* mustn't catch that Whale,
Brave boys!
No, *they* mustn't catch that Whale."

There was only me and Solly,
Brave boys!
In that boat, with never a sa-a-a-il;
And, it may seem folly,
But we both was jolly,
For we meant for to catch that Whale,
Brave boys!
We meant for to *catch* that Whale!

No harpoon, or such tackle *we* took,
Brave boys!
For we knowed they was no ava-a-a-il.
No, we went for to look
For that Whale—*with a hook*.
That's how we went for that Whale,
Brave boys!
That's how *we* went for that Whale!

We knowed that a sprat was *the* bait,
Brave boys!
What was never knowed for to fa-a-a-il.
So the sprat *I* throwed,
Whilst Solly, *he* rowed,
That's how we angled for that Whale,
Brave boys!
That's how we angled for that Whale!

He lashed, and he dashed, and he splashed,
Brave boys!
And he *spouted* on a werry big sea-a-a-le.
But the skipper, he still held on,
And that sprat what I have telled on,
I dangled,—for to catch that Whale,
Brave boys!
I dangled,—for to catch that Whale!

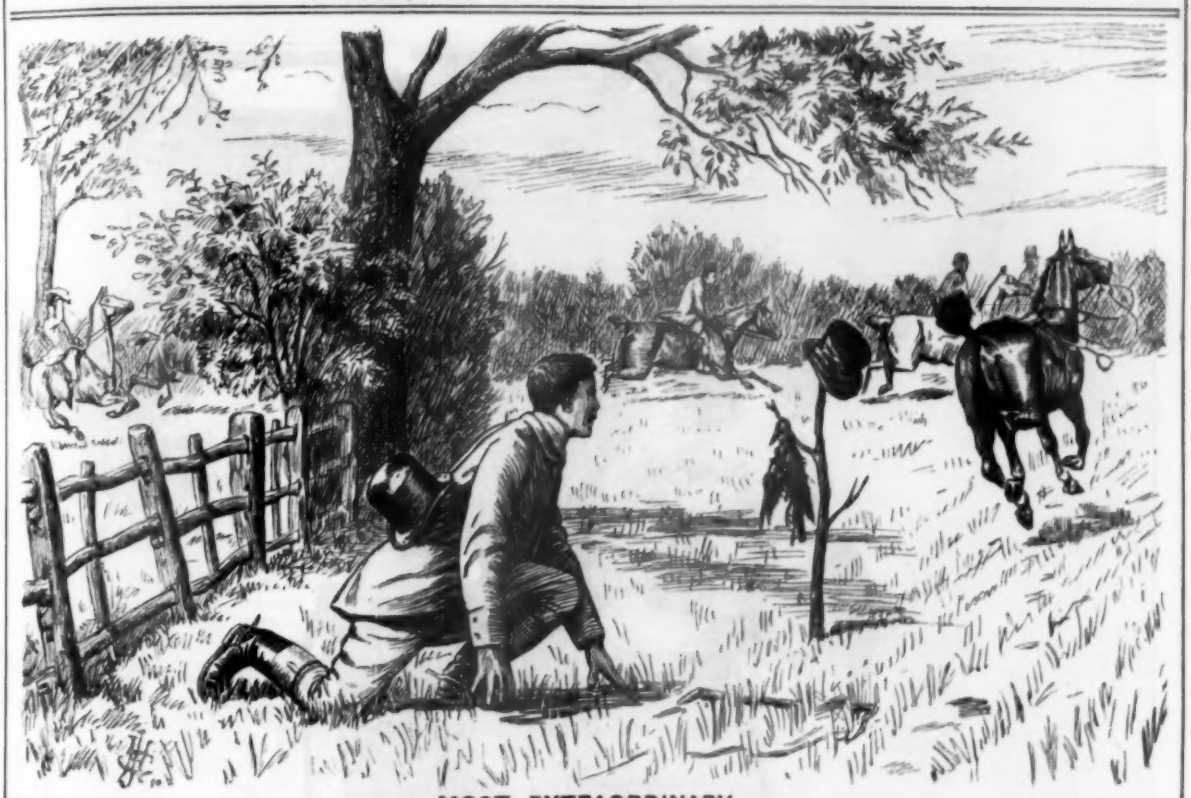
"Strike! turn yer winch, pull in yer line!
Brave boys!
(Sings out Solly) and yer prize you'll
na-a-a-il!"
Then a rummy thing did 'appen
Wich amazed me and the Cap'en;
I struck,—but so did that Whale,
Brave boys!
I *struck*—but so did that Whale!

We found he was the better at a *Strike*,
Brave boys! [ta-a-a-il.
Fhwisk! He hit us *such* a wallop with his
With my hook, sprat, tackle too
He just vanished from our view.
So—*we haven't yet caught that Whale*,
Brave boys!
No,—*we haven't yet caught that Whale!*

* Supposed to be rival whaling captains.

Shipping Intelligence.—The name of the "unknown steamer laden with gums and ivory," reported as having passed down the Congo last week, has been discovered to be *The Dentist.*

"A SPRAT TO CATCH A WHALE!"



MOST EXTRAORDINARY.

Dismounted Sportsman. "Now, how the deuce did my Hat manage to get up There!"

THE LATEST IN TELEGRAMS.

(*See Daily Papers passim.*)

[All from the Razzle-Dazzle Agency.]

Hukiewaukie, *February* 28.

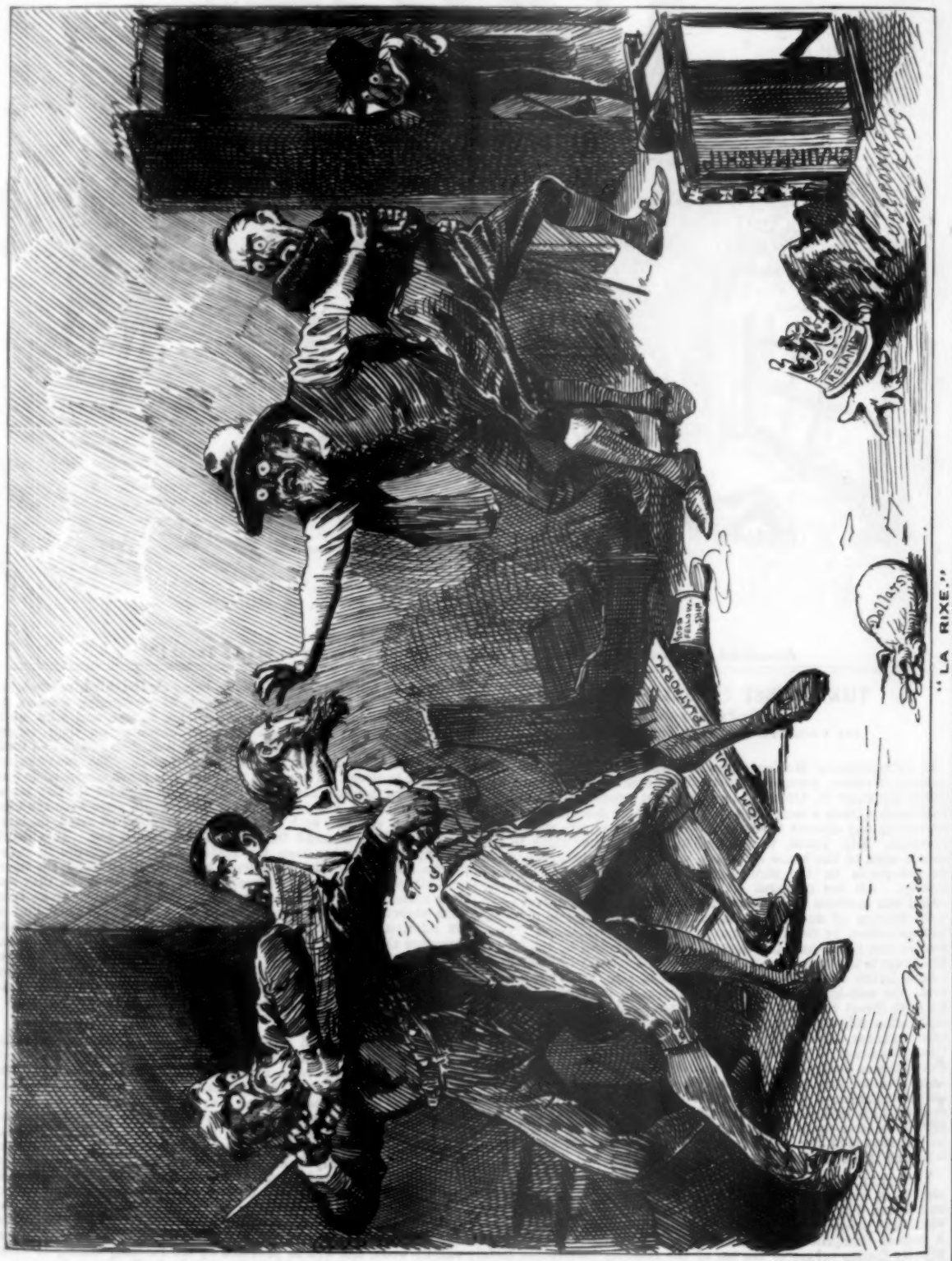
An extraordinary incident has just stirred the heart of this populous Western centre to its depths. Some fifteen years ago Colonel Zachary B. Dibbs, one of the most prominent citizens of Hukiewaukie (then a mere collection of log-huts), disappeared without leaving any address to which his letters and papers were to be forwarded. Mrs. Dibbs, who was then about to give birth to the seventh scion of the house of Dibbs, was inconsolable, and ordered the fish-ponds in the vicinity to be subjected to a rigorous scrutiny. All her conjugal efforts proved fruitless, the missing Colonel was nowhere to be found, and, after a decent interval spent in the wearing of widow's weeds, Mrs. Dibbs was led to the local registrar's office by Sheriff's Deputy Orlando T. Struggles. Time went on, and five flourishing Strugglesses were added by the former Mrs. Dibbs to the population of the town. On Thursday last, however, Colonel Dibbs was discovered by his eldest son, Mr. Jeremiah N. Dibbs, the well-known notary public, sitting in his familiar seat in the Fifth Street Saloon, drinking rum-shrub out of a tumbler. An explanation followed. Sheriff's Deputy Struggles, in the handsomest manner, offered to resign all claim to the possession of the Colonel's spouse. The Colonel, however, would not hear of this. Finally it was decided to spin a five-dollar green-back for the lady. An inopportune gust of wind, however, carried off the fateful money, and the momentous question is still undecided. The Colonel has announced his intention of continuing a bachelor, even if he has to fight the matter up to the Supreme Court, and a large majority of the inhabitants of the town are willing to support him, with a view to making this a test case.

Munchausenville, *March* 2.

Yesterday, as one of the chief tiger-purveyors of this city was engaged in exercising his *troupe* of fiery, untamed tigers, in the main street, two of the ferocious animals escaped from the string which has usually been found sufficient for their confinement. A general stampede of the inhabitants immediately followed, the majority finding refuge in the bar of the recently constructed Hotel Columbia. Mayor Madderley and his amiable consort were, however, not so fortunate. The Mayor, being shortsighted, mistook the two denizens of the jungle for a couple of performing poodles, to whose training he had devoted much of his leisure, and who, as it happened, were at that precise moment expected on their return from the post-office, with the Mayor's mail in their mouths—a trick which had often amused the Mayor's friends. Mr. Madderley advanced to stroke his supposed pets, and was much surprised to find himself torn in pieces before he had time to send for the city mace. Mrs. Madderley, a stout, plethoric lady, would have been the next victim, had she not, with extraordinary presence of mind, declared herself dead the moment the animals approached her. This deceit (which, however, has been the subject of grave censure in many pulpits,) saved her life. Maddened by the taste of blood, the tigers next attacked Mr. Lariat's grocery store. Here, however, they met their match in an army of Gorgonzola cheeses, which broke from their shelves, attacked the intruders with wonderful fury, and in ten minutes had so far subdued them that their owner was able to recapture them, and lead them home. The obsequies of Mr. Madderley's shoes and his umbrella—all that was left of the unhappy Mayor—have just taken place amidst universal demonstrations of sympathy. The funeral *cortège* took an hour to pass a given point. Widow Madderley proposes to sue the owner of her late husband's assassins.

Lynchville, *March* 3.

Two brothers, named respectively John and Thomas, quarrelled here yesterday about the ownership of a clasp-knife. They drew their revolvers at the same instant, and fired at a distance of two paces. Strangely enough the two deadly bullets met in the air, and, their force being exactly equal, they stopped dead and dropped to the ground, whence they were afterwards picked up and presented to the trustees of the Lynchville Museum of Fine Art. Nothing daunted, the fraternal contestants set to work with their bowie-knives, and were only separated after John had inflicted on Thomas ten mortal wounds and received from him one less. It is generally admitted that nothing could have been fairer than the conduct of the police, who formed a *cordon* round the duellists, and thus prevented the fussy interference which has so often brought similar affairs to a premature termination. The two coffins are to be of polished walnut-wood, and will be provided by the Friendly Society to which the two deceased belonged, as a last mark of affection and regard.



"LA RIXE."

"LA RIXE."

(IRISH DONNYBROOK VERSION.)

Air—"*Packington's Pound.*"

Oirish Gentleman loquitur:—

Spilt mugs, chairs fallen, and scattered tables,—
That 's Oirish shindy, me bhoys, all over!
"Union of Hearts" and such plisant fables,
Won't greatly hamper the free-foight lover.
What do you mean,
Ye paltry spalpeen?
True Oirish hearts from Old England to wean?
Faix, not a bit of it! We 'll jist have none of it!
They 're foighting frindly, and jist for the fun of it!

There 's bould Parnell, he looks fierce and fell,
Wid his savage face, and his snickersee steely.
Faix, wouldn't he loike that same to stroike
All into the gizzard of Misther Healy?
He looks so sullen
At the pair a pullin'
At his sinewy arm, and his onset mullin'!
That thraitor, Tim, he 'd be having his will on,
But for tearful O'Brien, and dismal Dillon.

As for tarin' Tim, he 'd be hot at *him*,
Wid his ready sword from its scabbard flashin'!
But that meddlin' Justin will be a thrustin'
Himself betune 'em, the duel dashin'!
Och, I assure ye,
Nor judge nor jury
Could abate their ardour, or assuage their fury.
Faix, Mount Vaysuvius, wid its flame and smother,
Must take a back sate—whin *they* get at each other!

Och! a rale ruction hath a swate seduction,
For us Oirish, Bull, though it mayn't be *your* way.
Parnell 's a rum fish, and he seems to "scumfish"
That Grand Ould Gintleman paping in at the doorway.
Ye may call it "*Rixe*,"
Though I can't quite fix
Its mayning; a plague on all polyglot thricks!
Sthand asoide, O'Brien, Dillon, McCarthy!
Let 'em foight it out—shure that 's Oirish and hearthy!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 23.—House empty tonight. Even the fog keeps out; nothing more important under consideration than Army Vote, including expenditure of £5,632,700. "And precious little too," says Colonel Laurie, doing sentry march in the Lobby. "Wages going up everywhere! labour of all classes but one paid on higher scale than it used to be; but Tommy Atkins and his Colonel getting just the same now as they did twenty years ago, when living was much cheaper. There ought to be a rise all round, and so there would be, if the Army, following example of other organised bodies of day labourers, were to strike; think I 'll mention it at Mess; should begin at the top. Why shouldn't the Colonels and Generals assemble in their hundreds, march to Hyde Park, where H.R.H. would address them from a stoutly-made tub? Moral effect would be enormous; shall certainly mention it at Mess. Perhaps, could get some practical hints from John Burns."

"And precious little too."

These remarks dropped by the Colonel before debate opened. During its progress received support from unexpected quarter. Hartington, suddenly waking up from usual nap on Front Bench, wanted to know when War Office is going to carry out recommendation of Royal Commission on re-organisation of Naval and Military Departments? Stanhope said everything turned upon vacancy in post of Commander-in-Chief. When that berth empty, the machine would move. No chance of immediate vacancy; the Dook very comfortable where he is; not the sort of man to retire in face of enemy. The only way to carry out scheme recommended by Commissioners after prolonged inquiry was to get rid of the Dook.

"I do trust," said Stanhope, winking at the Strangers' Gallery, "that the public will not interfere in this matter. They have had the Report of the Commission in their hands for months. They have taken no notice of it, or any action upon it. I do hope, now their attention has been called to the matter by my noble and Radical friend opposite, they will not get up a fuss and insist that necessary and important reforms in the Army shall not be indefinitely postponed in order that the Dook may draw his salary and enjoy his position. If the great mass of public opinion outside the Army plainly declared their wishes in that direction, we should have to yield; but, as I said before," and once more the Secretary furtively dropped his left eyelid as he looked up at the Strangers' Gallery, "I hope the public will not change their attitude on this subject."

"That 's all very well," said Laurie, who had now entered the House. "But it seems to me that when H.R.H. reads this curious speech, he 'll be more inclined to fall in with our movement. In my mind's eye, I can already see him on the tub in Hyde Park, haranguing the mob of Colonels from under an umbrella."

Business done.—Army Estimates in Committee.

Tuesday.—Decidedly a Labour night, with Capital incidentally mentioned. First, Old Morality announces appointment of Royal Commission to inquire into relations between Capital and Labour. His placid mind evidently disturbed by undesirable coincidence. On Saturday night, Grandolph, suddenly remembering he had constituents at West Paddington, took a penny Road Car, and paid them visit. Delivered luminous speech on things in general.

AN IMPORTANT PERSON.

"Is Dr. Jones in Town?"

"Yessir. Have you an Appointment?"

"No; I did not think it necessary. The last time I called I had no Appointment, and saw him without any difficulty."

"Possibly so, Sir. I daressay *I* wasn't busy that Morning!"

Recommended appointment of Royal Commission on relations between Labour and Capital. To uninstructed mind looks uncommonly like as if Ministers, reading this speech on Monday morning, had said to each other, "Hallo! here 's Randolph in the field again. Says we must have Labour Commission; suppose we must."

Nothing of the kind happened. Cabinet Council met at noon on Saturday and decided upon Royal Commission. Grandolph didn't speak for some hours later. Odd that he should have hit on this Commission business; just like his general awkwardness of interference. Must prevent all possibility of mistake; so Old Morality, in announcing Commission, innocently, but pointedly, stops by the way to mention that Ministers had decided upon it "last Saturday."

Wish Grandolph had been here; would like to have seen the twinkle in his eye when he heard this little point made. But Grandolph busy down by the Docks, picking up his outfit. Secret of the sudden and surprising growth of the beard out now. Grandolph off to the gold-diggings, and beard usually worn there. Hardly knew him when I looked in the other day at Connaught Place; trying on his new things; pair of rough unpolished boots coming over his knees; belt round his waist holding up his trousers and conveniently suspending jacknife, tin pannikin, and water-bottle. "For use on the voyage," he explains. Then a flannel shirt open at the neck; a wide-awake cocked on one side of his head; and a pickaxe on his shoulder.

"I'm tired of civilisation, Tony, and I am off to the diggins. Leave you and Old Morality, and the Markiss and Jacoby to look after politics. As for me, I'm going to look for gold. I'm not rushing blindfold into the matter. I've studied it with the highest and the deepest authorities—and what do I learn? Native gold is found crystallised in the forms of the octahedron, the cube, and the dodecahedron, of which the cube is considered as the primary form. It also occurs in filiform, capillary, and arborescent shapes, as likewise in leaves or membranes, and rolled masses. It offers no indications of internal structure, but, on being separated by mechanical violence, exhibits a hackly fracture. Its colour comprises various shades of gold yellow. Its specific gravity varies from 14·8 to 19·2. It is commonly alloyed by copper, silver, and iron, in very small proportions. I mean, if I may say so, to unalloy it"; and, swinging the pick round his head with a dexterity that testified to natural aptitude combined with diligent practice, Grandolph chipped a fragment out of the marble mantelpiece, and, picking it up, eagerly examined it, as if in search of a hackly fracture.

I wished him good luck, and went back to the House, where I found Bipdulph smiling behind Speaker's chair, watching Atkinson illustrating the working of his Duration of Speeches Bill by ringing a muffin-bell, borrowed from a Constituent.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

"That evening bell!"

Thursday.—Should have been at work to-night on Army Estimates; but things getting a little mixed. Nearly 150 Members picknicking at Portsmouth; all the Colonels, the Bo'suns, the Captains, and the Admirals.

"Capital opportunity to get on with the Estimates," Jackson whispered in Old Morality's ear.

"No," said that pink of chivalry, "I will never take mean advantage of a man, even of an Admiral. Let us put on the Factories and Workshops Bill; won't take long; keep us going till they get back from Portsmouth."

So Home Secretary moved Second Reading. "Mere formality, you know," he explained; "shall refer Bill to Committee on Trade, and there it will be thrashed out and shaped." But floodgates once opened not easily shut. The Factories and Workshops mean the Working-Man; Working-Man has Vote; General Election not far off; must show Working-Man who's his true friend. Everybody his true friend. Speeches by the dozen; Compton, after long sitting in patient attitude at last caught Speaker's eye. "A milk-and-water Bill," he scornfully characterised Home Secretary's measure.

"Ah! Compton knows what the Working-Man likes," said Wilfrid Lawson. "A rum-and-milk Bill is more to *his* taste."

Lyon Playfair delivered one of his luminous Lectures; full of reference to "certifying surgeons," and "half-time children."

"What's a half-time child?" I asked Campbell-Bannerman.

"Fancy it's one prematurely born," he whispered back. "But really don't know; not on in this scene; ask Mundella or pleeceman."

Lyon Playfair knew all about it and much else.

"Wonderful man!" said the Member for Sark, gazing admiringly on his massive brow. "Always reminds me of what Sydney Smith said about another eminent person. 'Look at my little friend Jeffrey. He hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with. His intellect is indecently exposed.'"

Business done.—Factory and Workshops Bill read a Second Time.

Waiting for Opportunity.

Friday.—Provand brought on Motion raising vexed question of Taxation of Land. Old Morality always on look-out to do kind thing; thought this would be good opportunity of trotting out Chaplin; had no chance of distinguishing himself since he became Minister. So Chaplin put up; made mellifluous speech. Unfortunately, Mr. G. present; listened to Chaplin with suspicious suavity; followed him, and, as Jemmy Lowther puts it, "turned him inside out, and hung him up to dry." Played with him like a cat with a mouse; drew him out into damaging statements; then danced on his prostrate body. About the worst quarter of an hour Chaplin ever had in House, with Jokem on one side of him, and Old Morality on other, tossing about on their seats, exchanging groans and glances, while Chaplin mopped the massive brow on which stood forth iridescent gleams of moisture.

"Meant it all for the best," said Old Morality; "but who'd have thought of Mr. G. being here? Chaplin's a great Minister of Agriculture; but, when it comes to questions of finance, not quite on a par with Mr. G." *Business done.*—House Counted Out.

CHAMBERS IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

The Idler, by Haddon Chambers, is a real good play, thoroughly interesting from the rising to the setting of the Curtain. The parts are artistically adjusted, the dialogue unforced, the acting un-stagey, and the situations powerfully dramatic. The climax is reached at the "psychological moment," and the Curtain descends upon all that a sympathetic audience can possibly desire to know of what must be once and for all *the* story of a life-time. "The rest is silence." Throughout the play there is no parade of false sentimentality, no tawdry virtue, no copy-book morality, no vicious silliness; and, so well constructed is the plot, that there is no need of a wearisome extra Act, by way of postscript, to tell us how all the characters met again at the North Pole or Land's End; how everybody explained everything to everybody else; how the Idler, becoming a busy-body, married the widow of *Sir John Harding, M.P.*, who had had the misfortune to be drowned out shrimping; and how many other matters happened for which the wearied audience would not care one snap of the finger and thumb. On another occasion I shall have something to say about the acting, which, as far as the men are concerned, has certainly not been equalled since the days of *Peril*. The St. James's is in for a good thing with *The Idler*; and at this moment I may say, I would be Alexander were I not, briefly, Diogenes "The Turman," B.C.I.

Acting—on a Suggestion.—*The Woman*, always well informed, tells us on February 26, that, "owing to numerous applications," Mr. C. T. Grein is negotiating for the Royalty Theatre, in order to give another Ibsenian performance. Now this is exactly what we suggested in our number for February 14. If the date suits, we will go and see *Ghosts*, and, if we succeed in keeping up our spirits after seeing *Ghosts*, we will give a candid opinion on the performance of the piece which hitherto we know only in print. *En attendant*, we shall have something to say about the recent performance of that piece of Ibsenity *A Doll's House*—in our next.

What's in a Name?—On the recent occasion of the Queen's visit to Portsmouth, no one of the officials seems to have been more on the alert and more generally alive than Mr. Deadman, the Chief Constructor of the Yard.

"En iterum Crispinus!"—*Hamlet* on the real distinction between Theatres and Music Halls—

"To B. (and S.) or not to B. (and S.) *that* is the question!"

Happy Prospect.—The Wild Birds, if the Bill for their protection becomes law, will remember the Session of 1891 as a year of Peace and Quiet.

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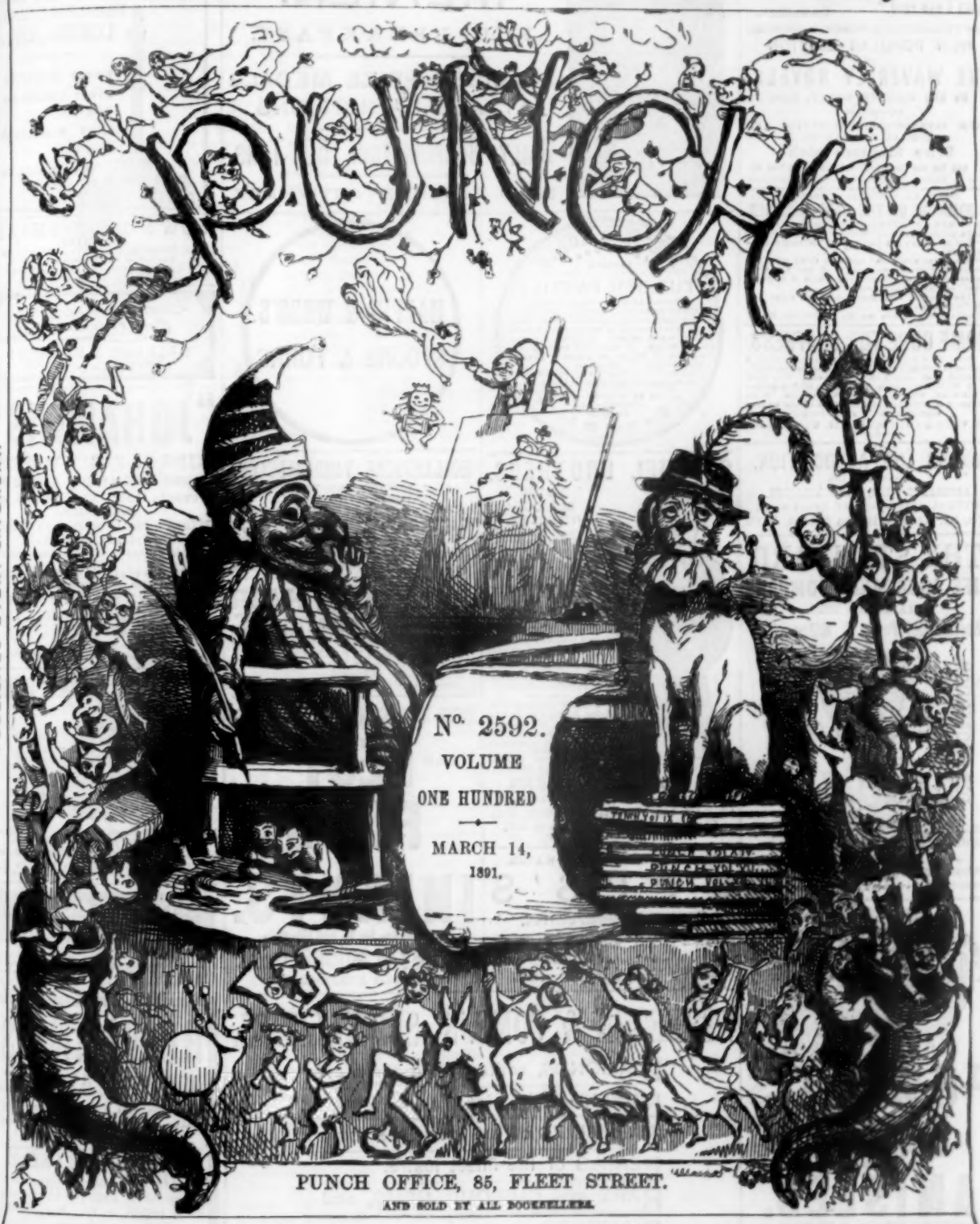

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SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

No. III.—The Biographer.

We will ask you, reader, this week, to compel your fancy to take a further flight, and kindly imagine yourself a worthy merchant, who has exchanged the turmoil of City-life for the elegant leisure of a suburban villa—let us say at Norwood. You are in your dining-room, examining the sky, and thinking that, if the weather holds up, you will take your big dog out presently for a run before lunch, when you are told that a gentleman is in the study who wishes to see you "on particular business." The very word excites you, not unpleasantly, nor do you care whether it is Churchwarden's business, or the District Board, or the County Council—it is enough that your experience and practical knowledge of affairs are in request—and, better still, it will give you something to do. So, after a delay due to your own importance, you march into your study, and find a brisk stranger, with red whiskers and a flexible mouth, absorbed in documents which he has brought with him in a black bag.

"Your Visitor has his Note-book out."

"I *have* the pleasure of addressing Mr. Mark Lane, I think?" he says. "Just so. Well, Mr. Mark Lane, I consider myself extremely fortunate in finding you at home, I assure you, and a very charming place you have here—abundant evidence of a refined and cultivated mind, excellent selection of our best-known writers, everything, if I may say so, elegant in the extreme—as was to be expected! Even from the cursory glimpse I have had, I can see that your interior would lend itself admirably to picturesque description—which brings me to the object of my visit. I have called upon you, Mr. Lane, in the hope of eliciting your sympathy and patronage for a work I am now compiling—a work which will, I am confident, commend itself to a gentleman of your wide culture and interest in literary matters." (*Here you will look as judicial as you can, and harden your heart in advance against a new Encyclopædia, or an illustrated edition of* Shakespeare's *works.*) "The work I allude to, Mr. Lane, is entitled, *Notable Nonentities of Norwood and its Neighbourhood.*" (*Here you will nod gravely, rather taken by the title.*) "It will be published very shortly, by subscription, Mr. Lane, in two handsome quarto volumes, got up in the most sumptuous style. It is a work which has been long wanted, and which, I venture to predict, will be very widely read. It is my ambition to make it a complete biographical compendium of every living celebrity of note residing at Norwood at the present date. It will be embellished with copious illustrations, printed by an entirely new process upon India and Japanese paper; everything—type, ink, paper, binding, will be of the best procurable; the publishers being determined to spare no expense in making it a book of reference superior to anything of the kind previously attempted!" (*As he pauses for breath, you will take occasion to observe, that no doubt such a work, as he contemplates, will be an excellent thing—but that, for your own part, you can dispense with any information respecting the Notabilities of Norwood, and, in short, that if he will excuse you——*)

"Pardon me, Mr. Lane," he interrupts, "you mistake my object. I should not dream of expecting you to *subscribe* to such a work. But, in my capacity of compiler, I naturally desire to leave nothing undone that care and research can effect to render the work complete—and it would be incomplete indeed, were it to include no reference to so distinguished a resident as yourself!" ("*Oh, pooh—nonsense!*" *You will say at this—but you will sit down again.*) "Norwood is a singularly favoured locality, Sir; its charms have induced many of our foremost men to select it for their *rus in urbe*. Why, in this very road——May I ask, by the way, if you are acquainted with Alderman Mincing? Alderman Mincing has been good enough to furnish me with many interesting details of his personal career, a photo-gravured portrait of him will be included, with views of the interior and exterior of 'The Druggeries,' and a bit from the back-garden." (*You do know* Mincing—*and you cannot help inwardly wondering at the absurd vanity of the man—a mere nobody, away from the City!*) "Between ourselves," says your interviewer, candidly, having possibly observed your expression, "I am by no means sure that I shall feel warranted in allotting Alderman Mincing as much space as I fear he will consider himself entitled to. Alderman Mincing, though a highly respectable man, does *not* appeal to the popular imagination as others I could mention do—he is just a *little* commonplace!" ("*Shrewd fellow, this! you think to yourself*—"*Got* Mincing's *measure!*") "But I should feel it an honour, indeed, if such a man as yourself, now, would give me all the personal information you think proper to make public, while, as a specimen of what Norwood can do in luxurious and artistic domestic fittings, this house, Sir, would be invaluable! I do trust that you will see your way to——" (*At first, you suggest that you must talk it over with your Wife—but you presently see that if* Mincing *and men of that calibre are to be in this, you cannot, for your own sake, hold aloof, and so your Visitor soon has his note-book out.*) "Any remarkable traits recorded of you as an infant, Mr. Lane? A strong aversion to porridge, and an antipathy to black-beetles—both of which you still retain? Thank you, *very* much. And you were educated? At Dulborough Grammar School? Just *so!* Never took to Latin, or learned Greek? Commercial aptitudes declaring themselves thus early—curious, *indeed!* Entered your father's office as clerk? Became a partner? Married your present lady—when? In 1860? Exactly!—and have offspring? Your subsequent life comparatively uneventful? That will do admirably—infinitely obliged to you, I am sure. It would be useless to ask you if you would care to have a copy of the work, when issued, forwarded to you—we can do it for you at the very nominal sum of two guineas, if paid in advance—a gratifying possession for your children after you have gone, Mr. Lane! I *may* put you down? Thank you. For *two* copies?" (*On second thoughts, you do order two copies; you can send one out to your married Sister in Australia—it will amuse her.*) "One, two, three, four guineas—*quite* correct, Mr. Lane, and you shall have an early opportunity of revising a proof, and we will send down a competent artist, in a day or two, to take the photographs. Quite an agreeable change in the weather, is it not? *Good* day!"

"You may have to wait."

He is gone, leaving you to wait for the proof, and the photo grapher, and the appearance of that great work, *Notable Nonentities of Norwood*,—and it is not at all unlikely that you may have to wait a considerable time.

Iago on the Great Sermon Question.

Good name in Mayor or Parson, dear my public,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my *sermon*, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been mouthed by dozens;
But he who "splits" on me as plagiarist,
Robs me of that which is no good to him,
And leaves me poor—in credit.

"Wherever we Wander," &c.—A new book of advice for intending Travellers has recently been published, entitled, "*Where to Stay.*" It is both ornamental and useful; but so much depends on ways and means, that, after careful consideration, *Mr. Punch*, when asked "*Where to Stay*," considers the safest answer will always be, "*At home.*"

"CHUCKED!"

["The Bookmakers are in consternation, the Chamber having yesterday (Feb. 28), by 330 Votes to 144, rejected a Bill legalising the *pari mutuel*, and the Government having pledged itself to enforce the law against gambling."—*Times Paris Correspondent.*]

The Bookie. "All right, Mossoo. I'm off to England! There's no Place like 'Ome!"

(*Extract of Letter from* Dicky Diddlum, *Bookmaker, Paris, to* Bounding Bob, *ditto, Newmarket.*)

". . . . Our game here appears to be as decidedly *hup* as the top of the Awful Tower! Regular mugs, these Mossoos, after all. Thought we *had* taught 'em a bit about *Ler Sport* by this time; but, bless yer, Bob, once a Pollyvoo, always a Pollyvoo! No Frenchy really hunderstands a 'Oss, or knows 'ow to make a Book!

"Abolish Betting!!! Wot next, I wonder? Wot with County Councils, dunderheaded Deppyties, and Swells who do the Detective bizness in their own droring-rooms, pooty soon there won't be a safe look in for a party as wants to do a nice little flutter—unless, of course, he 's a Stock-Exchange spekkylator, or a hinvester in South American Mines. *Then* he can plunge, and hedge, and jockey the jugginses as much as he 's a mind to. Wonder how that bloomin' French *Bourse* 'ud get along without a bit o' the pitch-and-toss barney, as every man as *is* a men finds the werry salt of life. Yah! This here Moral game is a gettin' played down too darned low for anythink. And wot 's it mean, arter all? Why, 'No Naughtiness, except for the Nobs!' That 's about the exact size of it, and it 's blazing beastly, Bob!

"Only one of the dashed Deppyties talked a mossel o' sense, fur as *I* see. A certain Mossoo der Kerjegu, a Republican, too, bless his boko! said as 'races were essential to 'orsebreeding, and that without betting there would be no races.' O. K. you are, Mossoo der K.! And then they up and chuck hus Bookies! No bookies, no betting; no betting, no races; no racing, no 'osses; no' osses, no nothink! That 's how it runs, Bob, or I'm a sossidge!

"But this here bloomin' Republick is too rediklus for anythink. Look at the kiddish kick-up along o' the visit of the Hempress! Why, if *we* 'ad that duffer, Deroulède, on Newmarket 'Eath, we should just duck him in a 'orsepond, like a copped Welsher. Here they wash-up him, or else knuckle under to him, like a skeery Coster's missus when her old man 's on the mawl, and feels round arter her ribs with his bloomin' high-lows. *That's* yer high-polite French Artists and brave booky - banishin' Dippyties! Yah!

"'Owsomever, I suppose, Bob, I must clear out of this. Mossoo Constans, he said, 'if the Bill were carried there would be an end to bookmakers.' And it *was* carried, by 340 mugs against 144 right 'uns. And arter all me and my sort has done for Parry! It's mean, that's wot it is, Bob. P'raps they 'll chuck British *jockeys* next! Much good their *Grong Prec*, ancetrer, will be *then*, my boy. *Our* 'osses, *our* jockeys, *and* our bookies has bin the making of French Sport,—and werry nice little pickings there 's bin out of it, take it all round. Wot 'll *Ler Hig Life*, and Hart, and Leagues o' Patriots, and miles o' bullyvards, and Cook's Tourists and Awful Towers do for Parry without *hus*, I wonder? We shall *see!* Ah, Madame *lar Republick*, maybe you 'll be sorry, you and your bullyin' jondarms, for chucking o' me afore you 're through. As Mat Morus put it:—

It was all werry well to dissemble yer love,
But wy did yer kick me down-stairs?

Chucked it is, though, and I shall probably see yer next week, Bob. Thanks be, the Flat Season 's at 'and! Arter all, there 's no place like 'ome! No!—

'Mid *Boises* and Bullyvards tho' we may roam,
Be it hever so foggy, there 's no place *like* 'ome;
A smile from the Swells seems to 'allow sport there,
Wich, look where you will, isn't met with elsewhere.
'Ome, 'ome, Sweet, sweet 'ome,
Be it hever so fog-bound, there 's no place like 'ome!

A hexile from Parry, I'm off o'er the main;
Ah! give me my native Newmarkit again;
The mugs, smiling sweetly, wot come at my bawl,
Give me these, and the "pieces," far dearer than all.
'Ome, 'ome,
Sweet, sweet 'ome,
With Raikes*, Lowther, Chaplin, there's no place like 'ome.

"Mean to sing *that* at our next 'Smoker,' Bob. But till then, Ta—ta!!"

* Which gentleman declined to find out for Mr. Samuel Smith, "what proportion betting messages bear to the other telegrams transmitted by the Post-office Department."

Desdemona to the Author of "Dorian Gray."

(*A propos of his paragraphic Preface.*)

"There are old fond paradoxes, to make boys crow i' the Club corner. What miserable praise hast thou for him that's foul and foolish?"

Something in a Name.—A recent theatrical announcement informed us that a new comedy would be produced from the pen of a Mr. Henry Dam. If successful, imagine the audience calling for the Author by name. If a triumph, the new dramatist will be known as "The big, big D."

By a Tired and Cynical Critic of Current Fiction.

A "School for Novelists," they say, has risen.
A School? What's really wanted is a Prison.
Life-long confinement far from pen and ink
Might cure the crowd of fictionists, I *think*.
Or, if by Lessons you'd arrest the blight,
Go teach the Novelist how *not* to write!

Athletics.—It is said that the County Council are resolved to forbid the popular feats of raising heavy weights, upon the ground that it may lead to shoplifting.

Working and Playing Bees.—*Lady B-ountiful* first, at the Garrick, and *Lady B-arter* at the Princess's.

OLD FRIENDS.

Big Ben. "Oh, Flattery's the Bane of Friendship! Just look at you and me, old Man! Why, I've *always* told you the Truth about yourself, however disagreeable! It's a way I have. And yet we've been fast Friends for Forty Years, and I like you better than any Friend I possess! Indeed, you're about the only Friend I've got left!"

Little Dick (*dreamily*). "Ah, but you *must* remember that I've *never told you the Truth back again!*"

THE FIRST ACT—AND THE LAST.

(*A Departmental Tragi-Comedy, in active Rehearsal.*)

Act I.—*The Scene represents the Interior of a Military Instruction Room. Black Boards, on which are displayed advanced Problems and Calculations in the Higher Mathematics, and various Scientific Charts cover the Walls. Models of mechanical contrivances and machinery used in the construction of complicated Small Arms approved by the Authorities, are scattered about in every direction.* Tommy Atkins *is discovered, giving his best attention to the conclusion of a very lengthy but rather abstruse explanatory Lecture.*

Military Instructor (*who has been for an hour and a half explaining the intricate mechanism of the new Magazine Rifle, finally approaching the end of his subject*). Well, as I have fully explained before, but may state once more, so as to firmly impress it on your memory, you will bear in mind that the cylindrical portion will be shortened in front, the end of the rib being provided with tooth underneath, and stud on top, both studs on rib to have undercut grooves, a small keeper-screw, and bolt-head for cover, being added, while the cocking-stud is enlarged. Then do not forget that jammed cases or bullets are removed by two ramrods, screwed together by the locking-bolt being omitted. I needn't again go over the twenty-four different screws, but, in case of accident, it will be well to retain their various outside thread diameters in your memory, specially not forgetting that those of the Butt Trap Spring, the Dial Sight Pivot, and the Striker Keeper Screw, stand respectively at ·1696, ·1656, and ·116 of an inch. Of course you will remember the seven pins, and that, if anything should go wrong with the Bolt Head Cover Pin, as you will practically have to take the whole rifle to pieces, you should be thoroughly familiar with the 197 different component items, which, properly adjusted one with the other, make up the whole weapon. I think I need not refer again to the "sighting," seeing that the Lewes system is abolished, and that the weapon is now sighted up to 3,500 yards, "dead on," no matter what the wind may be. With this remark, I have much pleasure in placing the rifle in your hands (*gives him one*), at the same time advising you, if called upon to use it in the heat of action, to be prepared with the knowledge I have endeavoured to impart to you today, and, above all things, to keep your head cool. I don't think I have anything more to add, Atkins. I have made myself pretty clear?

Tommy Atkins (*with a grin*). 'Ees, Sir!

Military Instructor. And there is nothing more you wish to ask me?

Tommy Atkins (*still grinning*). Non, Sir!

Military Instructor. Ah! well then, good morning. I trust you will find it, what they assure me it is,—a most serviceable weapon.

Tommy Atkins (*saluting*). 'Ees, Sir!

[*Exit, still grinning as Act-Drop descends.*

Act II.—*The Scene represents a Field of Battle* (*after the fight*) *in the immediate neighbourhood of London.* Tommy Atkins *and the* Military Instructor *discovered lying badly wounded amidst a heap of the slain. A European War having broken out suddenly, from which the Country could not escape, and the Fleet at the last moment, finding that it had only half its proper supply of guns, and that the very few of these which did not burst at the first shot had ammunition provided for them that was two sizes too large, the Country is invaded, while a Committee of Experts is still trying to settle on a suitable cartridge for the new Magazine Rifle. The result is, that after a couple of pitched battles, though, in an outburst of popular fury,* Mr. Stanhope *is lynched by the Mob to a lamp-post in Parliament Street, London capitulates, and the French Commander-in-Chief, breakfasts, waited on by the* Lord Mayor, *in the Bank of England.*

Military Instructor (*sitting up and rubbing his eyes*). Dear me! we seem to have been beaten. That Rifle was no good, after all. (*Recognising him.*) Halloa, Atkins!

Tommy Atkins (*with a grin*). 'Ees, Sir!

Military Instructor. You remember all I told you?

Tommy Atkins (*still grinning*). 'Ees, Sir!

Military Instructor. I'm afraid that wasn't such a serviceable weapon, after all!

Tommy Atkins (*still grinning*). Non, Sir!

Military Instructor. Dear me! Well, we had better get out of this! By Jove! it looks like the last Act!

[*Mutually assist each other to rise and quit the Battle-field, the* Military Instructor *threatening to write to the "Times," and* Tommy Atkins *still grinning as Curtain falls.*

Sylvanus. "Foxes are scarce in my Country; but we manage it with a Drag now and then!"
Urbanus. "Oh—er—yes. But how do you get it over the Fences?"

UNDER A CIVIL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[What possible chance would Colonel X., Member for ——, feel that he had of fair play if he walked into the Opposition side in a Division?—*Evening Paper.*]

Scene — *A Battle-field. Colonel X. discovered apparently dying in the hour of victory.*

Faithful Aide-de-Camp. The enemy run, Sir! We have beaten them off on every side!

Colonel (*faintly*). That is well! (*with a sigh*) and yet my heart is heavy within me! Believe me, Smith, I cannot die easily.

F. A.-de-C. And yet the vacancy thus created would be found a stimulus to promotion! Have you thought of that, Sir?

Col. X. I have not forgotten it, Smith, and as a politician the idea is comforting. Ah, Smith, would that I had always done my duty in the House of Commons! But no, with a view to obtaining this command, I voted against my convictions! I supported the Government in their proposal to tax perambulators! It was cruel, unmanly so to do, but I was weak and foolish! And now I cannot die easily! Would that I could live to repair the past.

Opposition Whip (*suddenly springing up from behind a limber à la* Hawkshaw *the Detective*). It is *not* too late! Return with me to Westminster forthwith. The Third Reading is down for to-night! With a special train we shall be in time! You can yet record your vote!

Col. X. (*suddenly reviving*). Say you so? Then I *will* recover! I *will* do my duty!

[*Exit, to vote against his Party, and to be put permanently on the shelf, from a military point of view!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Sir Edwin Arnold's paper on Japan, in *Scribner*, for March, is interesting and also amusing. The Japanese seemed to be a charming people; and the Japanese women delightful as wives; but then they can be divorced for being talkative.

A propos of Japan, to judge from one of our Lika Joko's capital illustrations of Hospital Nursing in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, the Matron's room must be "an illigant place, intoirely"; while as for amusement, if the picture of a nurse giving a patient a cup of ink by mistake for liquorice-water isn't a real good practical side-splitter, the Baron would like to be informed what is? Then we come upon a delightful little picture of "*The Pet of the Hospital*"; and so she ought to be, for a prettier pet than this nursing Sister it would be difficult to find. What becomes of her? Does she marry a "Sawbones," or run off with a patient? Anyhow, she must be a "great attraction," and if anything were to happen to the Baron, and he couldn't be removed to his own palatial residence, he would say, "Put me in a cab, drive me to the Furniss Hospital, and let me be in Pretty Pet's Ward."

The Baron has just been dipping into Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy's "Pages on Plays" in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Justin Huntly expresses his opinion that "*The Dancing Girl* will almost certainly be the play of the season; it will probably be the principal play of the year." "Almost certainly" and "probably" save the situation. The Baron backs *The Idler* against *The Dancing Girl* for a run. In the same Magazine Mr. Albert Fleming has condensed into a short story, called *Sally*, material that would have served some authors for a three-volume novel.

It is a pleasure for the Baron to be in perfect accord on any one point with the Author of *Essays in Little*, and in proportion to the number of the points so is the Baron's pleasure intensified. Most intending readers of these Essays, on taking up the book, would be less curious to ascertain what Andrew Lang has to say about Homer and the study of Greek, about Théodore de Banville, Thomas Haynes Bayley, the Sagas, and even about Kingsley, than to read his opinions on Dickens and Thackeray, placing Dickens first as being the more popular. The Baron recommends his friends, then, to read these Essays of Andrew's, beginning with Thackeray, then Dickens; do not, on any account, omit the delightfully written and truly appreciative article on Charles Lever; after which, go as you please, but finish with "*the last fashionable novel*," wherein our M.A., in his Merriest-Andrewest mood, treats us to an excellent parody.

The Baron has appointed an extra Reader, and this Extra-Ordinary Reader to the Baron has just entered upon the discharge of his duties by reading *Monte Carlo, and How to Do It*, by W. F. Goldberg, and G. Chaplin Piesse (J. W. Arrowsmith). He reports in the following terms to his loved Chief:—This book achieves the task of combining extraordinary vulgarity with the flattest and most insipid dulness—not a common dulness, but a dulness redolent of low slang and dirty tap-rooms. The authors seem to plume themselves on their marvellous success in reaching Monte Carlo, which, with their usual sprightly facetiousness, they call "Charley's Mount." They are good enough to tell such of the travelling public as may want to get there, that the train leaving Victoria at 8·40 A.M. reaches Dover at 10·35. Stupendous! These two greenhorns took their snack on board the steamer (Ugh!), instead of waiting until they reached Calais, where there is the best restaurant on any known line. Instead of going by the *Ceinture*, they drove across Paris. The greenhorns arrive at Monte Carlo, and then settle on their quarters. Anyone but an idiot would have settled all this, and much more, beforehand. One gentlemanly greenhorn, who wishes us to think that "*il connait son Paris*," talks of "suppers of Bignon's" (which must be some entirely new dish), and informs us that, "at the Hôtel de l'Athenée, the staff esteem it rather a privilege, and a mark of their skill in language, to grin and snigger when sworn at in English." Oh, sweet and swearing British greenhorn! now I know why the French so greatly love our countrymen. But why, oh why do you imagine that you have discovered Monte Carlo? For the details of the journey, and the instructions to future explorers, are set out with a painful minuteness which not even Stanley could rival. As for Monaco, dear, restful, old-fashioned, picturesque Monaco, whither the visitor climbs to escape from the glare and noise of Monte Carlo, the greenhorn dismisses it scornfully, as having "no interest." How much does this ten-per-center want? He "waggles along the Condamine;" he mixes with many who are "pebble-beached;" he speaks of his intimates as "Pa," "The Coal-Shunter," "Ballyhooly," &c., and declares of the French soldier that "the short service forty-eight-day men don't have a very unkyperdoodlum time of it." There's wit for you, there's elegance! Then he becomes Jeromeky-jeromistically eloquent on the subject of fleas, throws in such lucid expressions as "chin music," "gives him biff," "his graft is thusly," and, altogether, proves himself and his fellow-explorer to be a couple of the slangiest and most foolish greenhorns who ever put pen to any sort of paper. I can imagine the readers who enjoy their stuff. Dull, swaggering, blatant, gin-absorbing, red-faced Cockneys, who masquerade as sportsmen, and chatter oaths all day. "Ditto to you," says the Baron to his Extra-Ordinary Reader, and backs his opinion with his signature,

The Baron de Book-Worms.

MORE IBSENITY!

DEAR EDITOR,—Noticing that the author of *The Doll's House* was to have another morning, or, to use an equally suitable epithet, mourning performance devoted to his works, I made up my mind, after bracing up my nerves, to attend it. The 23rd of February (the date of the proposed function) as the second Monday in Lent, seemed to me, too, distinctly appropriate. By attending the performance—IBSEN recommends self-execution—I sentenced myself to three hours and a half of boredom, tempered with disgust. I cannot help feeling that whatever my past may have been, the penance paid to wipe it out was excessive, and therefore rendered it unnecessary that I should attend a second performance announced for last week.

Rosmershölm is in four Acts and one Scene—a room in *Rosmer's* House. Act I. *Rector Kroll*, who is the brother-in-law of *Pastor Rosmer*, calls upon the latter, to ask him to edit a paper in the Conservative interest. *Kroll* (who, by the way, is a married man) before seeing the widower of his dead sister, has a mild flirtation with *Rebecca West*, a female of a certain age, who has taken up her abode for some years in the Rector's house. And here I may observe that the Rector's housekeeper, *Madame Helseth*, presumably a highly respectable person, although she has excellent reasons, from the first, for believing that the relations between her Master and *Rebecca* are scarcely platonic, accepts the domestic arrangements of the Rosmer *ménage* with hearty acquiescence, not to say enthusiasm. *Rosmer* interrupts the Rector's *tête-à-tête* with the fascinating *Rebecca*, and declines the proffered editorship, because he is a Radical, and an atheist. End of Act I.,—no action to speak of, but a good deal of wordy twaddle. In Act II. we learn that the late *Mrs. Rosmer* has committed suicide, because she was informed that the apostate Pastor could only save his villainy from exposure by giving immediately the position of wife to her friend *Rebecca*. She has had this tip on the most reliable authority,—it has been furnished by *Rebecca* herself. Then the Pastor asks *Rebecca* to marry him, but is refused, for no apparent reason, unless it be that she has tired of her guilty passion. In Act III. *Rebecca* admits to the widower and his brother-in-law that she has deceived the deceased, and prepares to decamp. In the final Act the apostate Pastor declares that he has been in love with *Rebecca* from the first, loves her now, but is not sure that she loves him. To set his mind at rest on this point, will she do him a small favour? Will she be so good as to jump into the mill-stream, and drown herself? With pleasure—and she takes a header! He explains that courtesy forbids him to keep a lady waiting, and follows her example! So both are drowned, and all ends happily!

And this is the plot! And what about the characters? *Rebecca* is merely a hysterical old maid, who would have been set right, in the time of the Tudors, with a sound ducking; and nowadays, had she consulted a fashionable physician, she would have been probably ordered a sea-voyage, and a diet free from stimulants. The Pastor is a feeble, fickle fool, who seemingly has had but one sensible idea in his life. He has believed his wife to be mad, and, considering that she married him, his faith in the matter rested upon evidence of an entirely convincing nature. The *Rector Kroll* is a prig and a bore of the first water. When he discovers *Rebecca's* perfidy, he suggests that she may have inherited her proneness for treachery from her father—and, to her distressed astonishment, he gives the name of a gentleman, not hitherto recognised by her as a parent! The best line in the piece, to my mind—and it certainly "went with a roar"—is a question of the housekeeper—answered in the negative—"Have you ever seen the Pastor laugh?" Laugh! with such surroundings! Pretentious twaddle, that would be repulsively immoral were it less idiotic. And *so* dull!

As a theatre-goer for more than a quarter of a century, I dislike undue severity, and am consequently glad to find my opinion is shared by others. "SCRUTATOR," the Dramatic Critic of *Truth*, wrote last week—"The few independent persons who have sat out a play by IBSEN, be it *The Doll's House*, or *The Pillars of Society*, or *Rosmershölm*, have said to themselves, 'Put this stuff before the playgoing public, risk it at an evening theatre, remove your *claque*, exhaust your attendance of the socialist and the sexless, and then see where your IBSEN will be.' I have never known an audience that cared to pay to be bored, and the over-vaunted *Rosmershölm* bored even the Ibsenites." I only hope it did, for they deserve their martyrdom! I believe that you personally, my dear Editor, have never seen a dramatic performance of the "Master's" work. I wish I could say as much, and I shall be surprised if you do not appreciate the feeling, after you too have partaken of this truly Lenten fare.

Yours sincerely,

ONE WHO LIKES IBSEN—AT A DISTANCE.

STRIKING TIMES.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STREET BALLAD.

(*By a Labouring Elector.*)

CHEER up, cheer up, you sons of toil, and listen to my song.
The times should much amuse you; you are up, and going strong.
The Working Men of England at length begin to see
That *their* parsnips for to butter now the Parties all agree.

Chorus.

It's high time that the Working Men should have it their own way,
And their prospect of obtaining it grows brighter every day!

This is the time for striking, lads; at least, it strikes me so.
Monopoly has had some knocks, and under it must go.
NORWOOD we licked; LIVERSEY licked us; his was an artful plan;
But luck now turns. Ask JOHNNY BURNS, and also TOMMY MANN!

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

It isn't "Agitators" now, but Parties and M.P.'s,
Who swear we ought to have our way, and do as we darn please.
Upon my word it's proper fun! A man should love his neighbour;
Yet Whigs hate Tories, Tories Whigs; but oh! they *all* love *Labour!*

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

There's artful JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, he *looks* as hard as nails,
But when he wants to butter *us*, the Dorset never fails;
He lays it on so soft and slab, not to say thick and messy.
He *couldn't* flummerify us more were each of us a JESSE!

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

Then roystering RANDOM takes his turn; *his* treacle's pretty thick;
He gives the Tories the straight tip,—and don't they take it—quick?
And now, by Jove, it's comical!—where *will* the fashion end?—
There's PARNELL ups and poses as the genuine Labourer's Friend!

Chorus—It's high time, &c.

Comrades, it makes me chortle. The Election's drawing nigh,
And Eight Hours' Bills, or anything, they'll *promise* for to try,
They'll spout and start Commissions; but, O mighty Labouring Host,
Mind your eye, and keep it on them, or they'll have you all on toast!

Chorus.

It's high time that the Working Men should have it their own way.
They'll strain their throats,—you mind your votes, and you may find it pay!

WILDE FLOWERS.

SOME other fellow, in the *P. M. G.*, has been beforehand with us in spotting "A Preface to *Dorian Gray*," by our OSCAR WILDE-r than ever, in this month's *Fortnightly*. *Dorian Gray* was published some considerable time ago, so it belongs to ancient history, and now, after this lapse of time, out comes the preface. And this "preface" occupies the better part, I use this expression in all courtesy, of two pages; which two pages represent a literary flower-bed, where rows of bright asterisks are planted between lines of brilliant aphorisms. The rule of the arrangement seems to be,—"when in doubt, plant asterisks." *Sic itur ad astra.* The garden is open to all, let us cull here one and there one. "*To reveal Art and conceal the Artist, is Art's aim.*" Is there not in this the scent of "*Ars est celare artem*"? "Art" includes "the Artist," of course. Then "*Puris omnia pura*" is to be found in two other full-blown aphorisms, if I mistake not. St. PAUL's advice to TIMOTHY is engrafted on to the stalk of another aphorism. "Why lug in TIMOTHY?" Well, to "adapt" Scripture to one's purpose is not to quote it. *Vade retro!* Do we not recognise something familiar in "*When Critics disagree the Artist is in accord with himself?*"

But after it is all done, and the little flower-show is over, then arises the despairing cry of our own cherished OSCAR. It is in the *Last of the Aphorisms*; after which, exhausted, he can only sign his name, fling away the goose-quill, and then sink back in his luxurious arm-chair exhausted with the mental efforts of years concentrated into the work of one short hour. Ah! "*La plupart des livres d'à présent ont l'air d'avoir été faits en un jour avec des livres lus de la veille.*" Ask Messrs. ROCHEFOUCAULD, CHAMFORT, RIVAROL, and JEAN MORLÉ. "*Ai! Ai! Papai! Papai!* Phillaloo! Murther in Irish!" Let us be natural, or shut up shop. Yet there is a chance,—to be supernatural. The great Pan is dead, so there is a seat vacant among the gods, open to any aspirant for immortality. "*All Art is quite useless!*" cries OSCAR WILDE-ly. And has it come to this? "Is this the Hend?" Yes, this is his last word—for the present. Pan is dead! *Vive* Pannikin!

"CES AUTRES"

(HEARD AT CHURCH-PARADE.)

Captain Bergamot. "Are any of your Brothers in the Service, Miss de Bullion?"
Miss de Bullion. "Yes; One in the Guards, and—a—" (*with disgust*)—"the Rest in the Common Army, you know."

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

A Song of Sympathy.

(*Some Way after a celebrated Boating Song.*)

["Sir Henry Parkes concluded by declaring that if the Colonies continued separate they must become hostile communities, and, in order that they might prevent that, it was for the whole people to join in creating one great Union Government."—Reuter.]

Mr. Leo Britannicus, *an Old Blue, and a sympathetic on-looker, loquitur:—*

Capital boating weather!
Ay, and a favouring breeze!
Oars upon the feather!
Sun of the Southern Seas!
Brave boys! Swing together,
Your bodies between your knees!

Pheugh! How old memory rushes
Over me!—Pulled indeed!
Though Leo seldom gushes,
And these be of Leo's breed,
The blood of an Old Blue flushes
At the Young Blues' power and speed!

Coach them, or patronise them?
Nay, I've no call for that.
To cheer them, not to advise them,
I'm on this path,—that's pat!
Affection admiringly eyes them:—
Once in a boat I sat!

Pulled my weight at a pinch,
For odds cared never a "cuss;"
No stern-chase caused me to flinch,
But—always detested fuss.

Strain the last ounce, and inch!
Races are won, boys, *thus!*

Look a most likely lot,
Lionlets lithe and young.
Pace? They will make it hot.
Few can have feathered and swung
Better. Tall talk is rot;
But, hang it! I *must* give tongue!

There's "Queensland" and "New South Wales,"
"Australia South" and "West,"
"Victoria,"—each one scales
Good weight, and with girth of chest;
"New Zealand's" zeal prevails,
He'll swing in time with the rest.

The hero born of Thetis
Had pluck enow. What then?
Each hero here, whose meat is
"Hard steak and harder hen,"
As stalwart and as fleet is
As the Greek first of men!

"Stroke" sets it long and steady;
That gladdens a true Old Blue.
There's nothing hot and heady
In sturdy Number Two.
There are coxens sharp and ready
In the Land of the Kangaroo!

Go it, lads! Swing together!
Push elders from their stools?
Pooh! *I* shall moult no feather;
Old boys are not always old fools.
Out upon jealous blether!
You've learnt in the best of schools.

I want to see you win, lads;
Old Leo loves his cubs.

If cynics growl or grin, lads,
We'll drive them back to their tubs.
Do you think my blood's so thin, lads,
I'd diet upon cold snubs?

The cynics think they're clever;
Beshrew their big bow-wow!
Boys, swing together ever,
Steady from stroke to bow;
One chain shall sever never—
The love-links round us now!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Will someone gifted with the *nous*,
Explain the "why" of Spinning House?
Is it to strike with wholesome fear
The thoughtless maiden whose career
Looks like a sinning one?
And thus the Judge her conscience wakes,
Since he, when passing sentence, takes
Good care to name a *Spinning* one?
Or is it that in such a habitation,
Herself a spinster more at home might feel;
And in a Spinning House find occupation,
Provided with a decent spinning-wheel;
But there,—no matter whence it came,
Or what's the meaning hidden in its name,
About its destination there's no fear;
And judging from a noted recent case,
The Spinning House will,—it is pretty clear,—
Itself be soon sent spinning into space.

"Is a husband worth having?" asks *Woman*. One reply would be, "Well, that depends on whose husband it is." But, by the way, this view was not under consideration.

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

British Lion. "BRAVO, BOYS!—*SWING TOGETHER!!*"

A WILD WELCOME.

February's reign of gloom
Out of mind and sight is,
Noonday darkness of the tomb,
Carbon and bronchitis.

Though the air is keen and chill,
Cloudy though the skies are,
Buoyant breaths our bosoms fill,
Free from smart our eyes are.

Bursting on the lengthening day
Bellows March the Viking,
"I have blown the fogs away;
Is this to your liking?"

Yes, thy voice o'er moor and mead
Sets the spirits bounding,
Like the Major's chartered steed
At the trumpet's sounding.

Welcome, roaring moon of dust,
Welcome, Spring's reviver;
On the race again we must
Risk the wonted fiver;

Fields are showing brighter green,
Early buds are shooting;
On the early youth is seen
The new season's suiting.

Long it is since sparrows shrill
With their chirping woke us;
There is one with busy bill
Worrying a crocus.

How they love the flow'r of spring—
Never can resist it;
What a graceful little thing—
Bother, I have miss'd it!

Now the wind along the plain
Comes with roar and clatter—
There, my hat is off again!
Let it go—no matter.

What am I, to say thee nay
In thy rudest phases?
Blow my Sunday hat away,
Blow my hat to blazes.

'Tis but little we can do
For thy bounty's measure—
Sacrifice a hat or two?
Forty hats, with pleasure.

KENSINGTON GARDENS SMALL TALK.

From the Railway Improvement Phrase-Book.

That Nursery-maid with the three children and the perambulator will certainly get run over by the train if she stands there gossiping with the man in the signal-box.

That is the nineteenth horse that has run away and thrown its rider this morning, frightened by the smoke of the passing engine.

So it is not, after all, a tornado that has swept across the Gardens, and rooted up all these trees, but merely the firm that has taken the contract for the making of the new line.

Yes, there is no doubt that this wooden fence, stretching right across the Gardens, relieved by overseers' moveable hatch-houses, puffing steam-cranes, and processions of mud-carts, rather interfere with the beauty and tranquillity of the place, but one must really bear in mind *that it is, after all, only to last for five years.*

Ha! I thought so! There go the whole of the water-fowl under that luggage-train.

It is true, the Gardens are ruined, but one must not forget the inestimable advantage to the shareholders of the public being able to get from Paddington to Chelsea in a tunnel for twopence.

Query for Next Election.—No man has a vote until he has attained his majority. How about some districts where they are nearly all Miners?

MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN ME IN—TO DINNER.

(*By a Dinner-Belle.*)

No. II.—Don Juan Senior.

To share with men the prandial gloom
Of union forced that fatal custom
Decrees to wither "youth and bloom,"
(The phrase is from *Sohrab and Rustum*)
I've suffered boredom to the full;
Professors dull—of Hindostani!
Dull wits, dull statesmen, dandies dull—
He wasn't dull—was Don Giovanni.

A widower *fêted* far and wide,
The jauntiest Rake who drinks the waters,
Smartest of "smart" vulgarians, pride
And terror of his decent daughters;
Old Don Giovanni, fraught with warm
Flirtations, free to fling his cash on
The dining Duchess, "mould of form!"
Antique, good-looking "glass of fashion."

He gossiped how the Viscount bets
(Some heiress he must really "pick up"),
How noble dames smoke cigarettes
And noble heels in ballets kick up.
How "H.R.H."——*n'importe!* my friend
Experience shows me that the *laches*
Of such as air these letters tend
In the direction of their "H"'s.

He chatted next of German Spas,
Of Continental, English "P.B.'s,"
And how our matchmaking Mammas
Are scared by Transatlantic Hebes,
How he with Royalties had graced
The latest function—genial patrons—
While Beauty, perched on barrows, raced
Before the virtuous British matrons.

And then his compliments began
To rain like drops of Frangipanni,
A most insinuating man
He was, this ancient Don Giovanni.
You felt, if you could half believe,
You'd but to word a whim to find it,
You quite forgot he owned a sleeve,
And several teeth to laugh behind it.

There may be kindness, lofty souls,
Great Brains, and whatso ne'er grows older,
Him the Material controls:
He shrugs a sleek, good-natured shoulder.
Time scatters dalliance, joy, and joke;
Your choicest vintage passes; e'en your
Supreme tobacco ends in smoke—
And so will poor Don Juan, Senior.

Mrs. Malaprop is much puzzled at the announcement that it is proposed to construct a new Tubercular Railway between England and France.

SONGS BY A CYNIC.

Love.

What's Love, and all that Love can bring,
Youth's earliest illusion:
What tender words *she* used to sing,
And blush with sweet confusion.
How you would hang upon each word,
When under spells of Cupid;
When half she said was most absurd,
And all extremely stupid.

You loved her for her hair of gold,
Unwitting that she dyed it;
She vowed her love could ne'er grow cold,
Though Time had never tried it.
Your worship came to such a pass,
That, when you calmly view it,
You feel you were an utter ass,
Though then you never knew it.

What happened? Why, the usual thing:
While round her you would linger,
Her love was fragile as the ring
You bought to grace her finger.
She went off with another man,
And so you had to sever:
Thus women since the world began
Have done, and will do ever.

REVELATIONS OF A REVELLER.

I revelled at the Albert Hall, which last week was given up to a festival called "*The Coming Race.*" I was there at the opening on Thursday, the 5th, when Princess Beatrice, attended by her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, declared the Bazaar open. A gay and festive scene. Here, there, and everywhere, Egyptian houses made of cardboard, containing stalls full of the most useful articles imaginable. On the dais, a number of sweet-faced ladies presenting purses (containing £3 3*s.* and upwards) to the Princess, who received them with an affability which won the hearts of all beholders. On the floor of the building was a gaily-dressed throng, which included many a distinguished person. The revelry continued for three days, and was, I trust, the means of obtaining funds for a charity which, no doubt, is most deserving of support. And here, I may say, I revelled so much at the Albert Hall, that I had no desire to revel anywhere else.

FÊTE OR FATE?

Or, Hoppers in Covent Garden, March 4th.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Impressionist.*)

Lights and bouquets—flush and flare—
Motley medley—splash affair—
Deft disguises—flute and fife—
Half the world without his wife—
Dominos, and masks, and faces—
Graces three—and three Disgraces.
Jacks-in-boxes—tambour-majors—
Janes in office—ancient stagers—
Reynolds' Duchess—Shepherdesses;
(Burlington) Arcadian tresses—
Primrose damsels,—clowns and follies,—
Organ-grinders—Flemish dollies—
Macaronis, rather muddy,
Of the central stud a study—
England's mashers, Afric's dark sons—
Nathan's stock-in-trade and Clarkson's—
All costumes not apt the back to,
Some of them inclined to crack too—
Martyred revellers in upper
Rooms, and singing for their supper.
Bright confusion—many a mad hunt—
Five o'clock—*and wish I hadn't.*

Something Marvellous in the Nineteenth Century.—Revival of *Charles the First!!!* (at the Lyceum).

ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS. No. 2.—ARTHUR GOLFOUR.

MR. JONATHAN AND MISS CANADA.

"WHAT are you doing, my pretty Maid?"
"I'm coming from voting, Sir," she said.
"May I question you, my pretty Maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.
"Who is your father, my pretty Maid?"
"JOHN BULL is my father, Sir," she said.
"And what is your fortune, my pretty Maid?"
"My race is my fortune, Sir," she said.
"Then I can't annex you, my pretty Maid!"
"Nobody axed you, Sir!" she said.

GIVING A LODGER NOTICE TO QUIT.—*Mr. Punch*, Perpetual Universal Grand Past, Present, and Future Master, congratulates H.R.H., Grand Master of English Freemasons, on his plucky and straightforward action with regard to the G. M. of Otago and Southland, New Zealand, who, having contravened the resolution of Grand Lodge, March 6, 1878, may now exclaim, in bitterness of spirit, "O for a Lodge in some vast Wilderness!" "for," says in effect, H.R.H., G.M., as the once frequently quoted Somebody observed to a person whose name was *not* Dr. FERGUSON, "you don't lodge here!"

RECIPROCITY.—"MACE," in *The Illustrated London News*, says, sweepingly:—"No Under-Secretary ever has any opinion of his own." Perhaps that is why the Public seldom has any opinion of an Under-Secretary!

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT BILL" IN A NEW PART.

"DIE, VILLAIN!"

"The extinction of literary piracy in America has been decreed."—*Times Leader, March 5.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—Navy Estimates on to-night. Millions of money to be voted, and only fourteen Members present. One, it is true, is HARCOURT; so perhaps the most accurate enumeration of the aggregate would be fifteen.

"*Que diable allait-il faire dans ce* jolly-boat?" GEORGE HAMILTON asks, pausing for a moment in his incessant occupation of tearing up strips of paper to glance across table at portly figure reclining on Front Opposition Bench. Several Admirals and Captains have spoken. Members generally have fled the burning deck. Even OLD MORALITY's sense of duty to his Queen and Country cannot restrain his flight; but CASABIANCA HARCOURT still remains. A little provoking for the Old Salts descanting on Naval affairs to observe smile of pitying toleration with which he listens. Doesn't *say* they're all wrong, but smiles it. Even the voice of the Reverberating COLOMB falters when, glancing round the great gaps of empty Benches opposite, his eye falls on HARCOURT.

"Sir, I repeat," he said, quite angrily, though no one had contradicted him, "that during the period that has elapsed since commencement of the present reign, the revenue of the United Kingdom has increased only one-and-a-half times, while that of the outlying Empire has multiplied five-fold."

General admission that HARCOURT is a master in nearly every department of human knowledge. Up to to-night fondly thought that at least he knew nothing about the Navy. But he does; knows more than Admiral FIELD, or Admiral MAYNE, or even Colonel GOURLEY. Presently rose and delivered slashing speech, laying low the Reverberating COLOMB as if he had been set up in the Place Vendôme; reviewing the British Fleet in masterly style; nimbly running up the mainmast and sighting Jerusalem and Madagascar, to the absolute confounding of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Something more than his full height.

"Well," said KERANS, drawing himself up to something more than his full height, "that's the most remarkable exhibition I ever heard, even from HARCOURT. We've nothing like it on our side. HOWORTH knows a thing or two, and HANBURY isn't lacking in accomplishment; but *for* versatility, for profundity of knowledge, for readiness of grasp, whether the object be a lawyer's brief, a Chancellor of the Exchequer's ledger, the hilt of a sword, or the tiller of a ship, give me HARCOURT."

Business done.—Committee on the Navy Estimates.

Tuesday.—WOLMER asked OLD MORALITY what about the Fog? Couldn't something be done to lighten it, say by appointment of Royal Commission? OLD MORALITY beamed across House upon his young friend with expression of almost paternal solicitude. WOLMER is Whip of the allied force. What did he mean by suddenly springing this question on the First Lord of the Treasury? Was there more in it than met the eye? Had it something to do, however obscurely, with the maintenance of the Union?

CHAMBERLAIN sat on the Front Bench opposite, staring straight into space with Sphynx-like countenance. HARTINGTON, with hat cunningly tipped over eyes, hid what secret may have lain far in their pellucid depths. HENRY JAMES became suddenly absorbed in the brown gaiters he has recently added to the graces of his personal appearance, in pathetic admission that the natural charms of youth are at length fading.

Nothing to be gained by the inspection. If the cause of the Union really was at stake, the springs of motive were hidden behind the smiling countenance of the Machiavellian WOLMER. The only thing to do, and it is quite foreign to the habits of OLD MORALITY, was to meet guile with guile. WOLMER's question, plain enough as it appeared in print on the prosaic Orders, was, "Will Her Majesty's Ministers consider the advisability of appointing a Royal Commission to examine and report how far the evil of Fog is one that may be mitigated by legislation?"

"Sir," said OLD MORALITY, rising to the occasion, "I have to assure my Noble Friend that Her Majesty's Government are, in common with other inhabitants of the Metropolis, extremely sensible of the serious injury, disturbance, and hardship inflicted by the increasing prevalence of fog. What, it may be asked, is the cause of the London fog? These fogs, which occur generally in the winter time, are occasioned thus: some current of air, being suddenly cooled, descends into the warm streets, forcing back the smoke in a mass towards the earth. But, my Noble Friend might ask, why are there not fogs every night? I will tell him, for this is a matter in which Her Majesty's Government have nothing to hide, or, I may add, to conceal. Our wish is to meet the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in whatever part of the House they sit. Fogs—this I have no hesitation in stating—do not supervene without intermission on successive nights, because the air will always hold in solution a certain quantity of vapour which varies according to its temperature, and when the air is not saturated, it may be cooled without parting with its vapour. Yes, I know. My Right Hon. Friend, the Member

for West Birmingham, with his usual acumen—which I am sure we all recognise—asks me, In what circumstances do fogs occur at night? I am much obliged to him for reminding me of the point. Fogs happen at night, when the air has been saturated with vapour during the day. When this is the case, it deposits some of its superabundant moisture in the form known in rural districts—as my Hon. Friend, the Member for the Bordesley Division, is well aware—as dew. In the Metropolis it is more familiar as fog. This process of deposition commences as soon as the capacity of the air for holding vapour is lessened by the coldness of advancing night. I think I have now answered the question of my Noble Friend fully, and, I trust, frankly. He will, I am sure, upon consideration, see that this is not a matter with which a Royal Commission could be expected successfully to cope, and, therefore, I may add, Her Majesty's Government do not, after full consideration of their duty to the Queen and Country, think it desirable to adopt the suggestion thrown out by my Noble Friend."

Feeling his Way through the Fog.

Bramston Beach's face during this subtle discourse a study; remained very quiet for rest of sitting; told me at ten minutes to eleven he thought he was beginning to grasp Old Morality's meaning. "Yes," he added, with more cheerfulness, "I 'm feeling my way through the fog."

Business done.—Stansfeld's Franchise Resolution negatived by 291 Votes against 189.

Thursday.—In Lords to-night, three white figures fluttered down gently on to red Benches, like virgin flakes of snow. But, unlike snow, they didn't melt. On close examination, turned out to be three new Bishops; two of them old friends, with new titles.

"Like *Bottom*, translated," Bramwell growls.

Dr. Magee, walking out Bishop of Peterborough, comes back Archbishop of York. The ceremony of their installation not nearly so comic as that of ordinary Peers of Parliament. Garter King-at-Arms does not appear; nor Black Rod; nor is there any game of Follow-my-leader round the Benches.

"No, no," said the Markiss, who Mr. G. quite unjustly says has no strain of reverence in his disposition, "that would never do. Must be careful with our Bishops."

So the three new-comers, having paid their respects to the Lord-Chancellor, straightway took their seats on the Episcopal Bench, folded their hands over their surpliced knees, and lent an added air of peace and purity to the precincts.

Denman bustling about, weighed down with cares of State. Had promised to bring into Lords Atkinson's Muffin-Bell Bill, limiting duration of Speeches. But Bill stuck in the Commons, whilst Atkinson turned his attention to his Dowagers Bill.

The Inflammable Liquor Bill.

"Atkinson's a good fellow," said Denman. "Have sometimes thought an alliance between him and me, a sort of coalition between two estates of the realm, might work great things. But I'm beginning to lose confidence in him. At certain periods of the lunar month he's too comprehensive in his legislative ambition. Why wasn't he content with his Muffin-Bell Bill? Why drag in the Dowager? These Dowagers, dear Tory, have, if I may say so—using the phrase strictly in Parliamentary sense—got their arms round the neck of my friend Atkinson, and will pull him down. It's a pity, for I think, between us, we could have put things straight generally."

Business done.—Navy Estimates in Commons.

Friday.—Philippe Egalité very rarely troubles House with ordered speech. A good deal on his mind looking after Jacoby, and keeping the Party straight. But his silence doesn't arise from incapacity to speak. This shown to-night in his speech on Railway Rates and Charges. Full of good matter, admirably delivered. After this, Dr. Clark proposed to discuss Home Rule; but House didn't seem to care about it particularly. So at Half-past Eight was Counted Out. This was the chief *Business done.*

THE FINE YOUNG GERMAN EMPEROR.

(*A New Song to an Old Tune.*)

I 'll sing to you a brand new song, made by a modern pate,
Of a fine young German Emperor, an Oracle of State,
Who kept up his autocracy at the bountiful old rate,
With the aid of Socialism for the poor men at his gate;
This fine young German Emperor, all of the modern time.

His ancestors had "kept their fingers on the pulse of time"
(He said), and he'd do ditto in a fashion more sublime;
For, as Bacon said of Nature, he who 'd rule her must obey.
And that with modern "tendency," is the new imperial way,
Of this fine young German Emperor, &c.

He 'd "mastered the new Spirit," which (how kind!) "he 'd not oppose."
Social reform or Education *he*'d not treat as foes,
But keep step with the "Tendencies" which else might trip his toes,
And thus he'd "head the movement," and would lead it (by the nose?),
This fine young German Emperor, &c.

Now surely this is better far than all the old parade
Of tyranny in mufti, and of greed in masquerade;
And of this young German Emperor, whatever may be said,
Or of his new vagaries, you 'll allow *he knows his trade*,
Does this fine young German Emperor, &c.

There were some who did not like it,—there are always such, one knows,
Who Ancient Order patronise, and Modern Style oppose.
Particularly one Old Man, who plainly did not see
Laying down his long-held power, and submitting tranquilly
To this fine young German Emperor, &c.

He was no Cincinnatus, and he did not love the plough,
So he talked, inspired the Papers, and, in fact, roused lots of row.
For this man of Blood and Iron, when thus laid upon the shelf,
Found that long control of others did *not* mean control of self,
Or this fine young German Emperor, &c.

Then this fine young German Emperor, who aims to lead the dance,
Has a very trying *vis-à-vis*, that fractious dame, *La France*,
To keep step with that lady, without treading on her train,
Would tax Terpsichore herself; *he* finds the effort vain;
Does this fine young German Emperor, &c.

So this fine young German Emperor has got a stiffish task,
That all his strength will occupy, and all his tact will task.
Let us wish him patriot wisdom, *and* respect for Elder Fame,
And then he'll give his country peace, and leave a noble name,
This fine young German Emperor, all of the modern time!

A ROUGH CROSSING.

That military-looking gentleman, with his arm in a sling, and his head covered with bandages, has, I suppose, just returned from fighting the Dacoits in Upper Burmah?

I certainly *am* surprised when you inform me that he has only tried to cross a London street in a fog.

Do you really mean to say that the vehicle that just thundered past at twenty miles an hour, in the mist, was *not* a fire-engine, but only a covered Van?

Yes, I believe it *is* a fact that special beds in all the Hospitals are now reserved for Van-victims.

Of course it is difficult for a man in the Van to look to the Rear; still he need not swoop down on pedestrians quite so much like a highwayman, saying, "Your collar-bone or your life!"

If things go on as they are now doing, every covered Van will have to carry its own Surgeon and ambulance about with it.

What is that crowd for, and why is somebody shouting angrily? Oh, I suppose the old gentleman, who has been run over by the Coal-waggon and is lying bleeding on the asphalte, is remonstrating with the driver?

What? Can it really be the case that the driver is abusing the old gentleman for his stupidity in getting in his way?

I *have* heard that the Insurance Companies now insert in their policies a condition forbidding the crossing of any street in London, except under police escort.

And, finally, as nearly six thousand persons were run down in the streets of the Capital last year, is it not almost time that something were done to check the Van Mazeppa-Juggernaut in his wild career?

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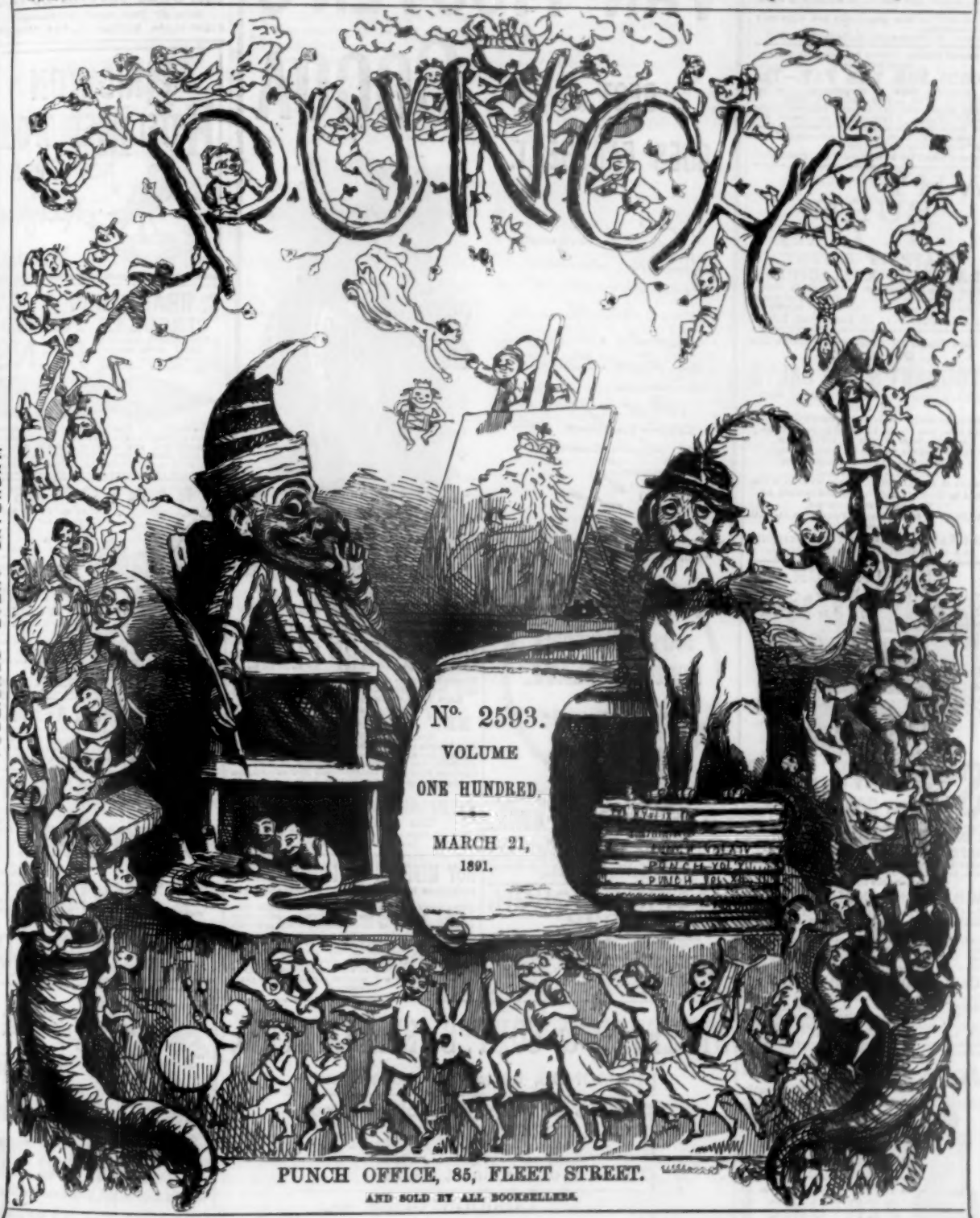

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WHOLESALE—R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

MY LADY.

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
(And into *such* a rage she flew
On learning this from me;)
And yet she 's lovely, nay divine,
Judged by her own peculiar line.

She 's deeply read. She knows as much
As average sixth-form boys;
But not the greatest sage could touch
The high, aggressive joys [prey,
That imp her wing, like bird of
When in my dates I go astray.

Not only learning's pure serene
Her soaring mind can charm;
The tradesman, shrinking from a [scene,
Regards her with alarm,
And many a 'bus conductor owns
The pow'r of her metallic tones.

Contentiously content, she takes
Her strident way through life,
And goodness only knows what makes
Her choose to be my wife.
Courage, poor heart! Thy yearnings stifle.
She's not a girl with whom to trifle.

KENSINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

INSTEAD of the Sub-Kensington Gardens Railway scheme as proposed, why not a Sub-Serpentine Line? Start it from the South Kensington Station, District-cum-Metropolitan system, run it with one station well-underground in the middle of Exhibition Road, whence an easy ascent to the Imperial Exhibition, when passengers would come up to "carp the vital airs," then right away again, branching off left and right, thus bringing the mild Southerners into rapid, easy communication, at all reasonable hours, and at reasonable prices, with the rugged denizens of the Northern districts, East and West. If Kensington Gardens are to be touched at all—and, not being sacred groves, there is no reason why they should not be, *faute de mieux*—a transverse tunnelling from Kensington High Street to Queen's Road would do the trick. We will be happy to render any assistance in our power, and are,—Yours truly, WILL HONEYCOMB, MOLE, FERRET & Co.,

(*Burrow-Knights.*)

II.

O SIR,—Please don't let us ave no nasty railwaies and tunels in Kinsinton Gardins, were we now are so skludid, and the childern can play about, an no danger from nothink sep dogs, wich is mosley musseled, or led with a string, an we ain't trubbled about them, an can ave a word to say to a frend, or a cuzzin, you unnerstan, unner the treeses, so nice an quite, wich it wold not be wen disterbd by ingins, an smoke, skreeges, an steem-wizzels. O, *Mr. P.*, don't let um do it. Yours obeegentlee, SARA JANE,

(*Unner Nurserymade.*)

III.

SIR,—The Railway underneath Kensington Gardens won't be noticed if only taken down deep enough below the surface. No blow-holes, of course. No disfigurement. Take it under the centre path, *where there are no trees*, then turn to the left outside the gate and burrow away to S. Kensington Station. I can then get across the park in three minutes for a penny; and now I have to walk, for which I haven't the time, or take a cab, for which I haven't the money. Yours, A PRACTICAL PAUPER.

IV.

SIR,—I take this opportunity of pointing out that if anything at all is to be done with Kensington Gardens, *why not make a real good Rotten Row there?* That would be a blessing and a convenience. We're all so sick and tired of that squirrel-in-a-cage ride, round and round Hyde Park, and that half-and-half affair in St James's Park. No, Sir; now's the time, and now's the hour. There's plenty of space for all equestrian wants, without interfering with the sylvan delights of nurserymaids, children, lovers of nature, and all sorts of lovers too. For my part, if this is not put forward as an alternative scheme, I shall vote for tunnelling under the Gardens out of simple cussedness. If the reply, authoritatively given, be that the two schemes can go and must go together, then I will vote for both, only let's have the equestrian arrangement first.

Yours, JOLTIN TROTT,

Mount, Street, W. *Captain 1st Lights and Liver Brigade.*

THE TRIUMPH OF BLACK AND WHITE.

"AFTER all, the best of KEENE's life-work is to be found in the innumerable cuts which he contributed to *Punch* during a period of nearly forty years; and still more in the originals of these, the masterly pen-and-ink drawings which are now for the first time shown in a collected form to the Public."

So says Mr. CLAUDE PHILLIPS, in his "Prefatory Note," to the "Catalogue of a Collection of Drawings of the late CHARLES KEENE," now on view at the Rooms of the Fine Arts Society, 148, New Bond Street.

If the British Public possess that "taste for Art" and that "sense of humour" which some claim for and others deny to it, it (the B. P.) will throng the comfortable and well-lighted Gallery in New Bond Street, where hang some hundreds of specimens of the later work of the most unaffected humorist, and most masterly "Black-and-White" artist of his time. Walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, and see—such miracles of delineation, such witcheries of effect, as were never before put on paper by simple pen-and-ink!

It is difficult to realise sometimes that it *is* pen and ink, and that only—all the delightful display of fresh English landscape and unsophisticated British humanity, teeming with effects of distance, hints of atmosphere, and suggestions of colour. Many a much-belauded brush is but a fumbling and ineffective tool, compared with the ink-charged crowquill handled by CHARLES KEENE. Look at "*Grandiloquence!*" (No. 220.) There's composition! There's effect! Stretch of sea, schooner, PAT's petty craft, grandiloquent PAT himself, a nautical Colossus astride on his own cock-boat, with stable sea-legs firmly dispread, the swirl of the sea, the swish of the waves, the very whiff of the wind so vividly suggested!—and all in some few square inches of "Black-and-White!"

Look, again, at the breadth of treatment, the power of humorous characterisation, the strong charm of *technique*, the colour, the action, the marvellous ease and accuracy of street perspective in No. 16 ("*The Penny Toy!*"). Action? Why, you can *see* the old lady jump, let alone the frog! Fix your eye on the frightened dame's foot, and you'll swear it jerks in time to the leap of the "horrid reptile."

Or at that vivid bit of London "hoarding," and London low life, and London street-distance in "'*Andicapped!*" (No. 25.) Good as is the "gaol-bird," is not the wonderfully real "hoarding" almost better?

Who now can draw—or, for that matter, *paint*—such a shopkeeper, *such* a shop, *such* a child customer as those in "*All Alive!*" (No. 41), where the *Little Girl* a-tip-toe with a wedge of cheap "Cheddar" at the counter, comes down upon him of the apron with the crusher, "Oh, mother's sent back this piece o' cheese, 'cause father says if he wants any bait when he's goin' a fishin', he can dig 'em up in our garden!"

Are *you* a fisherman, reader? Then will you feel your angling as well as your artistic heart warmed by No. 75 ("*The Old Adam*") and No. 6 ("*Wet and Dry*"), the former especially! What water, what Scotch boys, *what* a "prencipled" (but piscatorial) "Meenister"! Don't *you* feel your elbow twitch? Don't *you* want to snatch the rod from SANDY MCDOUGAL's hand, and land that "fush" yourself, Sawbath or no Sawbath?

But, bless us, one wants to describe, and praise, and *purchase* them all! A KEENE drawing, almost *any* KEENE drawing, is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" to everyone who has an eye for admirable art and adorable drollery. And good as is the *fun* of these drawings, the graphic force, and breadth, and delicacy, and freshness, and buoyancy, and breeziness, and masterly ease, and miraculous open-airiness, and general delightfulness of them, are yet more marked and marvellous. Time would fail to tell a tithe of their merits. An essay might be penned on any one of them—*might*, but fate forbid it *should* be, unless a sort of artistic CHARLES LAMB could take the task in hand. Better far go again to New Bond Street and pass another happy hour or two with the ruddy rustics and 'cute cockneys, the Scotch elders and Anglican curates, the stodgy "Old Gents" and broad-backed, bunchy middle-class matrons, the paunchy port-swigging-buffers, and hungry but alert street-boys, the stertorous cabbies, and chatty 'bus-drivers, the "festive" diners-out and wary waiters, the Volunteers and *vauriens*, the Artists and 'Arries, the policemen and sportsmen, amidst the incomparable street scenes, and the equally inimitable lanes, coppices, turnip-fields and stubbles, green glades and snow-bound country roads of wonderful, ever-delightful, and—for his comrades and the Public alike—all-too-soon-departed CHARLES KEENE!

Nothing really worthy of his astonishing life-work, of even that part of it exhibited here, *could* be written within brief compass, even by the most appreciative, admiring, and art-loving of his sorrowing friends or colleagues. Let the British Public go to New Bond Street, and see for itself, in the very hand-work of this great artist, what he made manifest during so many years in the pages of *Punch*, namely, the supreme triumph of "Black-and-White" in the achievements of its greatest master.

KING STORK AND KING LOG.

An Old Fable Reversed.

The Frogs, who lived a free and easy life
(As in the ancient fable)
Though not quite clear from internecine strife,
Fancied they were well able
To do *without* a King. Batrachian wisdom
Disdains the rule of fogeydom and quizdom,
And Frogs as soon would take to bibs and corals,
As ask a "King who might inspect their morals"
From Jupiter. Then 'twas *Juventus Mundi;*
The true King-maker now is—Mrs. Grundy,
And *she* insisted that our modern Frogs
Should have a King—the woodenest of King Logs.
At first this terrified our Frogs exceedingly,
And, sometimes passionately, sometimes pleadingly,
They grumbled and protested;
But finding soon how placidly Log rested
Prone in the pool with mighty little motion,
Of danger they abandoned the wild notion,
Finding it easy for a Frog to jog
On with a kind King Log.
But in the fulness of the time, there came
A would-be monarch—Legion his fit name;
A Plebs-appointed Autocrat, Stork-throated,
Goggle-eyed, Paul-Pry-coated;
A poking, peering, pompous, petty creature,
A Bumble-King, with beak for its chief feature.
This new King Stork,
With a fierce, fussy appetite for work;
Not satisfied with fixing like a vice
Authority on Town and Country Mice,
Tried to extend his sway to pools and bogs,
And rule the Frogs!

But modern Frogdom, which had champions
Had read old ÆSOP's fable, [able,
And of King Stork's appearance far from amorous,
Croaked forth a chorus clamorous
Of resonant rebellion. These, upreared
On angry legs, waved arms that nothing feared;
King Log defending. Great CRAUGASIDES,
Among batrachian heroes first with ease,
With ventriloquial vehemence defied
The long-beaked base usurper. At his side
His fond companion, PHYSIGNATHUS 'swelled
Cheeks humorously defiant;
The ruddy giant
CRAMBOPHAGUS, as tall as is a Tree,
Flouted King Stork with gestures fierce and free,
Sleek CALAMINTHIUS, aper deft of eld,
Against the foe a pungent dart impelled;
HYDROCHARIS too,
(Most Terryble to view), [brave
Fared to the front, whilst smaller, yet as
Tiny batrachian brethren, dusk of hue,
PRASSOPHAGUS, PRASSŒUS, staunch and true,
Webbed hands did wildly wave
With the frog-host against the beaky bird—
"*He* be our King?" they loudly cried.
"Absurd!

"Not Mercury, nor Jupiter *we* beg
For a devouring despot, lank of leg,
Of prying eye, and frog-transfixing beak;
Though singly we seem weak,
United we are strong to smite or scoff.
Off, would-be tyrant, off!!!"

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Let no rabid Churchmen, of any school of thought, ever again take exception to the irreligious character of playhouse entertainments. Let them read the advertisement of the Lyceum Theatre in *The Times* for March 13:—"During Holy Week this theatre will be closed, re-opening on Saturday, March 28, with *The Bells*, which will also be played on Easter Monday night." Could any arrangement be more thoroughly in harmony with general ecclesiastical practice? Any liturgical student knows that the bells are played once on Holy Saturday, and that they should be played on Easter Monday is a matter of course.

TRACKS FOR THE TIMES.

[A Magistrate has just decided that the Police have a right to interfere with the growing practice of using the public roads of the Metropolis at night-time as running-grounds for athletes.]

I COME from haunts of smoke and grime,
I start in some blind alley,
And race each night against Old Time
Enthusiastically!

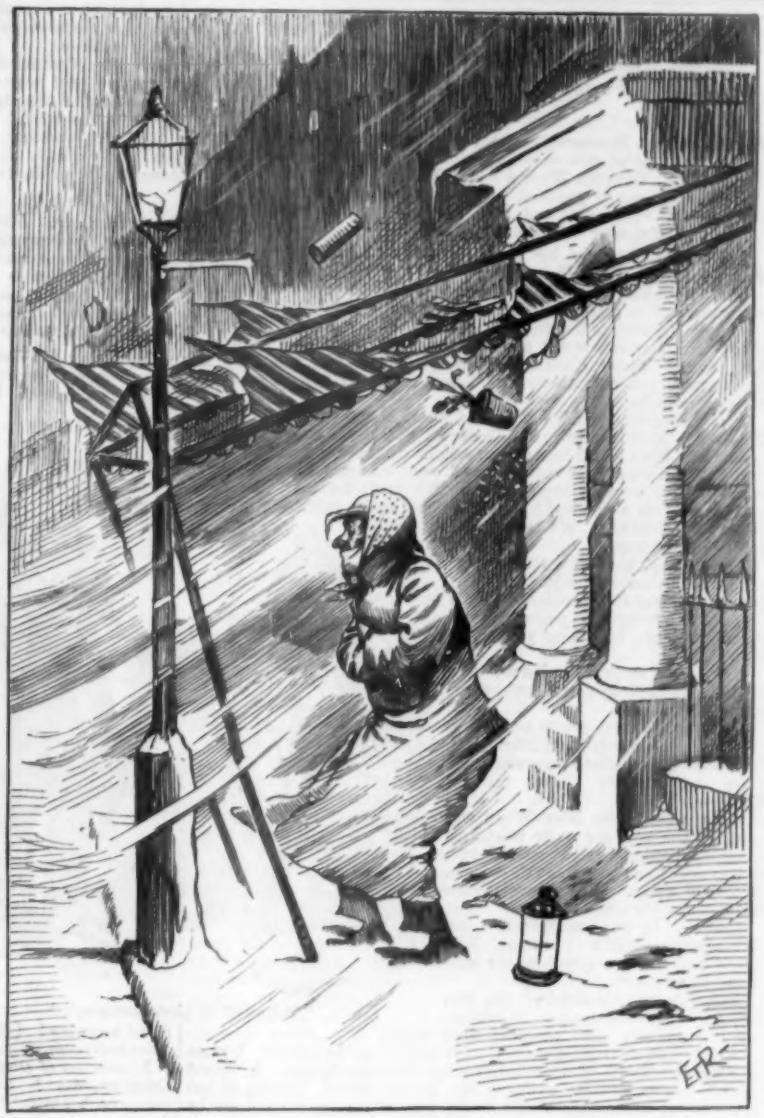
I dodge past frightened City gents,
And sometimes send them flying,
Which makes them cherish sentiments
Not wholly edifying.

I wind about, and in and out,
Along the crowded pavement,
While here and there the mockers flout
My costume and behavement.

I slip, I slide, I flash, I flee
Amid the teeming traffic,
And drivers often use to me
Idioms extremely graphic.

I murmur when a Lawyer's view
Absurdly tries to hinder
My turning public roads into
A private path of cinder.

Yet still to "spurt," agile, alert,
Shall be my one endeavour;
For Cits may stare, and Jehus swear,
But I run on for ever!



THE BLIZZARD.

MRS. SELDOM-FESTIVE "AT HOME" (AND THE BEST PLACE TOO!), MARCH 9, 1891.

(10 *to* 1 *Nobody turns up.*)

A DIARY OF DOVER.

March, 1891.—Fearful storm in the Channel, when the *Victoria* is all but lost. Proposals in all the newspapers for the immediate commencement of an adequate harbour.

April, 1892.—Hurricane in the Channel, when seventeen ships are lost, and the Club Train Boat (without passengers) is carried, high and dry, as far as Amiens, by the force of the weather. Renewed suggestions for the immediate building of an adequate harbour.

May, 1893.—Cyclone in the Channel, in which the British Fleet disappears. The newspapers once more urge the immediate commencement of the proposed adequate harbour.

June, 1894.—Disaster in the Channel. Every single vessel swamped, owing to the terrific weather. Again the Press invites commencement of an adequate harbour.

July, 1895.—Members of both Houses of Parliament, invited to take part in a State function at Calais, having been put to considerable inconvenience, immediate orders are given for the prompt commencement of the much-needed adequate harbour at Dover.

August, 19—.—Proposed adequate harbour having employed the hands, night and day, of thousands of workmen, at enormous expense (owing to urgent pressure), is at length opened to the public, amidst universal rejoicing.

MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. I.—ROSMERSHÖLM.

Act I.

Sitting-room at Rosmershölm, with a stove, flower-stand, windows, ancient and modern ancestors, doors, and everything handsome about it. Rebecca West *is sitting knitting a large antimacassar which is nearly finished. Now and then she looks out of a window, and smiles and nods expectantly to someone outside.* Madam Helseth *is laying the table for supper.*

Rebecca (*folding up her work slowly*). But tell me precisely, what about this White Horse? [*Smiling quietly.*

Madam Helseth. Lord forgive you, Miss!—(*fetching cruet-stand, and placing it on table*)—but you're making fun of me!

Rebecca (*gravely*). No, indeed. Nobody makes fun at Rosmershölm. Mr. Rosmer would not understand it. (*Shutting window.*) Ah, here is Rector Kroll. (*Opening door.*) You will stay to supper, will you not, Rector, and I will tell them to give us some little extra dish.

Kroll (*hanging up his hat in the hall*). Many thanks. (*Wipes his boots.*) May I come in? (*Comes in, puts down his stick, sits down, and looks about him.*) And how do you and Rosmer get on together, eh?

Reb. Ever since your sister, Beata, went mad and jumped into the mill-race, we have been as happy as two little birds together. (*After a pause, sitting down in arm-chair.*) So you don't really mind my living here all alone with Rosmer? We were afraid you might, perhaps.

Kroll. Why, how on earth—on the contrary, I shouldn't object at all if you——(*looks at her meaningly*)—h'm!

Reb. (*interrupting, gravely*). For shame, Rector; how can you make such jokes!

Kroll (*as if surprised*). Jokes? We do not joke in these parts—but here is Rosmer.

[*Enter* Rosmer, *gently and softly.*

Rosmer. So, my dear old friend, you have come again, after a year's absence. (*Sits down.*) We almost thought that——

Kroll (*nods*). So Miss West was saying—but you are quite mistaken. I merely thought I might remind you, if I came, of our poor Beata's suicide, so I kept away. We Norwegians are not without our simple tact.

Rosmer. It was considerate—but unnecessary. Reb—I *mean*, Miss West and I often allude to the incident, do we not?

Reb. (*strikes Tändsticker*). Oh, yes, indeed. (*Lighting lamp.*) Whenever we feel a little more cheerful than usual.

Kroll. You dear good people! (*Wanders up the room.*) I came because the Spirit of Revolt has crept into my School. A Secret Society has existed for weeks in the Lower Third! To-day it has come to my knowledge that a booby-trap was prepared for me by the hand of my own son, Laurits, and I then discovered that a hair has been inserted in my cane by my daughter Hilda! The only way in which a right-minded Schoolmaster can combat this anarchic and subversive spirit is to start a newspaper, and I thought that you, as a weak, credulous, inexperienced and impressionable kind of man, were the very person to be the Editor.

[Reb. *laughs softly, as if to herself.* Rosmer *jumps up and sits down again.*

Reb. (*with a look at Rosmer*). Tell him now!

Rosmer (*returning the look*). I can't—some other evening. Well, perhaps—— (*To* Kroll.) I can't be your Editor—because (*in a low voice*) I—I am on the side of Laurits and Hilda!

Kroll (*looks from one to the other, gloomily*). H'm!

Rosmer. Yes. Since we last met, I have changed my views. I am going to create a new democracy, and awaken it to its true task of making all the people of this country noblemen, by freeing their wills, and purifying their minds!

Kroll. What *do* you mean? [*Takes up his hat.*

Rosmer (*bowing his head*). I don't quite know, my dear friend; it was Reb—— I should say, Miss West's scheme.

Kroll. H'm! (*A suspicion appears in his face.*) Now I begin to believe that what Beata said about schemes——no matter. But, under the circumstances, I will *not* stay to supper.

[*Takes up his stick, and walks out.*

Rosmer. I *told* you he would be annoyed. I shall go to bed now. I don't want any supper. [*He lights a candle, and goes out; presently his footsteps are heard overhead, as he undresses.* Rebecca *pulls a bell-rope.*

Reb. (*to* Madam Helseth, *who enters with dishes.*) No, Mr. Rosmer will not have supper to-night. (*In a lighter tone.*) Perhaps he is afraid of the nightmare. There are so many sorts of White Horses in this world!

Mad. H. (*shaking*). Lord! lord! that Miss West—the things she does say! [Reb. *goes out through door, knitting antimacassar thoughtfully, as Curtain falls.*

Act II.

Rosmer's *study. Doors and windows, bookshelves, a writing-table. Door, with curtain, leading to* Rosmer's *bedroom.* Rosmer *discovered in a smoking-jacket cutting a pamphlet with a paper-knife. There is a knock at the door.* Rosmer *says,* "*Come in.*" Rebecca *enters in a morning wrapper and curl-papers. She sits on a chair close to* Rosmer, *and looks over his shoulder as he cuts the leaves.* Rector Kroll *is shown up.*

Kroll (*lays his hat on the table and looks at* Reb. *from head to foot*). I am really afraid that I am in the way.

Reb. (*surprised*). Because I am in my morning wrapper and curl-papers? You forget that I am *emancipated*, Rector Kroll.

[*She leaves them and listens behind curtain in* Rosmer's *bedroom.*

Rosmer. Yes, Miss West and I have worked our way forward in faithful comradeship.

Kroll (*shakes his head at him slowly*). So I perceive. Miss West is naturally inclined to be forward. But, I say, *really* you know—— However, I came to tell you that poor Beata was not so mad as she looked, though flowers *did* bewilder her so. (*Taking off his gloves meaningly.*) She jumped into the mill-race because she had an idea that you ought to marry Miss West!

Rosmer (*jumps half up from his chair*). I? Marry—Miss West! my good gracious, Kroll! I don't *understand*, it is *most* incomprehensible. (*Looks fixedly before him.*) How *can* people—— (*looks at him for a moment, then rises.*) Will you get out? (*Still quiet and self-restrained.*) But first tell me why you never mentioned this before?

Kroll. Why? Because I thought you were both orthodox, which made all the difference. Now I know that you side with Laurits and Hilda, and mean to make the democracy into noblemen, and accordingly I intend to make it hot for you in my paper. Good morning! [*He slams the door with spite as* Rebecca *enters from bed-room.*

"Taking off his gloves meaningly."

Rosmer (*as if surprised*). You—in my bedroom! You have been listening, dear? But you *are* so emancipated. Ah, well! so our pure and beautiful friendship has been misinterpreted, bespattered! Just because you wear a morning wrapper, and have lived here alone for a year, people with coarse souls and ignoble eyes make unpleasant remarks! But what really *did* drive Beata mad? *Why* did she jump into the mill-race? I'm sure we did everything we could to spare her! I made it the business of my life to keep her in ignorance of all our interests—*didn't* I, now?

Reb. You did—but why brood over it? What *does* it matter? Get on with your great, beautiful task, dear, (*approaching him cautiously from behind*), winning over minds and wills, and creating noblemen, you know—*joyful* noblemen!

Rosmer (*walking about, restlessly, as if in thought*). Yes, I know. I have never laughed in the whole course of my life—we Rosmers don't—and so I felt that spreading gladness and light, and making the democracy joyful, was properly my mission. But *now*—I feel too upset to go on, Rebecca, unless—— (*Shakes his head heavily.*) Yes, an idea has just occurred to me—(*looks at her, and then runs his hands through his hair*)—oh, my goodness, no—I *can't*.

[*He leans his elbows on table.*

Reb. Be a free man to the full, Rosmer—tell me your idea.

Rosmer (*gloomily*). I don't know what you'll say to it. It's this. Our platonic comradeship was all very well while I was peaceful and happy. Now that I'm bothered and badgered, I feel—*why*, I can't exactly explain, but I *do* feel that I must oppose a new and living reality to the gnawing memories of the past. I should, perhaps, explain that this is equivalent to an Ibsenian proposal.

Reb. (*catches at the chairback with joy*). How? at *last*—a rise at last! (*Recollects herself.*) But what am I about? Am I not an emancipated enigma? (*Puts her hands over her ears as if in terror.*) What are you saying? You mustn't. I can't *think* what you mean. Go away, do!

Rosmer (*softly*). Be the new and living reality. It is the only way to put Beata out of the Saga. Shall we try it?

Reb. Never! Do not—*do* not ask me why—for I haven't a notion—but never! (*Nods slowly to him and rises.*) White Horses would not induce me! (*With her hand on door-handle.*) Now you *know!*

[*She goes out.*

Rosmer (*sits up, stares thunderstruck at the stove, and says to himself*). Well—I—*am*—— [*Quick Curtain.*

[The remaining two Acts of this subtle psychological study unavoidably held over.]

"KEEP YOUR HARE ON!"

In not following the advice given in the headline to this article, clever Mr. Pinero has made a mistake. *Lady Bountiful* with only a very little Hare is a disappointment. The majority of those who go to "Hare's Theatre" (they don't speak of it as "The Garrick") go to see the Lessee and Manager in a new part: and they go to see a lot of him: they don't ask merely for a small piece of Hare, if you please, though they might be satisfied with Hare in a small piece. Everyone goes expecting to see him in a good part in a good Comedy, his good part being equal to the better part of the whole entertainment; and if they don't so see him, they are disappointed. Why was Mr. Grundy's happy translation of *Les Oiseaux* peculiarly successful? because it was a light, fresh, and pretty piece, wherein the occasional phrase in a minor key was so artistically introduced as to be a relish to our enjoyment of the humour of the characters and of the situations; but all this would have gone for comparatively little had it not been for the excellence of Mr. Hare's rendering of the first-rate part of *Goldfinch*, which did not consist of occasional flashes, only to collapse and disappear in the penultimate Act, but continued right through to the end, dominating everything and everybody. This is not so with *Lady Bountiful*. The appearance of *Roderick Heron*, who is no creation of the Author's, as he admits, but merely *Mr. Skimpole* under another name, raises hopes at the commencement, which are blighted long before the finish. The part gutters out, as does Mr. Charles Grove's *John Veale*, another "promise of spring." Young Mr. Gilbert Hare makes a most creditable first appearance as *Sir Lucian Brent, Bart.* He is easy and natural.

Hare's Theatre.

For the greater part of the educated audience, it might have been more useful if *Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C.*, had gone about with an old Eton Latin Grammar in his pocket, instead of a *Horace*; and if Miss Kate Rorke had divided with him the quotation, "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*" He, being rejected, might have commenced, "*Nemo mortalium,*" and she might have continued, "*omnibus horis;*" then, both together, "*sapit.*" Or when she had snubbed him, he might have made some telling remark about "*Verbum personale,*" and so forth. The introduction of a quotation from *Horace* is likely rather to be resented than appreciated by the victims of a superior education. What a bad quarter of an hour or so Paterfamilias will have when Materfamilias asks him for the translation of these lines from *Horace!* Poor Pater will pretend not to have "quite caught them;" or "not been attending;" but to himself he will own how entirely he has forgotten his Latin, and perhaps he will make a good resolution to himself to "look up his *Horace* again." Then the learned young lady will be asked by her Mamma, or by her sharp young bothering sister, "what that Latin means," and though she might be able to construe it when she sees it, to translate it offhand at one hearing is a difficulty, and she will evade the question by saying, "Please, don't talk! I want to listen to the piece."

The youth in the Stalls, fresh from college or school, will be about as much equal to the translation offhand as is young *Sir Lucian Brent* when asked by Mr. Cathcart to give the meaning of the Latin on the ancient brasses in the old church, and they won't thank you for bringing school studies into playtime. On the whole, nothing is gained by this Dr. Panglossian introduction of Latin quotation; it doesn't help the action, nor emphasise a character, nor does it strengthen a situation, to bring in even the most appropriate lines which are not "in a language understanded of the people." *Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C.*, might be known in private life to his friends as Sir Horace Davus (*Non Œdipus*). Mr. Cathcart's *Pedgrift*, parish clerk and sexton, is an excellent little character-sketch, as is also that of *Mrs. Hornutt*, the pew-opener.

As for Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke, they seemed to me to be what the author had made them—*i.e.*, stagey. Miss Dolores Drummond, as *Mrs. Veale*, is very good, and Miss Marie Linden, except in one stagey bit in the Third Act, plays with great care and judgment. The interior of the old country church (Act III.) is a masterpiece of scenic art and stage arrangement,—a perfect picture by Mr. W. Harford. I wish I could say the same of the *dénoûment* of the interrupted marriage, which strongly reminded me of a pictorial heading to some exciting chapter in a penny novelette or *The London Journal*. It is a very weak finish, and not strengthened or improved in any way by the line *Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C.*, has to say, on which the Curtain descends. And what does everybody exclaim afterwards? Simply, "Why there's nothing for Hare to do in it. We thought we should see him again, and that he would come out all right at last." That's the feeling. They can't bear the idea of their favourite first-class Comedian being a sordid, swindling old villain, unless the character be exceptionally amusing. *Lady Bountiful* might be termed "A bald piece," because it has so little Hare.

THE BOAT-RACE TEN YEARS HENCE!

(*When no doubt it will be conducted on strictly scientific principles.*)

The crews were met together on the day fixed for the event in the Council Room of the Combined Universities Barge moored at Putney. Fifteen of the athletes wore the usual training *mufti*, which contrasted strongly with the garb of the sixteenth—a complete suit of flannels. "To quote our ancestors—'Why this thusness?'" asked the Camford Stroke, as he recognised one of his own men in this strange apparel.

"Why not?" replied the other; "surely we are not going to pull in tweeds?"

"We are not going to pull at all," explained the leader of the Oxbridge Eight, courteously; "I think we can manage the matter in a more satisfactory fashion. It was all very well in the Nineties to race in real earnest, but now that we have reached the Twentieth Century our civilisation teaches something better."

"Certainly!" returned the Camford Stroke; "and I think we had better get at once to business. Who has the sworn information of our respective coaches?"

"I have," replied the Hon. Solicitor to the rival Boating Clubs; "and, if you will allow me, I will produce them—or rather *it*, for the coaches have affirmed jointly."

All present bowing acquiescence, the man of law, putting on his spectacles, and opening a brief-bag, produced a document, and read as follows:—

"It is our opinion that Oxbridge, as the heavier crew, has an advantage over Camford, which is only lessened, and certainly not entirely removed, by the better training of the latter. Moreover, the steering of the Oxbridge coxwain is infinitely preferable to the steering of his rival. The times of the various trials, too, have in every instance given a distinct advantage to Oxbridge. Again, they have a better boat. So, given fine weather, the result is a foregone conclusion. Oxbridge must win, although no doubt Camford would make a good fight for it, and come in a respectable second."

"I suppose we may add, 'barring accidents'?" suggested the Camford Stroke, with rather a forced laugh.

"Sir!" exclaimed the Hon. Solicitor, with some severity. "In a company of gentlemen like those present, accidents always *are* barred!"

"Quite so," admitted the Camford champion, "and I suppose our committee of the latest Senior Wrangler and the youngest Double First have considered what I may call the atmospheric conditions under which the race would have taken place?"

"Yes, Sir, we have, and those conditions are all unfavourable to the success of Camford," was the ready reply.

"Then I think we have but one more thing to do—to give three hearty cheers for our opponents," said the Oxbridge Stroke, and a minute later the rafters rang with loud applause.

"But why shouldn't we have rowed it out?" asked the gentleman in flannels—he was a Freshman—a little later. "Surely that would have been more satisfactory."

"Not at all," was the reply. "The plan is merely a survival of the fittest!" and his answer afforded general satisfaction.

Shelley Revised.

Most rhyming men
Are cradled into poetry by fashion,
And learn as formula what they print as passion.

The Development of Africa, by A. S. White, is advertised. This is White on Black, and no player in hand. It should be immediately followed by *Black on White, or Who takes the Pool?* Exciting match, with one life each.

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Jones. "Con-pound it all! Somebody's taken *my* Hat, and left this filthy, beastly, shabby old Thing instead!"
Brown. "A—I beg your pardon, but *that* happens to be *my* Hat!"

KEPT IN THE STABLE.

Head Groom B-lf-r loq.:—

Kept in! Yes, by thunder! Be't prudence or blunder,
Gov's fondness for *Tithe*, or bad weather, or what,
You're kept in the stable, though fit, ay, and able
To lead the whole field and to win by a lot.
A hunter I never bestrode half as clever!
Tithe? Pooh! *He's* not in it, my beauty, with you.
You've breed, style, and mettle, and look in rare fettle.
If *I* had to settle, you know what *I'd* do!

These gentlemen-riders deem all are outsiders
Save them; as if gent ever made A 1 jock!
Ah! Adam L. Gordon,* poor chap, had a word on
Such matters. I'll warrant *he* sat like a rock,
And went like a blizzard. Yes, beauty, it *is* hard
To eat off your head in the stable like this.
Too long you have idled; but wait till you're bridled!
The hunt of the season I swear you won't miss.

It has been hard weather, although, beauty, whether
'Tis that altogether your chance that postponed,
Or whether Boss Solly committed a folly——
No matter! A comelier crack he ne'er owned,
Although 'tis I say it who shouldn't. The way it
Has snowed and has frozen may be his excuse;
But when you're once started, deer-limbed, lion-hearted,
I warrant, my beauty, you'll go like the deuce.

"A lean head and fiery, strong quarters, and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb,"
That's Gordon's description of *Iseult*. (All whip shun
When riding such rattlers, and trust to the curb.)
That mare was your sort, lad. I guess there'll be sport, lad,
When *you* make strong running, and near the last jump.
And you, when extended, look "bloodlike and splendid."
Ah! poor Lindsay Gordon was sportsman and trump.

I see your sleek muzzle in front! It will puzzle
Your critics, my boy, to pick holes in you then:
There's howling "Historicus,"—he's but a sorry cuss!
Weg, too, that grandest of all grand old men;
He's ridden some races; of chances and paces,
Of crocks *versus* cracks he did ought to be judge.
He sees you are speedy; when Morley sneers "Weedy,"
Or Lab doubts your staying, Weg knows it's all fudge!

We're biding our time, lad. Your fettle is prime, lad;
Though we're frost-bound now, open weather must come,
At least after Easter; and, beauty, *when* we stir,
And forge to the front, lad, we'll just make things hum.
In spite of much ruction concerning Obstruction,
I wish—*in a whisper*—we'd started before,
And, forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
Romped in—*as we will*—'midst a general roar!

* Adam Lindsay Gordon, the ardent, horse-loving Australian poet.

MORE IBSENITY.

Ghosts at the Royalty. "Alas, poor Ghosts!" A shady piece. "No money taken at the doors" on this occasion, which is making a virtue of necessity. This being the case, *Ghosts* was, and, if played again will be, witnessed by an audience mainly composed of "Deadheads." Lively this. The Critics have spoken out strongly, and those interested in this Ibsenity should read the criticisms presumably by Mr. Clement Scott in *The Telegraph* and Mr. Moy Thomas in *The Daily News*. Stingers; but as outspoken as they are true and just in all their dealings with this Ibsenian craze.

"Les Oiseaux."—Mrs. Ram says she pities any unfortunate man whose wife has a fearful temper. She knows one such husband who quite quails before his wife, "and I'm not surprised," adds Mrs. R., "for I know her, and she's a regular ptarmigan."

The Coming Census.—Carlyle said, "The population of the British Empire is composed of so many millions, mostly fools." Will the Census be taken on the First of April?

KEPT IN THE STABLE.

Head Groom. "AH, MY BEAUTY!—YOU HAVEN'T HAD MUCH CHANCE YET—BUT WE SHALL HAVE SOME OPEN WEATHER *AFTER EASTER!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Baron can highly recommend *The Wages of Sin*, by Lucas Malet. "I am informed," says the B. de B.-W., "that this is the *nom de plume* of an Authoress. This Malet should be Femalet." Be this as it may, the Baron, who is discretion itself, will not attempt to penetrate beyond the veil. Some of the writing is a bit tall; but thank heaven, my old æsthetic friend, "O-the-pity-of-it" occurs only once; and O the pity of it when he does so, and gives a "Maudle and Postlethwaite" tone to the passage in question. What does "huffle" mean? (Vol. III., p. 82.) Genius has a right to create words; and when Genius does so, the very sound of the word conveys its meaning with and frequently without the context. "But I'm huffled," says the Baron, "if I understand it here." Still "huffled" is a good-substitute for strong language, when you're ruffled. Don't let the light-hearted reader be deterred by the slow pace of Volume One; but stick to it, and avoid skipping. A selfish mean cuss is the "hero," so to style him; and personally, the Baron would consider him in Society as a first-class artistic bore. The character is drawn with great skill, as are they all. The description of *Mrs. Crookendon's* after-dinner party is as life-like as if it were a well-staged scene in a well-written and well-cast Drama.

"I have been dipping into *Country House Sketches*, by C. C. Rhys," says the Baron, "and have come to the conclusion that if the author, youthful I fancy, would give himself time, and have the patience to 'follow my Lever,' the result would be a *Jack Hinton Junior*, with a smack of *Soapey Sponge* in it." The short stories are all, more or less, good, and would be still better but for a certain cocksureness about them which savours of the man in a country house who will insist on telling you a series of good stories about himself, one after the other, until the guests in the smoking-room, in sheer despair of ever getting their turn of talking about themselves, or of turning on the tap of their own good stories, light their candles, yawn, and go pensively to bed.

My "Faithful Co." informs me that he has been reading some very excellent *Sketches of England*, by a "Foreign Artist," and a "Foreign Author." The latter is no less a person than the genial representative of the *Journal des Débats* in London, Mons. P. Villars. My "Co." says that, take it all round, this is one of the best books upon *La Perfide Albion* he has ever read. Both scribe and illustrator are evidently fond of the "Foreigners" they find in the British Isles. Mons. Villars, however, makes one startling assertion, which has taken my "Co." by surprise. The "Foreign Author" declares that "laughter never struck his ears." Now our Monsieur is an admirable *raconteur*, and if he ever told one of his capital stories to an Englishman of average intelligence, he *must* have heard laughter. He has also read a rather strange work called, *What will Mrs. Grundy say?* My "Co." declares that, considering its subject, the book, which is not without merit, might be recommended as a disciplinary exercise during Lent.

Says "Co. Junior," to the Baron, "Sir, I've just come across Austin Dobson and his *Four Frenchwomen*." "Hold!" cries the Baron, frowning. "No scandal." "Nay, Sir," quoth "Co. Junior," nervously. "'tis but the title of a book." "That is another thing," says the Baron, waving his hand, "proceed!" "It is about Mlle. de Corday, Madame Roland, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Genlis. I recommend it, Sir. *Tolle, Lege!*" And with a bow "Co. Junior," withdraws from the presence.

Quoth the Baron, "I was looking again into *Saint Monica*, just to see if I might like it any better than I did on the first occasion—which, "with me hand upon me hearrt," as Doctor O'Q. says, I cannot say I do,—when I came upon the following misprint,—"*This woman, nevertheless, worshipped him as the god of her idoltary.*" It's a beautiful word, "idoltary," and so much better than the ordinary way of spelling it. So, after all, there is more in *Saint Monica* than I had expected. In fact, its chief fault is that it is too much spun out; and, just at this time, *Saint Monica* mustn't be associated in any sort of way with the House at Cambridge where they spin.

The Baron de Book-Worms.

TO A DÉBUTANTE.

Fair Maiden of unclouded brow
Who, gaily, 'mid the gay the gayest,
To England, Home, and Duty now
Oblation payest.

Gay seeming,—if the milliner's
Can cheer, the florist's homage sightly;
And yet, unless my fancy errs,
Thou shudderest slightly.

Is it a sigh for childhood's bliss,
A dread of what is coming, come what
May matrimonially—or is
It draughty somewhat?

St. James's corridors are long
As Art, as Life thy raiment brief is
(Except the train, of course)—and strong
Mamma's relief is.

In vulgar phrase, "Your mother knows
You're *out*," at length. Such triumphs too dear
Are sometimes purchased. I suppose
She fidgets you, dear.

"The Countess!—bow, child, to the Earl!—
Those terrible Hyde Parkers! Their posies
Look quite too vulgar; cut them, girl.
How red your nose is!

"Quick! take the powder-puff, my love—
Not on your bouquet or your hair now!—
Don't bungle so; you'll drop that glove—
Please take more care now.

"You stoop like any *bourgeoise* chit.
Who'd think you educated highly?
No, not so stiff. Do blush a bit,
And simper shyly."

Ah! Maiden fair of cloudless air,
This kind of thing is hardly pleasant.
Indeed, I'm thankful not to wear
Thy shoes at present!

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM, TRA-LA!"

In the *Times* for March 12th appeared a notice of The Spring Flower Show, wherein it was stated that a silver medal was awarded to Mr. Barr for his "*pretty collections, which included the spurius Henry Irving.*" There's an "o" omitted, of course, but it's the same word. Who is the "spurious Henry Irving"? Where does this flower of the Drama flourish, away from the Lyceum Theatre? What and where does Hennicus Spurius play? Does he appear in the Hare-Bells? Is he to bloom in Covent Garden? or is it, after all, only a plant? There is only one Hennicus Irvingus, and he's not "*spurius*."

QUEER QUERIES.

Health.—I am not an invalid, but I suffer from giddiness, a feeling of suffocation, with excruciating pains, and apparent cessation of the heart's action. I am also so nervous, that, whenever the door is opened, I begin to scream loudly. My mental feebleness finds vent in puns that have alienated my oldest friends. Could some Correspondent explain these symptoms? I do not believe in Doctors, but am taking "Soft-sawder's Emulgent Balsam of Aconitine." It does not seem to have done me much good yet, but that is probably due to my not having tried it long enough.—Rather Anxious.

A Dancing-on-Nothing Girl.—Talk of *The Dancing Girl* at the Haymarket—of course people *will* talk—why she's nothing to the girls who dance to M. Jacobi's inimitable ballet-music at the Alhambra. Here they have a magic show, which "puzzles the Quaker;" and I don't mind admitting that I was the quaker when I saw a fair and comely young lady up in the air standing still and dancing on nothing at all! Certainly "Aerolithe" is as good as any of her marvellous predecessors, the Vanishing Girl included. As a conjuror, Mr. Carl Hertz, who I take to be the inventor of the above illusion, is also uncommonly neat, and this "Ten o'Clock," to all lovers of the marvellous, can be recommended by

The Faculty for Amusement.

RANDOM ALADDIN.

His Adventures in Mashonaland. An Arabian Night's Dream. Snooze No. 1.

"OH, NO, WE NEVER MENTION HIM!"

[Her Majesty in the evening witnessed the performance of *The Gondoliers*, a Comic Opera, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, in the Waterloo Chamber, by the Savoy Theatre Company, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.—*From the Times Court Circular, Monday, March* 9.]

"A Comic Opera, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan." Quite so. But where does W. S. Gilbert come in? Let us see. After giving the programme, and after giving all the characters and the supers, the words "*Dramatis Personæ*" occur as an after-thought, and underneath are the names of the Musical Director, Stage Manager, Wig Provider, &c., &c. Well, "W. S. G." doesn't come in here. After the highly successful performance, R. D'Oyly Carte, says the *Times* C. C., "had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty, who expressed her warm appreciation of the manner in which the performance was conducted." Did R. D'Oyly think of mentioning that "the words" were by W. S. G.? And then it is told how D'Oyly refused to take any payment for the performance. Noble, generous-hearted, large-minded, and liberal D'Oyly! Sir Arthur Courtly Sullivan's name was to the Bill, and so his consent to this extra act of generosity may be taken for granted. But what said Sir Brian de Bois Gilbert? By the merry-maskins, but an he be not pleased, dub me knight Samingo! Will D'Oyly be dubbed Knight? And what sort of a Knight? Well, remembering a certain amusing little episode in the more recent history of the Savoy Theatre, why not a "Carpet Knight"?

A Mere Suggestion for Next Time.—Last Tuesday, under the heading of "To-day," the *Times* announced that "at the Society of Arts Mr. J. Starkie Gardner, as Cantor Lecturer, would discourse on 'Enamelling and Damascening,' Professor H. Herkomer being in the Chair." Our excellent Bushian Professor was the right man in the right place, being so interested in theatrical matters; but, at the same time, wouldn't the lecture on "Damascening," or "How to Dam-a-scene," have been more suitably given at the Playwreckers' Club, with Mr. Jerumky Jerum in the Chair?

Song of the Bells of Richmond.—"Turn again, Whittaker, First Mayor of Richmond."

A NEW SECT.

"And is the new Curate *married*, Mrs. Jenkins?"
"Oh no, Ma'am. He's what they call a *Chalybeate!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 9.—Naval Estimates on again. Approach delayed by action of Cameron; House been Counted Out on Friday; necessary for Government to set up Supply again; formal Motion made by Jackson; Cameron objects; deeply distressed to think that Government should have fallen so low as to permit Count Out. "It's really shocking," he said. "Here we are brought from our peaceful homes to London at this inclement season, to do the work of the nation. Assembled as usual on a Friday night; important business on; Ministers and their friends go off to dinner; and, it being found there are not Forty Members present, House is Counted Out at half-past eight. Night absolutely lost; Sitting criminally chucked away."

"Count" Cameron.

"Ah!" I said, sympathetically; "must have been very hard upon you, sternly attending to your duty whilst others gambolled in the shade. And then to be suddenly Counted Out! How many of you were there when the Count was made?"

"Well—er—you see, Toby," said Cameron, almost blushing; "the fact is I wasn't there myself, though that, of course, does not deter me from invoking censure on Ministers. Indeed I am not sure that the circumstance doesn't place me in a more favourable position. Outsiders, you know, see most of game. I was outside; had, in fact, comfortably gone off to dinner, expecting other people would stop to make House. But they didn't, and I feel I'm just the man to make it hot for Old Morality and his friends, who ought to have been here."

Other people didn't seem to see it in quite that light. Condemnatory Motion negatived by 184 Votes against 42.

House thereupon took up Naval Estimates. Instantly Commodore Harcourt appeared in offing; landed on Front Opposition Bench, diffusing unwonted smell of stale mussels and seaweed. Commodore looked very imposing pacing down quarter-deck towards Mace, with telescope under his arm, sou'wester pulled well over his ears, and unpolished square-toed boots rising above his knees. A blizzard outside; snow and wind; bitterly cold; but the Commodore soon made it hot all round. Fell upon Jokim spars and sails, stem and starn. "Regularly claw-hammered him," as George Hamilton said, drawing on naval resources for adequate adjective. Accused him of making a speech that would have become Charles the First. Talked about levying Ship Money; threatened a revolution; hinted at Hampden, and, unrebuked by the Speaker, called unoffending Prince Arthur the "youthful Strafford."

Splendid performance, only wanting an audience. But the storm inside House burst as suddenly as the blizzard without. Nobody knew that the Commodore was close-hauled, and meant business. Few present to witness the perturbed scene on the Treasury Bench:—Old Morality huddled up against Georgie Hamilton, who was nervously tearing sheet of paper into measured strips; Jokim shaking in every limb, and white to the lips; Prince Arthur most successful of the group in maintaining his self-possession, though evidently not liking the reference to Strafford. The Commodore, looking in his tarpaulins considerably more than six foot high, stormed and raged what time the snow and sleet beat a wild accompaniment on the melancholy windows.

Business done.—Commodore Harcourt goes again on the rampage.

Tuesday.—Howard Vincent rather staggered to-night. Favoured by fortune and the ballot, had secured first place for Motion on Friendly Societies. Useful thing for coming General Election to be

remembered as advocate of cause of Working Man. Bestowed much care on terms of Resolution; invited Government to encourage more general voluntary provision for sickness and old age. Then adroitly dragged in the axiom that "Sound principles of provident Insurance should be included in the subjects prescribed by the Education Code for instruction in elementary schools." That meant to draw Old Morality; succeeded *à merveille*.

Herbert Maxwell
Performed his task well.
Ason.

"Tony, dear boy," he said to me, half closing his eyes, and folding his arms, whilst a far-away look melted into newer softness his kindly countenance, "that reminds me of old days. Many a time have I written out in my copy-book, 'Take care of your Neighbour's Pence, and your own Pounds will Take Care of Themselves.' 'Borrow an Umbrella, and put it away for a Rainy Day.' 'Half a Currant Bun is better than No Bread'; 'A Bird in a Pigeon Pie is better than three in the Bush.' Got heaps of copy-books filled with these and similar words of wisdom. Howard Vincent is quite right. If there was more of this in our elementary schools, there would be, if I may say so, more men like me. You remember what Who's-This said, 'Let me write their copy-book headings, and I don't care who makes their laws.' Howard Vincent is on the right tack; think we shall accept his Resolution."

So it would have been, if that eminent strategist had foregone his speech. If he had laid Resolution on the table, and said, "There you are," Government would have accepted it, and he would have had a night of triumph. But he would speak. Spoke for an hour, and utterly ruined chances of the Resolution he recommended.

Herbert Maxwell, put up from Treasury Bench to reply for Government, did his work admirably. After fearful *fiasco* with Chaplin last Friday, Old Morality checked disposition to give young Ministers opportunity of distinguishing themselves. If Maxwell made a mull of this, following on Friday week's catastrophe with Chaplin, it would be serious. Maxwell won more than negative credit of not making mistake. He delivered excellent speech, showing complete mastery of subject.

Business done.—House Counted Out again.

Thursday.—An Irish night at last. Quite a long time since we talked of the distressful country. Wouldn't guess that Ireland was to the fore by looking at the Irish quarter. Usual when Prince Arthur is on his feet expounding and defending his policy for Irish camp to be bristling with contradiction and contumely. To-night only five there, including Brer Rabbit. Brer Fox promised to come, but hasn't turned up. Understood to be engaged in composition of new Manifesto. Towards midnight Prince Arthur, wearied of the quietude, observed that he didn't believe there was a single Irish Member present. Whereupon Nolan, waking from sleep, under shadow of Gallery, indignantly shouted out, "What?" Tanner, just come in, roared, "Oh!" "Ah!" said Prince Arthur, and the conversation terminated.

Mr. Swift M'Neill "prating."

Explanation of singular abstention is, that business under discussion is Vote on account of Relief of Distress in Ireland. Prince Arthur asks for £55,000 for that purpose; wouldn't do for Irish Members to obey their first instinct, and oppose Vote moved by Chief Secretary. If they were there, they might be expected to say, "Thank you;" so they stay away, one or two just looking in to contradict T. W. Russell—"Roaring" Russell, Sark calls him—when he gave an account of what he saw during a recent visit to Ireland.

Business done.—Relief voted for Irish Distress.

Friday Night.—Lo! a strange thing happened. Fell asleep just now, amid deadly dulness, depth of which no one outside House can comprehend. Woke up, hearing familiar voice. 'Twas the voice of Prince Arthur, I heard him complain; something about Ground-rents in London. Not quite his subject; voice, too, didn't seem to come from Treasury Bench. But no mistaking it; same tone; same inflection. Now I come to think of it, more like way he used to talk before he came to govern Ireland. Opened eyes; looked down; behold! it was brother Gerald, opposing Stuart's Motion on Land Tax. Very odd; think I'll go to sleep again.

Business done.—Slept.

THE SONG OF THE BACILLUS.

[Not a week passes without our hearing of a fresh agent to destroy the Bacillus.]

Once I flourished unmolested, now my troubles never cease:
Man, investigating monster, will not let me rest in peace.
I am ta'en from friends and kindred, from my newly-wedded bride,
And exposed—it 's really shameless—on a microscopic slide.
Sure some philbacillic person a Society should start
For Protection of Bacilli from the Doctor's baleful art.

Koch the evil game first started, and his lymph came squirming in,
But, 'twixt you and me, Bacilli did not care a single pin.
We went elsewhere in the body, and it only made us roam,
But it 's hard, you must admit it, to be worried from your home,
And methinks the hapless patient had much rather we had rest,
When he finds us wildly rushing up and down his tortured breast.

Then came Bernheim and his dodges; his specific is to flood
All the circulation freely with injections of goat's blood.
That is really rather soothing, and it doesn't seem to hurt,
Though they lacerate your feelings with an automatic squirt;
Time will show if it's effective, but 'twill be revenge most sweet
If the patients take to butting every single soul they meet.

Next fierce Liebriech, quite a savage, has declared that we shall die
Shattered and exacerbated by attacks of Spanish fly.
We should like to ask the patient if he thinks he 'll live at ease,
With his system impregnated with that vile cantharides?
We perchance may fall before it, waging an unequal strife,
But it 's any odds the patient will be blistered out of life.

Therefore, O my friends, take heart, and these indignities endure,
Although every week brings news of an indubitable cure;
We have lived and flourished freely ever since the world began,
And our lineage is as ancient surely as is that of man;
While I 'll venture the prediction, as a wind-up to my song,
That, despite these dreadful Doctors, we may haply live as long.

BLONDEL UP TO DATE.

(*A Fragment from a History of the Future.*)

And so it happened that the King was taken and imprisoned, no one knew whither. His followers, saving one, treated the matter very calmly. The exception, who was supposed to be wanting in his wits (he played on the barrel-organ), determined to do his best to rescue his Royal Master; and an idea occurred to him. He had noticed that when he performed on his musical instrument those who, perforce, were obliged to listen to him acted strangely. Some of his audiences had frowned, others had shaken their fists at him, and all had gone quickly away. Only once had a loiterer stayed behind, smiling a sweet smile, as if he were enjoying the music. To his regret, Blondel subsequently ascertained that the apparently charmed listener was stone deaf. So he argued that if his music had so great an effect upon the population of his native village it would work marvels in the wide world without. And thus, with a heart full of hope and courage, he started on his travels.

He wandered, turning the handle of his organ, for many a weary mile. He passed through towns, hamlets, and cities; the people put their heads out of their windows, and urged him imperiously to be gone; and as he hurried away he gazed at their faces, hoping to have seen the King, his Master, but without avail. He felt, that were His Majesty to hear his music, there would be a further supply of language savouring rather of the dicing-house than the cathedral. But, alas! his search was in vain. At length, he reached London, and found it as silent as the grave! There were no German bands, no Niggers, not even a hurdy-gurdy! Greatly surprised, Blondel asked a policeman the meaning of this strange, this unlooked-for quietude!

"Strike up that organ of yours," said the constable, surlily, "and I will soon show you!"

Blondel turned his handle, and was immediately arrested.

"What for?" echoed the policeman; "why, for infringing the provisions of the Jacobi Street Music Prohibition Act!"

And with this brief explanation Blondel was carried off to prison!

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WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.—*Milton.*

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WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the TALE of Life; what sheds the PUREST LIGHT UPON OUR REASON; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to SOFTEN THE HEART of Man and elevate his soul—I would answer with Lassus, it is EXPERIENCE.—Lord Lytton.

"Queen's Head Hotel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 4, 1877.

"Sir,—Allow me to present you with this Testimonial and Poem on ENO'S justly-celebrated FRUIT SALT. My occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here to see what change of air would do for me, and, at the wish of some *personal friends*, I have taken your FRUIT SALT, and the good result therefrom is my reason for addressing you.

"I am, Sir, yours truly, A Lady."

As sunshine on fair Nature's face,
Which dearly do we love to trace;
As welcome as the flowers in May,
That bloom around us on our way;
As welcome as the wild birds' song,
Which greets us as we go along;
As welcome as the flowers' perfume,
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June.

The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you 've ate or drank too much,
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression, with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the Blood is found impure,
It will effect a perfect cure.

Free from danger, free from harm,
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel disease's shaft;
More priceless than the richest gold
That ever did its wealth unfold;
And all throughout our native land
Should always have it at command.

Superior to all other salines.—"Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.—A Devonshire Lady.—Jan. 28, 1889."

"**Egypt, Cairo.**—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; from which on the first I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A Corporal, 19th Hussars. Mr. J. C. Eno—May 26, 1888."

"**I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.**"—J. C. Eno.

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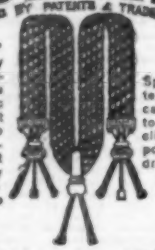

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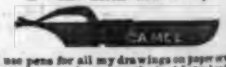

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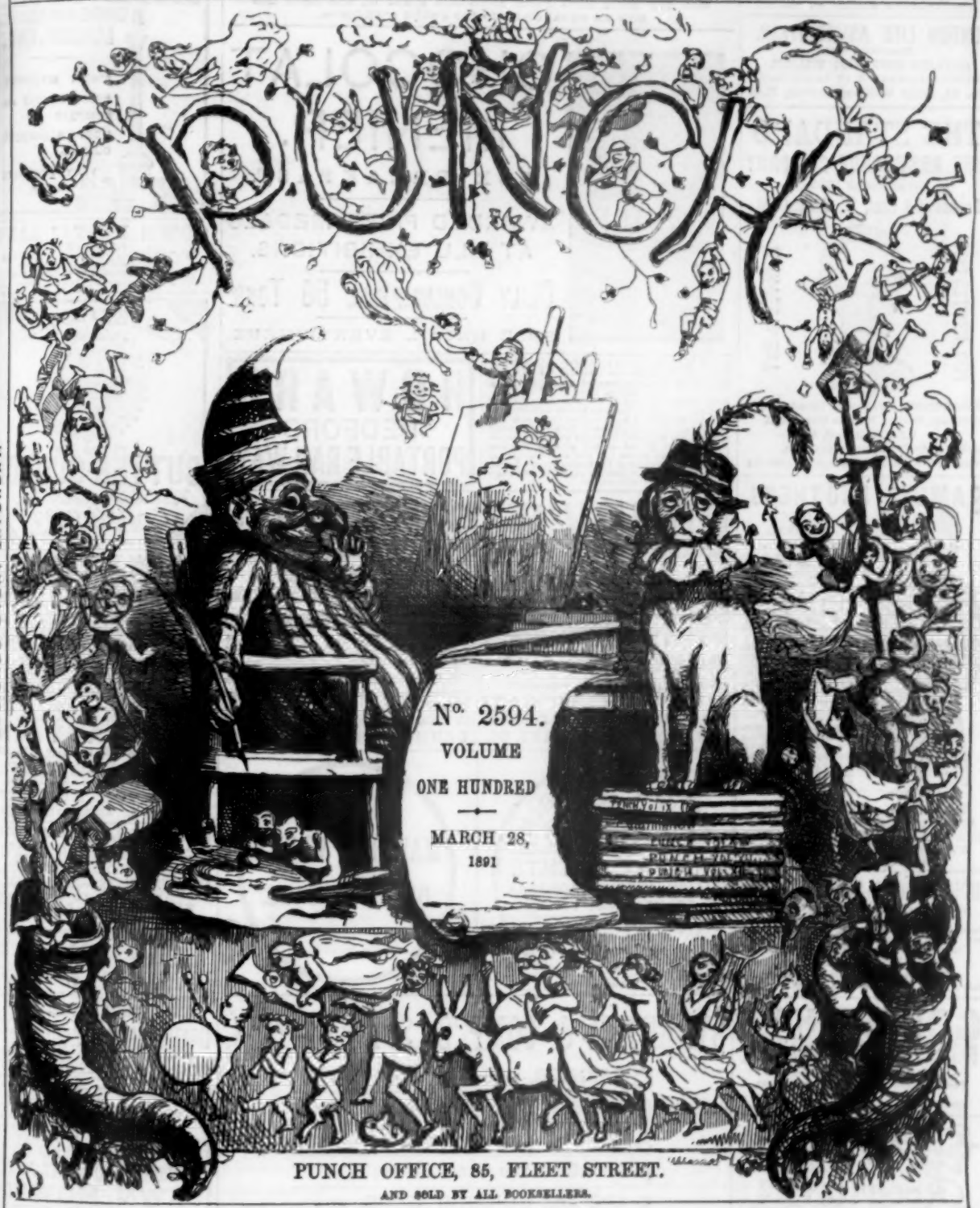

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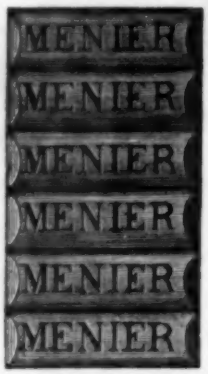

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THE G. P. O. CUCKOO.

It was a gallant Postmaster that armed him for the fray,
And, oh, his eyes were gleaming as he summoned his array;
To North and South the message went, to W. and E.,
And where, 'mid piles of ledgers, men make money in E.C.;
From Highgate Hill to Putney one cry the echoes wakes,
As the Postmen don their uniforms and shout aloud for Raikes.

"Brave Postmen," spake an officer, who gazed upon the throng,
"Ye tramp the streets by day and night, your hours are very long;
Yet since you love the G. P. O. that thus your feet employs,
We must not see you flouted by a perky pack of boys.
Swift rally round the Master who quavers not nor quakes,
Our Red Knight of the Pillar-Box, the adamantine Raikes.

"What? 'The Public want the Messengers'? We'll teach the Public sense,
Which consists in looking pleasant while we pocket all their pence.
Though the papers rave, we care not for their chatter and their fuss.
They must keep at home their messages, or send them all through Us.
And we'll crush these boy-intruders as a mongoose crushes snakes.
They have sown, but we shall reap it—'tis the will of Mr. Raikes."

* * * * * *

But *Punch* was there, and listened, and his angry face grew red,
Like the tape that Raikes delights in, and he shook his ancient head.
"Raikes," he cried, "I doubt your wisdom, and I much incline to scorn
Those who trespass on their neighbour's land, and cart away his corn.
Let the man who makes the oven and laboriously bakes
Take the profit on the loaves he sells, nor yield it all to Raikes.

"You say you'll do the thing yourself: Monopoly decrees
That, if boys go making honey, they must lose it, like the bees.
But, oh, be warned, my Postmaster, it's not a pleasant thing
To incur a bee's resentment and to suffer from its sting:
And (to change my humble parallel) I like not him who takes
A nest prepared by others, like the Cuckoo-Postman Raikes!"

Sound and Safe.—We hear that Mr. W. H. Griffiths is to be the new Lessee of the Shaftesbury. Years ago, to the popular inquiry, "Who's Griffiths?" there was but one answer, "The Safe Man." Good omen for the Shaftesbury.

BAR BARRED!

Scene—*A Parliamentary Committee Room. Committee sitting at horse-shoe table. Bar crowded at table covered with plans, custards, buns, agreements, and ginger-beer. Huge plans hanging to walls. View in distance of St. Thomas's Hospital. East-West Diddlesex Railway Extension Bill under consideration.* Expert Witness *standing at reading-desk under examination.*

Junior Counsel (for Promoters). You have told us that there is a cutting at Burnt House Mill, coloured red in plan—in your opinion do you think that the road passing by Hoggsborough, coloured green, could be so diverted as to avoid the necessity of throwing a bridge over the River Crowe, coloured yellow?

Expert Witness (with great deliberation, and illustrating his remarks by references to a large plan). In my opinion I think the necessity of building a bridge over the River Crowe may be avoided by skirting the Swashbuckler Estate, and by making a new road that would cross the proposed line by a level crossing at Twaddlecomb, and ultimately reach Market Goosebury, coloured blue, by following the course of the Raisensworth, coloured black.

Junior Counsel. Thank you—that will do. [*Sits down.*

First Cross-Examining Q.C. (suddenly entering from another Committee Room, looking for his Junior—aside). Where on earth have we got to?

Chairman of Committee. Is this witness cross-examined?

First C.-E. Q.C. Certainly, Sir. Now I think you say that it is necessary to make a bridge over the River Crowe, coloured red in plan?

Expert Witness. No; I say that if the Swashbuckler Estate is skirted, &c., &c. [*Repeats the answer he has already given.*

Second Cross-Examining Q.C. (entering hurriedly, as his learned brother sits down). One moment, please. Now you say that it is absolutely necessary to pass the River Crowe, in plan coloured red, by a bridge?

Expert Witness. On the contrary, I say that if the Swashbuckler Estate, &c., &c. [*Repeats his answer for the third time.*

Third C.-E. Q.C. (entering hurriedly, as his predecessor resumes his seat). And now, Sir, that my learned friends have asked you *their* questions, I have to ask you *mine*. Be kind enough to say, for the benefit of the Right Hon. Chairman and the Hon. Members of the Committee, whether, in your opinion, in the construction of the proposed line, where the road reaches the neighbourhood of—(*consulting plan*)—Market Goosebury, coloured blue in the plan, and, as you will see, runs through the—(*inspects plan closely*)—Swashbuckler Estate—yes, the Swashbuckler Estate—and comes, as you will see, if you refer to the chart, near Twaddlecomb—having now sufficiently indicated the locality, I repeat, will you be kind enough to say whether, in your opinion, the necessity of building a bridge over the River Raven—(*is prompted by Junior*)—I should say, over the River Crowe—could be avoided?

Chairman of Committee (interposing). I would suggest that, as this question has been answered three times, the witness be excused further examination at the hands of Counsel not present at the examination-in-chief.

First C.-E. Q.C. (warmly). I consider this an infringement of the privileges of the Bar. The Right Hon. Chairman must remember that it is possible that a single reference in the examination-in-chief may only require cross-examination on the part of the Clients whom we represent. Besides, an expert witness's examination-in-chief is very seldom shaken, and all we can possibly want is a note taken by a learned friend who has acted as a Junior. All of us are occasionally wanted elsewhere.

Second C.-E. Q.C. (indignantly). Yes; and how can we attend to our Clients' interests if we are not allowed to be in two places at once?

Third C.-E. Q.C. (furiously). You have no right to act upon an old ruling that was never enforced. Why, such a regulation would ruin us—and many of us have wives and children!

[*Exeunt defiantly, to return, later on, ready to brave imprisonment in the Clock Tower, if necessary. N.B.—Up to date the Tower is untenanted.*

"In the Name of the Law—Photographs!"—Mr. A. Briefless, Junr., having received a respectful invitation from some Brook Street Photographers to favour them (without charge) with a sitting, "to enable them to complete their series of portraits of distinguished legal gentlemen," regrets to say that, as he has already sat for another Firm making the same request (see *Papers from Pump-handle Court*), he is unable to comply with their courteous request. However, he is pleased to hear that a similar petition has been forwarded to others of his learned friends, one of whom writes to say, he "possesses a wig, and the right to wear it, but that there his connection with the Law begins and ends." Mr. A. Briefless, Junr., wishes the industrious Firm every success in their public-spirited undertaking.

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Mr. Gladstone (at Hastings) on Mr. Goschen's Finance.

I.

The backwater was snug and fair,
And the gay Canoeist cavorted there.
Thinks he, "I have built up everywhere
A reputation for pluck and stay!"
Amidst the reeds the river ran;
Behind them floated a Grand Old Swan,
And loudly did lament
The better deeds of a better day;
Ever the gay Canoeist went on,
Making his memos. as he went.

II.

"My foes are piqued, I must suppose,
But cannot see their way to a 'Cry.'"
(So mused the man with the Semite nose,
As up the backwater he swept.)

"What I like" (said he) "in this nook so shy,
Is that I am quiet, and free as a swallow,
Squaring accounts at my own sweet will,
With never a fear of the Big Swan's Bill!
The Swan 's as quiet as though he slept.
I fancy I 've funked the fierce old fellow!"

III.

The Grand Old Swan came out of his hole,
Snorting with furious joy,
Hidden by rushes he yet drew near,
Behind the Canoeist, until on his ear
Those snortings fell, both full and clear.
Floating about the backwater shy,
Stronger and stronger the shindy stole,
Filling the startled Canoeist with fear;
And the jubilant jobating voice,
With menaces meaning and manifold,
Flowed forth on a "snorter" clear and bold
(As when a party-procession rejoice
With drums, and trumpets, and with banners of gold),
Until the Canoeist's blood ran cold,
And over his paddle he crouched and rolled;
And he wished himself from that nook afar
(If it were but reading the evening *Star*):
And the Swan he ruffled his plumes and hissed,
And with sounding buffets, which seldom missed,
He walloped into that paddler gay
(Bent on enjoying his holiday).
He smote him here, and he spanked him there,
Upset his "balance," rumpled his hair.
"I 'll teach you," he cried, with pounding pinions,
"To come intruding in *my* dominions!"
And the frightened flags, and the startled reeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the shaking rushes and wobbling weeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the Grand Old Swan's admiring throng
(Who yelled at seeing him going so strong)
Were flooded and fluttered by that Stentor song!

The Proposed Old Etonian Banquet.—"*Floreat Etona!*" by all means, and may "Henry's holy shade" never be less! But doesn't it seem rather like a contradiction in terms, for Old Etonians to sit down to an Eaten Dinner?—Yours, once removed,

A Sixth-Formosus Puer.

FORM!

"Good Heavens! What a Swell! What is it? Tea-fight? Wedding Breakfast?"

"Oh no; only going to my Tailor's. *Must* be decently dressed when I go to see *him*. He 's so beastly Critical!"

ABOUT THE COURT.

At the Royal Court Theatre, which, as I read on the illustrated House Programme, is "Licensed by the London County Council to the Proprietors, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. A. Chudleigh,"—is the Lord Chamberlain out of it in this quarter? (how can there be a Court without a Lord Chamberlain?), and, "under which king, Bezonian?" Was it in the days of *The Happy Land?*—but no matter. To resume. At the aforesaid Court Theatre is now being performed an original Farce, in Three Acts, written by Mr. R. R. Lumley. Ah! Ah! Lumley, this isn't quite up to your other piece, *Aunt Jack*. Mrs. John Wood is invaluable, and keeps the game alive throughout; while Arthur Cecil's *Duke of Donoway*—not a Comedy Duke, but a Duke in farcical circumstances—is excellent. Weedon Grossmith is funny, but in make-up, tone of voice, and mannerisms, the part seems mixed up with one or two others that he has played, and is very far from being in the same category with *Aunt Jack's* crushed Solicitor. Brandon Thomas as *Captain Roland Gurney, R.N.*, is very natural. *The Office Boy* of Master Wilson and the little *Gridd* of Master Westgate (very near Birchington when the boy is in Mrs. Wood's hands), are capital. Miss Carlotta Leclercq's *Duchess* is equal to the occasion. The two girls' parts are unnatural and uninteresting. What ought to make the success of the piece is the scene where Weedon Grossmith volunteers to sing "*The Wolf*," and everyone talks and chatters until the Babel ends in an explosion. It convulses the house with laughter; and if this situation had been so contrived,—as it might have been, allow me to say,—as to end the Act, the Curtain falling on the climax, the dashing down of the enraged musician's song and the exit of the Duke, the run of *The Volcano* would have been insured from now to Christmas. Is it too late to retrieve this? To quote the title of one of Anthony Trollope's novels, "I say No!" There is so much that is genuinely funny in the piece, that if the alteration is done with a will, *hic et nunc*, why within a week the piece could be fixed securely in its place for the London season, and beyond it. Let funny little Weedon reconsider his make-up, and come out as the flaxen-headed M.P. of a Saxon constituency. And a word in his ear,—Sothern fashioned *Lord Dundreary* out of a worse part than this. *The Volcano* shouldn't "bust up." That 's my opinion, as

A Friend at Court.

A SCHOOL OF CRITICISM.

From the *Queen*. A Correspondent writes:—

"Journalism.—I want to become a Dramatic Critic; how should I begin? I am fond of going to the theatre, but find it difficult to remember the plot of the play afterwards. What kind of notices do Editors prefer?—*Histrionica.*"

Isn't it Mr. David Anderson who has set up a flourishing School for Journalists? Why shouldn't there be a School for Critics? The Master would take his pupils to the Theatre regularly, and could lecture on the Play as it proceeded. Should Managers and Actors be so blind to the best interests of their Art as to refuse to allow the play to be stopped from time to time to allow of the Instructor's remarks, then he would have to wait until after each Act, and retire with his pupils into some quiet corner of the Refreshment-room, where he could give his lecture. Or teacher and pupils could hear a Scene or an Act every night,—and if they paid for their places (a reduction being made for a quantity), the particular drama they patronised would be considerably benefited by this plan.

There might be a uniform or an academic costume for these critical scholars—say Shakspearian collars, Undergraduate gown, and portable mortar-board, to fold up, and be sat upon. There might be a row reserved for them at the back of the Dress Circle, and twenty-five per cent. reduction on tickets for a series. The M.C., or Master of Critics, would take a fee for a course from each pupil. Fee to include seat at theatre, instruction, *and supper afterwards.*

Important Contribution towards the Universal Language.—"Hallo!" being the recognised telephonic summons in use between companies and individuals of all nationalities, may be already considered as "Hallo'd by a variety of associations."

MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. I.—ROSMERSHÖLM (concluded.)

Act III.

Sitting-room at Rosmershölm. Sun shining outside in the Garden. Inside Rebecca West *is watering a geranium with a small watering-pot. Her crochet antimacassar lies in the arm-chair.* Madam Helseth *is rubbing the chairs with furniture-polish from a large bottle. Enter* Rosmer, *with his hat and stick in his hand.* Madam Helseth *corks the bottle and goes out to the right.*

Rebecca. Good morning, dear. (*A moment after—crocheting.*) Have you seen Rector Kroll's paper this morning? There's something about *you* in it.

Rosmer. Oh, indeed? (*Puts down hat and stick, and takes up paper.*) H'm! (*Reads—then walks about the room.*) Kroll *has* made it hot for me. (*Reads some more.*) Oh, this is *too* bad! Rebecca, they *do* say such nasty spiteful things! They actually call me a renegade—and I can't *think* why! They *mustn't* go on like this. All that is good in human nature will go to ruin if they're allowed to attack an excellent man like me! Only think, if I can make them see how unkind they have been!

Reb. Yes, dear, in that you have a great and glorious object to attain—and I wish you may get it!

Rosmer. Thanks. I think I shall. (*Happens to look through window, and jumps.*) Ah, no, I shan't—never now. I have just seen——

Reb. *Not* the White Horse, dear? We must really not overdo that White Horse!

Rosmer. No—the mill-race, where Beata——(*Puts on his hat—takes it off again.*) I'm beginning to be haunted by—no, I *don't* mean the horse—by a terrible suspicion that Beata may have been right after all! Yes, I do believe, now I come to think of it, that I must really have been in love with you from the first. Tell me *your* opinion.

Reb. (*struggling with herself, and still crocheting*). Oh—I can't exactly say—such an odd question to ask me!

Rosmer (*shakes his head*). Perhaps; I have no sense of humour—no respectable Norwegian *has*—and I *do* want to know—because, you see, if I *was* in love with you, it was a *sin*, and if I once convinced myself of that——

[*Wanders across the room.*

Reb. (*breaking out*). Oh, these old ancestral prejudices! Here is your hat, and your stick, too; go and take a walk.

[Rosmer *takes hat and stick, first, then goes out and takes a walk; presently* Madam Helseth *appears, and tells* Rebecca *something.* Rebecca *tells* her *something. They whisper together.* Madam H. *nods, and shows in* Rector Kroll, *who keeps his hat in his hand, and sits on a chair.*

Kroll. I merely called for the purpose of informing you that I consider you an artful and designing person, but that, on the whole, considering your birth and moral antecedents, you know—(*nods at her*)—it is not surprising. (Rebecca *walks about, wringing her hands.*) Why, what *is* the matter? Did you really not know that you had no right to your father's name? I'd no *idea* you would mind my mentioning such a trifle!

Reb. (*breaking out*). I *do* mind. I am an emancipated enigma, but I retain a few little prejudices still. I *don't* like owning to my real age, and I *do* prefer to be legitimate. And, after your information—of which I was quite ignorant, as my mother, the late Mrs. Gamvik, never *once* alluded to it—I feel I must confess everything. Strong-minded advanced women are like that. Here is Rosmer. (Rosmer *enters with his hat and stick.*) Rosmer, I want to tell you and Rector Kroll a little story. Let us sit down, dear, all three of us. (*They sit down, mechanically, on chairs.*) A long time ago, before the play began—(*in a voice scarcely audible*)—in Ibsenite dramas, all the interesting things somehow *do* happen before the play begins——

Rosmer. But, Rebecca, I *know* all this. Kroll—(*looks hard at her*). Perhaps I had better go?

Reb. No—I will be short—this was it. I wanted to take my share in the life of the New Era, and march onward with Rosmer. There was one dismal, insurmountable barrier—(*to* Rosmer, *who nods gravely*)—Beata! I understood where your deliverance lay—and I acted. *I* drove Beata into the mill-race . . . There!

Rosmer (*after a short silence*). H'm! Well, Kroll—(*takes up his hat*)—if you're thinking of walking home, I'll go too. I'm going to be orthodox once more—after *this!*

Kroll (*severely and impressively, to* Reb.). A nice sort of young woman *you* are! [*Both go out hastily, without looking at* Reb.

Reb. (*speaks to herself, under her breath*). Now I *have* done it. I wonder *why*. (*Pulls bell-rope.*) Madam Helseth, I have just had a glimpse of two rushing White Horses. Bring down my hair-trunk.

[*Enter* Madam H., *with large hair-trunk, as Curtain falls.*

Act IV.

Late evening. Rebecca West *stands by a lighted lamp, with a shade over it, packing sandwiches, &c., in a reticule, with a faint smile. The antimacassar is on the sofa. Enter* Rosmer.

Rosmer (*seeing the sandwiches, &c.*). Sandwiches? Then you *are* going! Why, on earth,—I *can't* understand!

Reb. Dear, you never *can*. Rosmershölm is too much for me. But how did you get on with Kroll?

Rosmer. We have made it up. He has convinced me that the work of ennobling men was several sizes too large for me—so I am going to let it alone——

Reb. (*with her faint smile*). There I almost think, dear, that you are wise.

Rosmer (*as if annoyed*). What, so *you* don't believe in me either, Rebecca—you never *did!* [*Sits listlessly on chair.*

Reb. Not much, dear, when you are left to yourself—but I've another confession to make.

Rosmer. What, *another?* I really can't stand any more confessions just now!

Reb. (*sitting close to him*). It is only a little one. I bullied Beata into the mill-race—because of a wild uncontrollable—— (Rosmer *moves uneasily.*) Sit still, dear—uncontrollable fancy—for *you!*

Rosmer (*goes and sits on sofa*). Oh, my goodness, Rebecca—you *mustn't*, you know!

[*He jumps up and down as if embarrassed.*

Reb. Don't be alarmed, dear, it is all over now. After living alone with you in solitude, when you showed me all your thoughts without reserve,—little by little, somehow the fancy passed off. I caught the Rosmer view of life badly, and dulness descended on my soul as an extinguisher upon one of our Northern dips. The Rosmer view of life is ennobling, very—but hardly lively. And I've more yet to tell you.

Rosmer (*turning it off*). Isn't that enough for one evening?

Reb. (*almost voiceless*). No, dear. I have a Past—*behind* me!

Rosmer. *Behind* you? How strange. I had an idea of that sort already. (*Starts, as if in fear.*) A joke! (*Sadly.*) Ah, no—*no*, I must not give way to *that!* Never mind the Past, Rebecca; I once thought that I had made the grand discovery that, if one is only virtuous, one will be happy. I see now it was too daring, too original—an immature dream. What bothers me is that I can't—somehow I *can't*—believe entirely in you—I am not even sure that I *have* ennobled you so very much—*isn't* it terrible?

Reb. (*wringing her hands*). Oh, this killing doubt! (*Looks darkly at him.*) Is there anything *I* can do to convince you?

Rosmer (*as if impelled to speak against his will*). Yes, one thing—only I'm afraid you wouldn't see it in the same light. And yet I must mention it. It is like this. I want to recover faith in my mission, in my power to ennoble human souls. And, as a logical thinker, this I cannot do now, unless—well, unless you jump into the mill-race, too, like Beata!

Reb. (*takes up her antimacassar, with composure, and puts it on her head*). Anything to oblige you.

Rosmer (*springs up*). What? You really *will!* You are *sure* you don't mind? Then, Rebecca, I will go further. I will even go—yes—as far as you go yourself!

Reb. (*bows her head towards his breast*). You will see me off? Thanks. Now you are indeed an Ibsenite.

[*Smiles almost imperceptibly.*

Rosmer (*cautiously*). I said as far as *you* go. I don't commit myself further than that. Shall we go?

Reb. First tell me this. Are *you* going with *me*, or am *I* going with *you?*

Rosmer. A subtle psychological point—but we have not time to think it out here. We will discuss it as we go along. Come!

[Rosmer *takes his hat and stick*, Rebecca *her reticule, with sandwiches. They go out hand-in-hand through the door, which they leave open. The room (as is not uncommon with rooms in Norway) is left empty. Then* Madam Helseth *enters through another door.*

Madam H. The cab, Miss—not here! (*Looks out.*) Out together—at this time of night—upon my—*not* on the garden-seat? (*Looks out of window.*) My goodness! *what* is that white thing on the bridge—the *Horse* at last! (*Shrieks aloud.*) And those two sinful creatures running home!

Enter Rosmer *and* Rebecca, *out of breath.*

Rosmer (*scarcely able to get the words out*). It's no use, Rebecca—we must put it off till another evening. We can't be expected to jump off a footbridge which already has a White Horse on it. And, if it comes to that, why should we jump at all? I know now that I really *have* ennobled you, which was all *I* wanted. What would be the good of recovering faith in my mission at the bottom of a mill-pond? No, Rebecca—(*lays his hand on her head*)—there is no judge over us, and therefore——

Reb. (*interrupting gravely*). We will bind ourselves over in our own recognisances to come up for judgment when called upon.

[Madam Helseth *holds on to a chair-back.* Rebecca *finishes the antimacassar calmly as Curtain falls.*

A GRAND OLD WETTERUN!

I ain't bin werry well lately, and, to crown the hole, I was cort in the Lizzard, I think, as they called it, on that awful Munday nite, and that was pretty nearly a settler for both my old bones and my breth, and might ha' bin quite so, if one of the werry kindest Members of the old Copperashun as I nos on, who had bin a dining with a jolly party on 'em, hadn't kindly directed my notise to about a harf bottlefull of werry fine old Port, with the remarkabel kind words, "That's just about what you wants, Mr. Robert, to take you ome safely this most orful nite!" And so it were, and I didn't waste a single drop on it.

The "Tipper's" Strike.

However, I was obligated to have a good long rest, which I took out mostly in sleep; but, jest as I was preparing to set out for the "Grand Hotel," in comes my Son; and he says to me, "Guvnor," says he—I notise as he allers calls me Guvnor when he wants me to do sumthink—"I wants you to do me the favour to ask *Mr. Punch* for to do you a favour." "Why, what do you mean?" says I. "Why, this is what I means," says he. "About the grandest feller as ever in the hole world gave up fifty years of his useful life to trying to make hundreds of stupid boys into clever boys, and hundreds of bad boys into good boys, and hundreds of dull boys into witty boys, is a going for to have a testymonial given him by sum of them hundreds of boys, me among 'em, to sellybrate his Jewbilly, same as the Queen had the other day. Ewery one of us as lives in London will jump at the chance; but the boys as he turns out from the great City of Lundon Skool is such reel fustraters, that they gits snapped up direckly by Merchants and peeple, and sent all over the werld for to manidge their warious buzzinesses there, so we don't know how to get at 'em; but as *Mr. Punch* goes wherever any smart, clever English chap goes, if he wood most kindly let this littel matter be mentioned, the grandest, and sucksessfullest, ay, and wittiest Skool Master of modern times wood get his dew reward."

So says my Sun, and prowd I was to lissen to his words; and this is what I can add to them from my own knowlidg. There's sum of the old boys, as isn't quite as yung as when they left Skool, as has formed a club to dine together sumtimes, and tork of old times, like senserbel fellers as they is; and Mr. Joseph Harris, the gennelman in question, is allers there, and allers has to make a speech, and I am amost allers there too; and, to hear the joyful shouts of arty welcome with which his old pupils greets him when he rises for to speak, and their roars of larfter at his wit, and his fun, and his good-humer, while he is a speaking, is so wery remarkabel, that I sumtimes wunders whether it doesn't, a good deal of it, rise from the fact of his great School being so close to *Mr. Punch's* own horfice. But this is over the way, as the great writer says. May I be alowd to had that my speshal frend, and hewerybody's speshal frend, Mr. Cooke, is reddy to receive any number of subskripshuns at 30, New Bridge Street, E.C. Robert.

A New Providence.—"My life is in your hands," as the Autobiographist said to his Publisher.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

(*Latest Version; suggested by a Case at the London Sessions.*)

And did you not hear of a jolly young Waterman,
Who on the river his wherry did ply?
When rowing along with great skill and dexterity,
A Cask of Madeira it caught his pleased eye.
It looked so nice, he rowed up steadily,
Transferred that cask to his boat right readily;
And he eyed the dear drink with so eager an air,
For the name on the cask not a jot did he care.

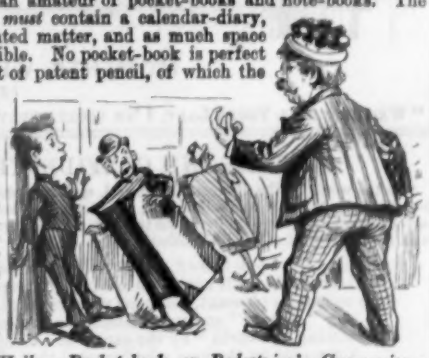
When smart Eddard Saill got that cask in his wherry,
He cleaned it out—partly—with swiggings not small,
And with his companions—what wonder?—made merry;
Madeira's a wine that's not tippled by all.
One fancies one hears 'em a laughing and cheering,
Says Eddard, "My boys, this is better than beering!
A Waterman's life would be free from all care
If he often dropped on treasure trove like that there."

And yet but to think now how strangely things happen!
They copped him for "larceny by finding,"—that's all!
But Saill couldn't read, and the jury was kindly,
So Eddard got off, though his chance appeared small.
Now would this young Waterman keep out of sorrow,
No derelict casks let him—shall we say, borrow?
Madeira is nice, but you'd best have a care,
Before swigging the wine, that it's yours fair and square!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Childhood and Youth of Dickens, a sort of short postscript to Forster's Life, very well got up by its publishers Hutchinson & Co., will interest those who for the third or fourth time are going through a course of Dickens.

The Baron is an amateur of pocket-books and note-books. The best pocket-book *must* contain a calendar-diary, and as little printed matter, and as much space for notes, as possible. No pocket-book is perfect without some sort of patent pencil, of which the writing-metal, when used on a damp surface, will serve as well as do pen and ink on ordinary paper. Such a pocket-book with such a pencil the Baron has long had in use, the product of John Walker & Co., of Farringdon House. It should be called *The Walker Pocket-book, or Pedestrian's Companion*; for, as "He who runs may read," so, with this handy combination, "He who walks may write." The Baron is led to mention this *à propos* of a novelty by T. J. Smith and Downes, called *The Self-registering Pocket Note-book*, a very neat invention, *quâ* Note-book only, but of which only one size has the invaluable patent pencil. The ordinary pencil entails carrying a knife, and, though this is good for the cutler—"I know that man, he comes from Sheffield"—yet it is a defect which is a constant source of worry to the ordinary note-taker. Otherwise, Messrs. Smith and Downes' artfulness in making the pencil serve as a marker, so that the latest note can at once be found, is decidedly ingenious, and may probably be found most useful. *Experientia docet: Baronius tentabit.*



While on the subject of pocket-books, the Baron must thank Messrs. Cassell & Co. for the pocket volumes of the *National Library* edited by Henry Morley, and ventures to recommend as a real travelling companion, *Essays, Civil and Moral, by Francis Bacon.* In the eighteenth Essay "Of Travel," the chief Diarists, "Letts and Son," might find a motto for *their* publications. The Baron directs their attention to this side of Bacon from which this is a slice,—"*Let Diaries, therefore, be brought in use.*" A new reading for advertising purposes would change "Let" into "Letts," or Letts could be interpolated in brackets. "A cheeky way of treating Bacon," says the Baron's friend little Funniman (Author of *Funniman's Poor Jokes*); but, if nothing worse than this can be said against the Baron's suggestion, why, "Letts adopt it," says

The Baron de Book-Worms.

MOMENTS WHEN LIFE IS REALLY WORTH LIVING.

(*The Annual Visit to the Family Dentist.*)

"Well, my dear Young Lady, I 've looked very carefully, and there 's absolutely nothing for me to do to you this Year!"

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"In the words of the Postmaster-General, spoken yesterday (March 18th) from his room in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and distinctly heard by the head of a corresponding department in Paris, the triumph of the International Telephone is an accomplished fact."—*Daily News.*

Hallo!—are you there? That 's the cue international,
Henceforth we 'll hope, and we trust it may lead
To colloquies pleasant, relations more rational.
May "saucers" and tubes telephonic succeed
In setting the world "by the ears," in a fashion
Not meant by the men who invented that phrase.
May nail-biting nagging and rancorous passion
Die out, like a craze!

Why, bless us, and save us! We *ought* to behave us
A little bit better for all our new light.
From incurable savagery nothing can save us
If Science can't cool down our fondness for fight.
With so many chances of "talking things over,"
Like comrades in council, across the broad sea,
Nations ought to be nice, as a girl and her lover
At five o'clock tea!

Eh? *Vox et præterea nihil?* What matter
How close ears may seem if the hearts are apart?
Humph! Nothing so easy as cynical chatter;
Distrust 's diplomatic, and satire sounds "smart."
But, as Raikes suggests, there *is* something in hearing
The "great human voice" o'er some three hundred miles,
In spite of the scorn that 's so given to sneering,
The hate that reviles.

One wonders what Talleyrand, subtle old schemer!
Would think of the Telephone were *he* alive.
Wits sniff at the *savant*, and mock at the dreamer,
Who else, though, so hard for humanity strive?
Bellona's sworn backers are woefully numerous;
Peace, let us pray, may claim this as *her* friend;
The "Sentiment" flouted by swashbucklers humorous
Sways, at the end.

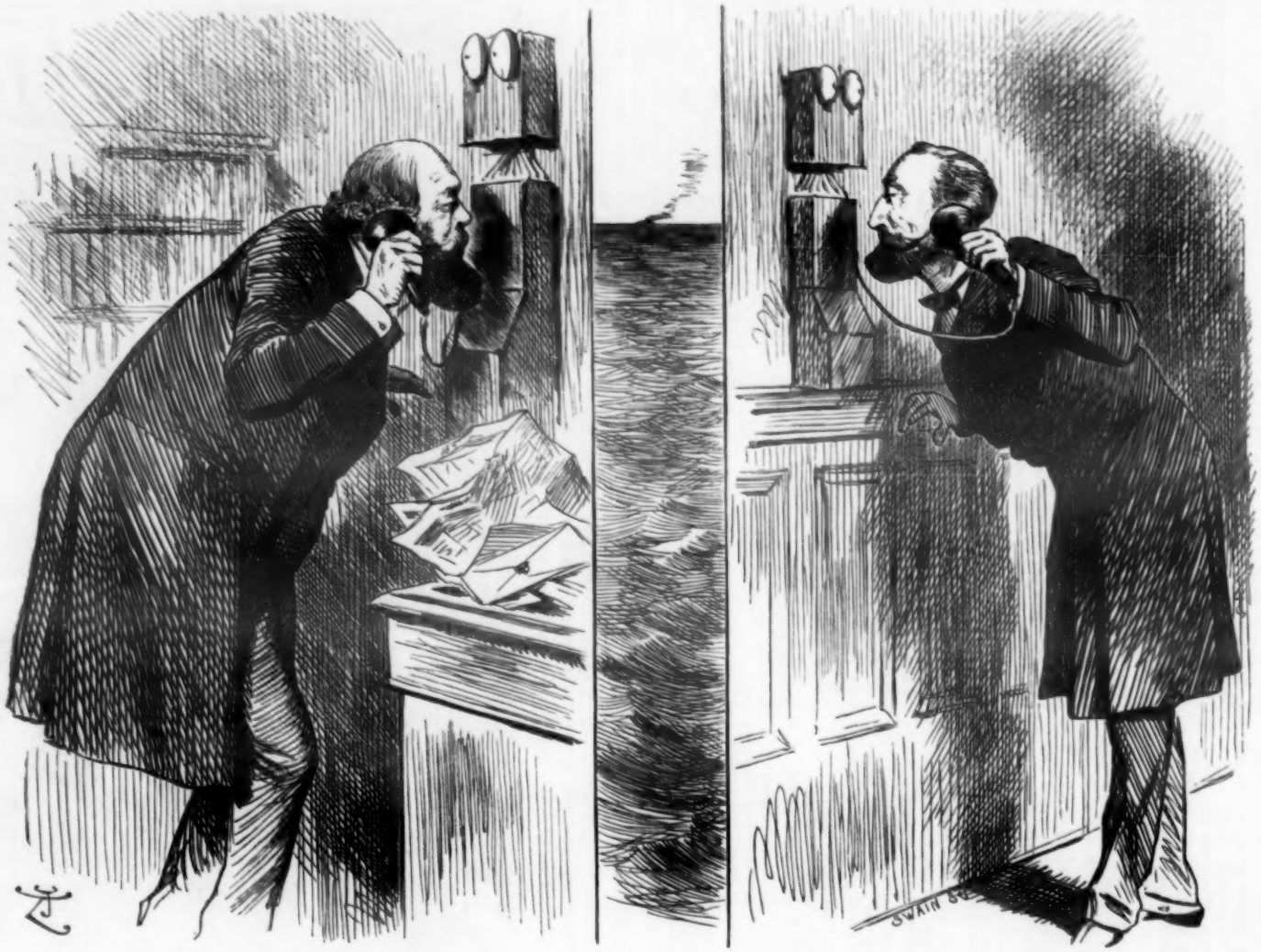
If language was given our thoughts for concealing,
The Telephone—'tis but a travelling Voice!—
Need not be the agent of reckless revealing,
And caution must often be candour's wise choice.
Unwisdom is sure to be sometimes caught napping,
And tongues may wag foolishly e'en through the wire.
Facilities freer for summary snapping
No sage can desire.

Great diplomats, proud of their "able dispatches,"
From trusting the tube with their wisdom may shrink.
The brain that in secret shrewd policies hatches,
May not care to canvas 'cute schemes "o'er a drink."
Yet times must be many when sense will be winner,
By chatting of trifles, which nations have riled,
As freely as though *vis-à-vis* at a dinner,
And carefully "tiled."

Now England and France can thus gossip together,
And Carnot and Salisbury thus hob-a-nob,
We 'll hope for set-fair international weather.
Our Raikes and their Roche appear well "on the job."
The Telephone's triumph at least is not sinister.
Things should go easier somehow—with care,
When patriot Minister greets patriot Minister,
"*Hallo!—are you there?*"

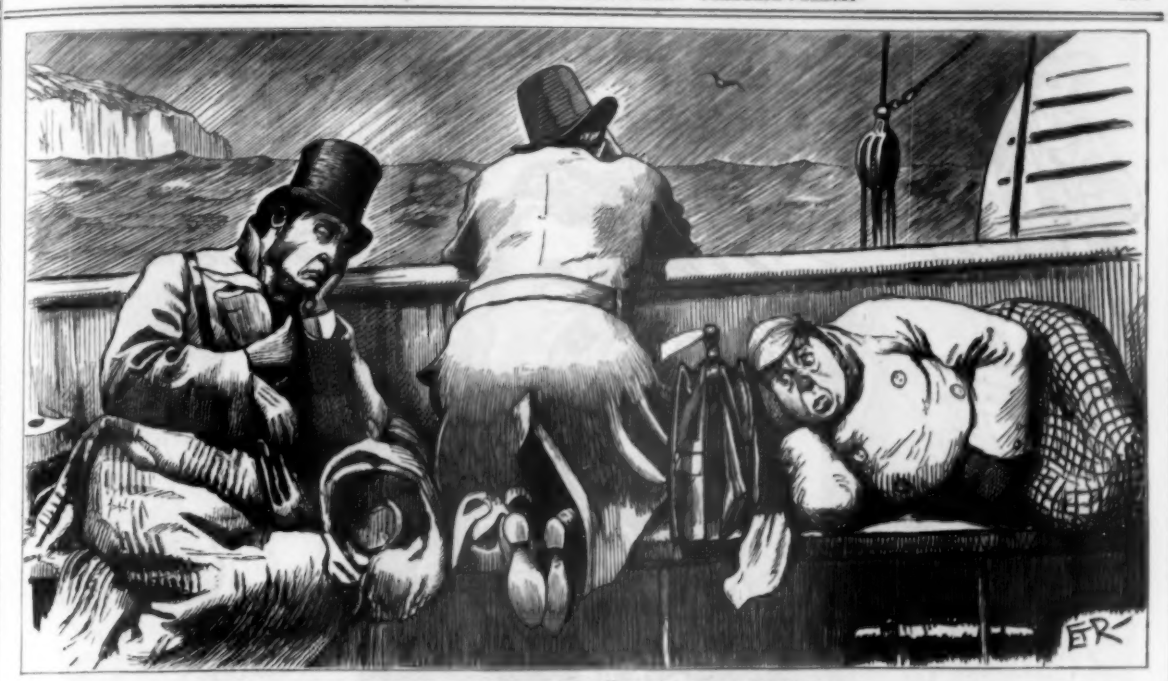
Another Telephonic Suggestion.—Connect the Theatres and Opera Houses by Telephone with all the Clubs. On payment of a fixed charge, any member should be able to hear just as much of the piece or Opera as he might require. Something above the price of a Stall to be the maximum charge for one person to hear entire Opera. For half the Opera, say six shillings; for a quarter of it, three-and-six. For hearing one song in it, eighteen-pence; and, if certain songs be in great demand, the prices could be raised.

Epigrammatic Definition of most Public Banquets with Post-prandial Oratory.—"Stuff and Nonsense."



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Lord Salisbury. "HALLO!" M. le Président. "HALLO!" Lord Salisbury. "YOU THERE?" M. le Président. "ALL THERE!"
Lord Salisbury. "CAN YOU SUGGEST AN *ENTRÉE* FOR DINNER?"
M. le Président. "*HOMARD AU GRATIN*,—AND, BY THE WAY, HOW ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND AND LOBSTER QUESTION?"
Lord Salisbury. "NOT BY TELEPHONE, THANK YOU!!!" [*Telephone between London and Paris opened, Monday, March 23rd.*



SUFFERING ON THE "SILVER STREAK."

These Gentlemen (after a few Hours' rest) declared unanimously in favour of the proposed Channel Tubular Railway.

HANDS AS THEY ARE SHOOK.

(*New Style.*)

In healthier times, when friends would meet
Their friends in chamber, park, or street,
Each, as hereunder, each would greet.

Your level hand went forth; you clasped
Your crony's; each his comrade's grasped—
If roughly, neither friend was rasped.

Such was the good old-fashioned cue
Of honest British "How d'ye do?"
I think it manly still—don't you?

But *now*, when smug acquaintance hails
A set that would be "smart," but fails,
Another principle prevails.

The arm, in lifted curve displayed,
Droops limply o'er the shoulder-blade,
As needing some chirurgeon's aid:

The wrist is wrenched of Jones and Brown,
Those ornaments of London Town;
Their listless fingers dribble down:

Brown reaches to the knuckle-bones
Of thus-excruciated Jones;
Brown's hand the same affliction owns.

At length his finger-tips have pressed
The fingers of his Jones distressed:
Both curvatures then sink to rest.

A sort of anguish lisped proceeds
From either's mouth, but neither heeds
The other's half-heroic deeds.

Exhausted, neither much can say;
Complacent, each pursues his way;
And Jones and Brown have lived to-day.

For both have sought by strenuous strain
To demonstrate, in face of pain,
That friends they were, and friends remain.

Ah, wonderful! Can Poets deem
Self-sacrifice a fading dream?
Are salutations what they seem?

Is Brown some Altruist in disguise,
And Jones an Ibsenite likewise,
That thus they flop and agonise?—

Or are the pair affected fools,
Who catch by rote the silly rules
Of third-rate fashionable schools?

COURT COLD!

(*A Page from the Diary of a Chaperon.*)

They commanded her to rise early. She knew that the day's doings would be a terrible ordeal, but she came of a bold and sturdy race, and felt herself equal to any emergency. And so as the morning broke—as daylight crept through the foggy air—she prepared for the sacrifice. Yes, sacrifice; for was it not a sacrifice to barter away youth, pride, nay, life itself! And I had a hand in the matter! Ah, me—but away with vain regret!

I have been told since that they were hours and hours arranging her toilette. So long did it take that she was scarcely able to break her fast. She had, I believe, a cup of tea, and if rumour is to be credited, a couple of slices of thin bread-and-butter! Well, it is over now, and I can think of it almost without tears!

I called for her shortly after noon—for the lot had fallen upon me, and I was destined to attend her to her doom—she was very calm, and even smiled as I kissed her. She shivered a little as she sank beside me. I bade her to wrap her shawl more closely around her, and after she had complied with my command she seemed more at ease.

And now our conveyance had come to a full stop. We were surrounded by a sea of vulgar, hideous faces, grinning and mocking at us! My charge clung to me for protection. The laughter and the jeers increased tenfold. Then I cast her away from me roughly, whereupon followed yells mixed with savage laughter. She, poor girl, regained her composure, and gazed at the multitude with the dignity of an outraged queen. And *they* laughed the more! Laughed the more!

At length we were set free, and made our way to a large apartment, where we were divested of our wraps, and left in costumes better adapted to late June than to early March, or mid-December. We were then ordered to advance. We were driven from one bitterly cold room to another, until we knew not whether the blood was circulating in our veins, or had frozen. We had many fellow-sufferers, and these poor creatures pushed against us, and fought with us. The great object of everyone was to get to the end of our journey!

She staggered bravely along, until at last they took away the yards of satin she carried round her arm, and spread it out behind. Then her name was uttered, or, rather, mispronounced. She sank on her knees; and, on regaining her feet, was hustled away, to follow a number of fellow-victims who had been treated with like indignity.

Once more there was the bitter cold. This time the draughts were met in that hall, and endured, until the conveyance arrived to move us on—she to stand for a couple of hours amidst gossiping friends, and I to go to bed.

But the seeds of death were sown! She never recovered the shock, and an addition to the inscriptions above the family-vault tells of her early decease!

And who was this poor girl? A homeless one, wandering the streets of London? or a political prisoner, on her way to Siberia? Neither! She was merely a *débutante*, attending her first (and last) Spring Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace!

Note (*by Our Own Noodle*). — *Father Buonaparte*, at the Olympic, judging from the account of it in the *Times*, seems to consist of "a part" for our Wilson Barrett, the remainder being skelstonish, or "boney."

"MATTHEWS AT HOME." (NEW VERSION OF AN OLD ENTERTAINMENT.)

RAIKES REX!

Somebody once said that ultimately the Solar System would probably become a branch of the General Post Office. The present Postmaster-General is obviously of opinion that that state of things has already come about.

To rule a realm as limitless as space,
With the great G. P. O. as Central Sun,
Raikes is the man. Of Great Panjandrum race,
He's Autocrat and Oracle in one.
The Universe indeed were no great shakes
Without Raikes *Rex* for Ruler. *Vivat* Raikes!!!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 16.—House of Commons really looked to-night as if it meant fighting. No lack of matter for quarrel. Even before public business was reached, Orders bristled with Motions raising controversial points. Lord Chunnel-Tannel, that man of peace, was to the fore; his Bill, extending Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway into London *viâ* Lord's Cricket Ground, down for Second Reading. That redoubtable Parliamentary Archer Baumann also on alert. Has taken under his personal charge the social and material welfare of Metropolis; at one time Harry Lawson, on other side of House, disputed supremacy of position with him. But, as Sark says, Baumann has immense advantage of making Liberal speeches from Conservative side.

Cupid's Bowman.

"If," says Sark, "I had to begin my Parliamentary life again, I would sit for a Tory borough, and advocate Radical notions. If it were possible, I would, with such a programme, like to represent one of the Universities, Oxford for choice. There's a sameness about fellows who get up from Liberal benches and spout Radicalism, or about men who talk Toryism from the Conservative camp. It's what was expected; what the House of Commons enjoys is the unexpected. Grandolph knows that very well. If he'd come out as a Liberal, he wouldn't have been half the power he is. The secret of success in political life, my young friend, is to sit in darkness, and clothe yourself with light. The thing doesn't hold good in the converse direction. A man sitting on Liberal benches, and talking Toryism, will gain cheers from other side, but not much else. Look at Horsman in the past; look at Joxim in the present. Certainly he is Chancellor of the Exchequer; but, even with that, I suppose you wouldn't call him a political success?"

Sark a little prosy and opinionated; otherwise a good fellow. Whilst his homily in progress ground considerably cleared. Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Bill put off till to-morrow; Kensington Subway Bill withdrawn; Baumann triumphant. Still remained public business; Old Morality led off with proposal to take Tuesdays and Fridays for morning sittings and Opposition mustered in great force; Mr. G. present, glowing with his own eulogy on Artemis. Old Morality moved Resolution with deprecatory deferential manner; only desire was to do his duty to Queen and Country and meet the convenience of Honourable Gentlemen sitting in whatever part of the House they might find themselves. Evidently expected outburst of indignant refusal, long debate, and a big division. Some indignation, but little debate and no division. Everyone on Opposition Benches seemed to expect some one else to declare himself irreconcilable. When question put, a pause; no one rose to continue the successive brief speeches; before you could say James Ferguson, Government had, on this 16th of March, practically secured all working time for remainder of Session.

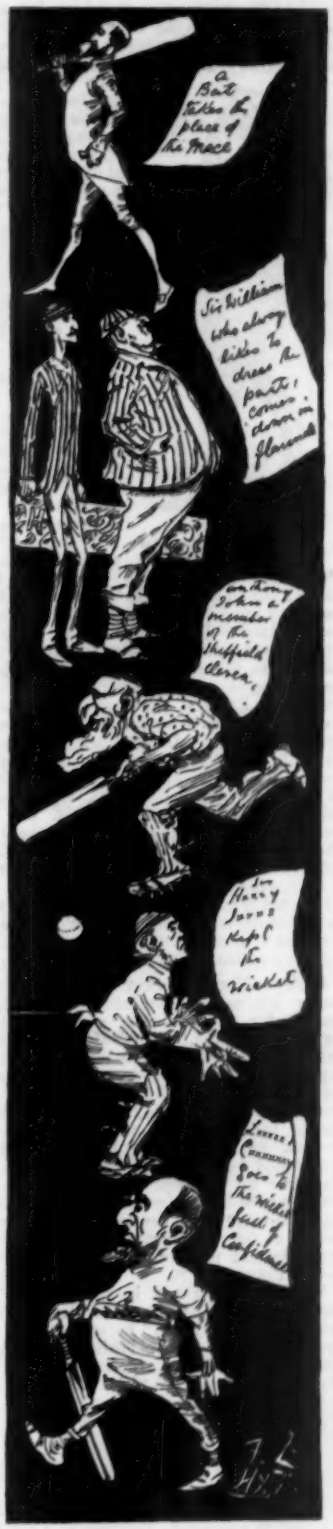
"I feel like Clive," said Old Morality; "or was it Warren Hastings? Anyhow I am amazed at my own moderation."

Business done.—Morning Sittings arranged for rest of Session.

Tuesday.—"Lords" and Commons came in conflict to-day under novel circumstances. Lord Tannel-Chunnel, pending settlement of question about making his Channel Tunnel, is promoting new trunk line of railway. Means to bring the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincoln line straight into London; terminus comes in by Lord's Cricket Ground; invades the sweet simplicity of St. John's Wood; artistic population of that quarter up in arms; shriek protest in Lord Chunnel-Tannel's ear, and shake at him the angry fist. But Tannel-Chunnel not a Baron easily turned aside from accomplishment of his projects. Squares Committee of "Lords"; impresses into support of his scheme representatives of all the big towns on the route; Manchester, Nottingham, Leicester, all cheer him on; Liberals, Conservatives, Dissentient Liberals, swell his majority. Second Reading of Bill carried by more than two to one.

"How's that, Umpire?" Chunnel-Tannel asked, carrying out his bat. "Well played, indeed!" said the Speaker.

Seemed at one time as if blood would flow, and gore would stain the floor of House. Barnes and Wiggins were in it, but what it was all about not quite clear. Something to do with a coal-truck. As far as could be made out from choked utterances of Barnes, there had at some remote period been a coal-truck despatched to London by the Midland route. Something happened to it; either it was delayed, or it arrived empty, or it didn't arrive at all. However, it was quite clear to Barnes that the time had come when a new line of railway giving direct access to London from the Midlands was an urgent necessity. Wiggins observed to be wriggling in his seat during the Barnes oration. Made several attempts to catch Speaker's eye; at length succeeded; his suppressed fury was terrible to behold; his rage Titanic. Heat least knew all about that coal-truck; though, as far as House was concerned, he did not succeed in lifting the mystery in which Barnes had enveloped it. Whether it was Wiggins's coal, or merely Wiggins's truck; whether Wiggins happened to be in the truck when it went astray; or whether it was Barnes that was in it; or whether nothing was in it but the coal; or whether, coming back to an earlier point, there was



THE LORDS IN THE COMMONS.

no coal in the truck when it did (or did not) arrive at St. Pancras: these were questions the House vainly pursued, withered, as it was, under the wrath of Wiggins. The only point clearly perceived was, that Wiggins is a Director of Midland Railway.

"About that Coal Truck?"

In ordinary circumstances there are not to be found in House two more affable men than Barnes and Wiggins. Amongst many other virtues, Wiggins is, Sark tells me, one of the best judges of cigars in House, and is never without a sample in his case. It is sad to think that a man so gifted by nature, so favoured by fortune, should let his angry passions rise round a coal-truck. House, contemplating the episode, glad to shut it out by rushing off to Division Lobby.

Business done.—Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Bill, Read a Second Time, by 212 Votes to 103.

Thursday.—House engaged in considering Lords' Amendments to Tithes Bill. Things as dull as usual; House nearly empty; walk about corridors through tea-room, newspaper-room, and library; almost deserted; in smoking-room came upon little group playing cards; three of them; Solicitor-General, Charles Russell, and Asquith, Lockwood looking on.

"I suppose," I said, "they 're playing whist; why don't you make up the hand?"

"Whisht! it's not whist!" Lockwood whispered, keeping his eye closely fixed on game. "It's Baccarat. (Ah! Clarke! I saw you. Come, pay up. You did that very clumsily.) It's the Tranby Court case you know. I'm not in it, but my learned brethren here hold briefs on either side, and they say they are bound, in the interests of their clients, to master the intricacies of the game. I must say they have managed very successfully to subordinate their horror of gambling. Russell, you know, has a positive distaste for any game of chance. But as he says, a Barrister must sometimes put his prejudices in his pocket. Asquith brings to the game a serious aspect that positively sanctifies it. As for Edward Clarke, he's wonderfully nimble. He was trying *la poucette* just now when I called out to him. As everything turns upon this, my learned friends say they must make themselves acquainted with it. But I hope it won't lead to any breaking up of families. I'm told the Judges who are likely to be trying cases in London before Whitsuntide, impelled by a similar sense of duty, are also studying Baccarat. The L.C.J. is reported to have developed a wonderful talent. As a family man, and Recorder of Sheffield, I'm glad I'm not briefed in the case."

Business done.—Tithes Bill.

Friday.—Young Harry Lawson, with his beaver up, moved Resolution approving the opening for certain hours, and under special regulations, of the National Museums and Galleries, closed in London to the public on Sundays, made capital and convincing speech; supported by men like John Lubbock, and, from Conservative side, Mayne and Elcho. Earlier in sitting, the voice of Whitechapel, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and Bethnal Green, had been heard by petition, praying for the boon. But dear old Robert Fowler knows better what is good for the people. Opposed Motion. Old Morality, who never goes into his picture gallery at Greenlands after midnight on Saturday, whipped up Government forces; Motion lost by 166 against 39.

"Young Harry."

Mr. Bung, who had been watching Debate from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, hugely delighted. "S'elp me," he said, "that'll stop their little game for this Parliament, at least. What do they mean hinterfering with honest tradesmen? If you go opening your bloomin' mooseums and picter galleries on Sunday arternoons, *what's to become of Me?*"

Business done.—Mr. Bung's; and very effectively, too.

"Flat, Stale, and Unprofitable."

Hampden, farewell! Ere this you may have found
The World you swore was flat is really round.
But many a man, with brains beneath his hat,
Swears that the World is round, and finds it flat.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

(*March* 21. *Oxford won by half a length.*)

Great Zeus! was ever such a race since 1829,
When Wordsworth, Selwyn, Merivale began the mighty line,
First of the stalwart heroes who matched their straining thews,
And on great Thames's tide have fought the battle of the Blues?
Who writes of pampered softness? Confusion on his pen:
Still is there pluck in England, and still her sons are Men.
And still the lads go gaily forth in snow, or wind, or rain,
With hearts elate to row the race, and spurt, and spurt again.
A health to you, brave Ampthill; the cheering echoes far;
For Fletcher and the Nickalls' lads—*nobile fratrum par.*
A shout goes up for Wilkinson, the stalwart and the strong,
For Reggie Rowe, and dauntless Kent, who kept the stroke so long.
For Poole, the tidy bowman, and Heywood-Lonsdale too;
Thrice thirty cheers for all of them, that gallant Oxford Crew.
Nor,—though the years speed onward, and others wield the oar,
Though others race and win or lose where we have raced before;
Though others, while we watch the sport, should play as we have [played,
And scorn us prosy greybeards—shall Elis's glory fade?
Noble, and Lord, and Franckeyn, they each shall have their cheer,
And Braddon, small, but quick of eye, who craftily did steer,
And Rowlatt, and Fogg-Elliott, and Landale, of the Hall,
And Fison, sturdy Corpus man—we cheer and praise them all.
Punch loves all sturdy men and true, by whom great deeds are done,
And toasts and cheers with all his might the Crews of '91.

LEGAL MAXIMS.

(*Suggestions for alteration and adaptation to Modern Manners and Customs, after the Jackson decision by the Court of Appeal.*)

Common Law.—"The tradition of ages shall prevail," save when it runs counter to the opinions of a leader-writer of a daily paper.

Equity.—(1). "No right shall be without a remedy," save when it is sentimentally suggested that somebody's right may be somebody else's wrong.

(2.) "Equity follows the law," at such a distance that it never comes up with it.

(3.) "Equity is equality," save when a man's wife is literally his better half.

(4.) "Where there is equal equity the law must prevail," in any view it pleases to take at the instance of the Lord Chancellor for the time being.

(5.) "Where the equities are equal the law prevails," in any course it likes to pursue.

(6.) "Equity looks upon that as done which is agreed to be done," especially when, after obtaining legal relief, the suitor ultimately finds himself sold.

Contracts.—(1.) "All contracts are construed according to the intentions of the parties," save where one of them subsequently changes his mind.

(2.) "The construction should be liberal" enough to suit the fancy of the Judge who enforces it.

(3.) "It should be favourable" to a long and angry correspondence in all the principal newspapers.

(4.) "The contract should in general be construed according to the law of the country where made," but certainly not in particular.

(5.) "That testimony cannot be given to vary, but may to explain a written contract," save when someone suggests that this practice shall be reversed.

(6.) "He who employs an agent does it himself," unless it is considered advisable to take an opposite view of the matter.

Parent and Child.—"A father shall have the custody of his children," except when they get beyond his control and defy his authority.

Landlord and Tenant.—"A landlord has a right to receive his rent," if the tenant does not spend the money on something else.

Husband and Wife.—"A man has a right to the society of his wife," when she does not prefer to give her company elsewhere.

Birthright of an Englishman. (*Popular traditionally, but strictly speaking supplementary.*)—"An Englishman's house is his castle," but only the *pied à terre* of the lawfully wedded sharer of his income.

Old Father Antic.

QUEER QUERIES.—Climate of the British Isles.—As the Gulf Stream produces such an effect on the English climate, would it not be feasible to add to the heat of the water in some way—say, by erecting powerful furnaces somewhere on the south coast of Florida, or by turning the lava from a volcano in the neighbourhood of the Gulf into the sea? I am not a man of science, but I should be glad to hear your opinion of the scheme.—Sufferer from Cold.

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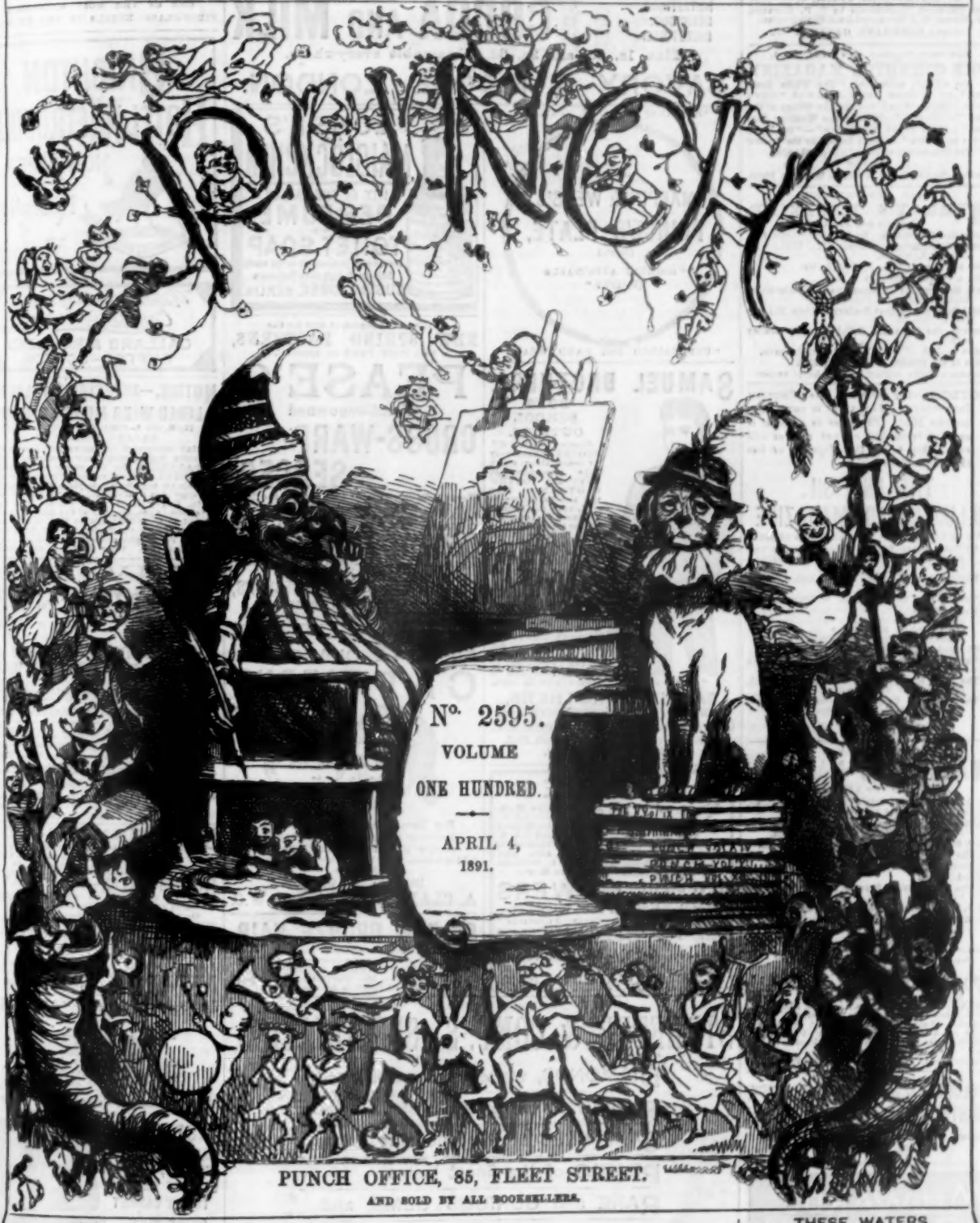

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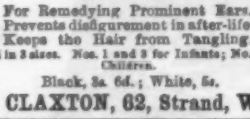

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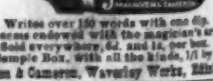

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No. II.—NORA; OR, THE BIRD-CAGE (ET DIKKISVÖIT).

Act I.

A Room tastefully filled with cheap Art-furniture. Gimcracks in an étagère; a festoon of chenille monkeys hanging from the gaselier. Japanese fans, skeletons, cotton-wool spiders, frogs, and lizards, scattered everywhere about. Drain-pipes with tall dyed grasses. A porcelain stove decorated with transferable pictures. Showily-bound books in book-case. Window. The Visitors' bell rings in the hall outside. The hall-door is heard to open, and then to shut. Presently Nora *walks in with parcels; a Porter carries a large Christmas-tree after her—which he puts down.* Nora *gives him a shilling—and he goes out grumbling.* Nora *hums contentedly, and eats macaroons. Then* Helmer *puts his head out of his Manager's room, and* Nora *hides macaroons cautiously.*

Helmer (*playfully*). Is that my little squirrel twittering—that my lark frisking in here?

Nora. Ess! (*To herself.*) I have only been married eight years, so these marital amenities have not yet had time to pall!

Helmer (*threatening with his finger*). I hope the little bird has surely not been digging its beak into any macaroons, eh?

Nora (*bolting one, and wiping her mouth*). No, most certainly not. (*To herself.*) The worst of being so babyish is—one *does* have to tell such a lot of taradiddles! (*To H.*) See what *I've* bought—it's been *such* fun!

[*Hums.*

Helmer (*inspecting parcels*). H'm—rather an *expensive* little lark!

[*Takes her playfully by the ear.*

Nora. Little birds like to have a flutter occasionally. Which reminds me——(*Plays with his coat-buttons.*) I'm such a simple ickle sing—but if you *are* thinking of giving me a Christmas present, make it cash!

Helmer. Just like your poor father, *he* always asked me to make it cash—he never made any himself! It's heredity, I suppose. Well—well!

[*Goes back to his Bank.* Nora *goes on humming.*

"Boo!"

Enter Mrs. Linden, *doubtfully.*

Nora. What, Christina—why, how old you look! But then you are poor. I'm not. Torvald has just been made a Bank Manager. (*Tidies the room.*) Isn't it really wonderfully delicious to be well off? But, of course, you wouldn't know. *We* were poor once, and, do you know, when Torvald was ill, I—(*tossing her head*)—though I *am* such a frivolous little squirrel, and all that, I actually borrowed £300 for him to go abroad. Wasn't *that* clever? Tra-la-la! I shan't tell you *who* lent it. I didn't even tell Torvald. I am such a mere baby I don't tell him everything. I tell Dr. Rank, though. Oh, I'm so awfully happy I should like to shout, "Dash it all!"

Mrs. Linden (*stroking her hair*). Do—it is a natural and innocent outburst—you are such a child! But I am a widow, and want employment. *Do* you think your husband could find me a place as clerk in his Bank? (*Proudly.*) I am an excellent knitter!

Nora. That would really be awfully funny. (*To* Helmer, *who enters.*) Torvald, this is Christina; she wants to be a clerk in your Bank—*do* let her! She thinks such a lot of *you.* (*To herself.*) Another taradiddle!

Helmer. She is a sensible woman, and deserves encouragement. Come along, Mrs. Linden, and we'll see what we can do for you.

[*He goes out through the hall with* Mrs. L., *and the front-door is heard to slam after them.*

Nora. (*opens door, and calls*). Now, Emmy, Ivar, and Bob, come in and have a romp with Mamma—we will play hide-and-seek. (*She gets under the table, smiling in quiet satisfaction;* Krogstad *enters—*Nora *pounces out upon him*). Boo! . . . Oh, I *beg* your pardon. I don't do this kind of thing *generally*—though I may be a little silly!

Krogstad (*politely*). Don't mention it. I called because I happened to see your husband go out with Mrs. Linden—from which, being a person of considerable penetration, I infer that he is about to give her my post at the Bank. Now, as you owe me the balance of £300, for which I hold your acknowledgment, you will see the propriety of putting a stop to this little game at once.

Nora. But I don't at all—not a little wee bit! I'm so childish, you know—why *should* I? [*Sitting upright on carpet.*

Krogs. I will try to make it plain to the meanest capacity. When you came to me for the loan, I naturally required some additional security. Your father, being a shady Government official, without a penny—for, if he had possessed one, he would, presumably, have left it to you—without a penny, then, I, as a cautious man of business, insisted upon having his signature as a surety. Oh, we Norwegians are sharp fellows!

Nora. Well, you *got* Papa's signature, didn't you?

Krogs. Oh, I *got* it right enough. Unfortunately, it was dated three days after his decease—now, how do you account for *that?*

Nora. How? Why, as poor Papa was dead, and couldn't sign, I signed *for* him, that's all! Only somehow I forgot to put the date back. *That's* how. Didn't I *tell* you I was a silly, unbusinesslike little thing? It's very simple.

Krogs. Very—but what you did amounts to forgery, notwithstanding. I happen to know, because I'm a lawyer, and have done a little in the forging way myself. So, to come to the point—if *I* get kicked out, I shall not go alone! [*He bows, and goes out.*

Nora. It *can't* be wrong! Why no one but Krogstad would have been taken in by it! If the Law says it's wrong, the Law's a goose—a bigger goose than poor little me even! (*To* Helmer, *who enters.*) Oh, Torvald, how you made me jump!

Helmer. Has anybody called? (Nora *shakes her head.*) Oh, my little squirrel mustn't tell naughty whoppers! Why, I just met that fellow Krogstad in the hall. He's been asking you to get me to take him back—now, hasn't he?

Nora (*walking about*). Do just see how pretty the Christmas-tree looks!

Helmer. Never mind the tree—I want to have this out about Krogstad. I can't take him back, because many years ago he forged a name. As a lawyer, a close observer of human nature, and a Bank Manager, I have remarked that people who forge names seldom or never confide the fact to their children—which inevitably brings moral contagion into the entire family. From which it follows, logically, that Krogstad has been poisoning his children for years by acting a part, and is morally lost. (*Stretches out his hands to her.*) I can't bear a morally lost Bank-cashier about me!

Nora. But you never thought of dismissing him till Christina came!

Helmer. H'm! I've got some business to attend to—so good-bye, little lark! [*Goes into office and shuts door.*

Nora (*pale with terror*). If Krogstad poisons his children because he once forged a name, I must be poisoning Emmy, and Bob, and Ivar, because *I* forged Papa's signature! (*Short pause; she raises her head proudly.*) After all, if I *am* a doll, I can still draw a logical induction! I mustn't play with the children any more—(*hotly*)—I don't care—I *shall*, though! Who cares for Krogstad?

[*She makes a face, choking with suppressed tears, as Curtain falls.*

N.B.—The tremendous psychological problem of whether Nora is as much of a doll, a squirrel, and a lark, as she seems, and if so, whether it is her own fault, or Helmer's or Society's, will be solved in subsequent numbers.

Better Late than Never.—At last by the authority of the L. C. C. his Grace of Bedford has been notified that within three months from now "Locks, bolts, and bars must fly asunder" in the parish of St. Pancras, where henceforth existence of all such obstruction is to cease. We hope that the gate-keepers, whose occupation is gone, have been amply provided for, as they will now have no gates, but only themselves to keep. *Mr. Punch* has persistently advocated the reform. And now, Gentlemen, how about Mud Salad Market, which, like Scotland in *Macbeth's* time, "stands where it did"?

FASCINATION!

"Apollonius, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a Lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus's gold described by Homer, no substance, but mere illusion."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

A Lamia, this? Nay, obvious coil, and hiss most unequivocal,
betray the Snake;
As fell ophidian as in fierce meridian of Afric ever lurked in swamp
or brake;
And yet Corinthian Lycius never doted on the white-throated
charmer of his soul
With blinder passion than our fools of Fashion
Feel for this gruesome ghoul.

Poor Lycius had excuse. Who might refuse worship to Lamia,
"now a lady bright"?
But foul-fanged here, fierce-eyed, a shape of fear, the serpent stand,
revealed to general sight,
A loathly thing, close knotted ring on ring, of guise unlovely, and
infectious breath;
And yet strong witchery draws to those wide jaws
Whose touch is shameful death.

See how the fluttering things on painted wings, foolish as gnat-swarms near the shrivelling blaze,
Flock nearer, nearer! Forms, too, quainter, queerer, frog-dupes of folly, rabbit-thralls of craze,
Butterfly triflers, gay-plumed would-be riflers of golden chalices, of poisoned flowers,
Flitter and flutter in delirium utter,
As drawn by wizard powers.

Oh, "Painted Lady," Summer coverts shady, the greenwood home, the sweep of sunny fields,
A butterfly befit; but where's the wit that mire-befouled to the swamp-demon yields?
Oh, birds of Iris-glitter, black and bitter will be the wakening when those gaudy plumes
Fall crushed and leaden, as your senses deaden
In poisonous Python fumes!

Ye *gobemouche* creatures of batrachian features, who "go a-wooing" such a fate as this,
Have ye no vision of that doom's decision? Have ye no ear for rattle or for hiss?
Salammbô's craving, morbid and enslaving, was sanity compared with your mad love,
As well the swallow the fierce shrike might follow,
Or hawk be chased by dove!

Tantalus' gold is all such Lamias hold; 'tis Devil's dice such Mammon vassals throw;
A sordid fever fires each fool-believer in the gross glitter, the unholy glow.
Vile is your Dagon! Circe's venomed flagon embruted less than doth the Lamia's wine,
Than Comus' cup more perilous to sup—
As snakes are worse than swine.

The poet's snake enchanted, who so flaunted her borrowed robes amidst the daffodils,
Hath piteous touches. She, from Fate's clutches, free some brief space, "escaped from so sore ills,"
Moves our compassion. But this modern fashion of Snake Enchanter looks unlovely all.
Greed's inspiration its sole fascination.
Low selfishness its thrall.

"A Serpent!" So the Sophist murmured low, and "Lycius' arms were empty of delight,"
Lamia had fled! Would that some sage cool head, some modern Apollonius, with the might
Of sense magnanimous, would banish thus the bestial Lamia of our later day,
Whose fascination draws a noble nation
To sordid slow decay!

Dante not "in it"!—The Italian language is to be excluded from the Indian Civil Service Examination. "The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian," said *Hamlet*, and Shakspeare knew that the reference would be intelligible to his audience. But *Hamlet* "up to date" in this "so-called nineteenth century" would be compelled to give the speech thus, "The original story, I believe, is written in the Italian language, with which none of us here are acquainted." But, after all, the candidates may be inclined to adapt the Gilbert-Sullivan words and music to the occasion, and sing—

"So, in spite of all temptation,
At the next examination
They'll bar I-tal-i-an!"

Though, years hence, it may happen that they'll be sorry they weren't compelled to get up Italian as one of the subjects.

"O Woman, in Our Hour of Ease!"—which line would make a suitable motto for our very useful, chatty, and interesting weekly contemporary entitled *Woman*. *A propos of* "headings," the only one in the above-mentioned publication to which objection can possibly be taken "on the face of it" is "Wrinkles." Wouldn't "Whispers" be better? It is quite enough for *Woman* to appear with lines, but it's too bad that wrinkles should be added while she is yet so young.

"Charles our Friend."—Once again occurs an illustration of the applicability of Dickensian characters to modern instances. In last Thursday's *Times*, by special Razzle-Dalziel wire, we read of the return of another great Arctic explorer, Mr. Washburton Pike, after having braved dangers demanding the most dauntless courage. Here, then, are two single gentlemen rolled into one: it is *Pike* and *Pluck* combined.

BEATUS POSSIDENS.

"I 've come about a Job. I heard there was a Boy wanted."
"Oh, you 'eard as there was a Boy wanted, did yer! Then you 're just too late, 'cos Master 's scotched!"

WANTED FOR THE ETON LOAN COLLECTION.

1. The earliest specimen of the Birch. (*Suggested by a Merry Swish Boy.*)
2. Salt-cellar used for holding the Salt at Montem time.
3. Specimen of Haberdashery, from an Eton "Sock" shop.
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6. Documents tracing the connection between "Pop" and the Pawnbroking business.
7. Specimen of Lower Boy's Hat, with motto, "*Sub Tegmine Fag-I!*"
8. Portraits of Eminent "Sitters" on Fourth of June and Election Saturday in the early part of present century.
9. Scull of a "Wet-Bob" originally feathered.
10. A copy (perfect and signed) of another boy's verses. (*N.B.* Not very scarce.)
11. Portraits of eminent Landlords who, acting on Sheridan's advice, have "kept up the Xtopher."
12. Also, portrait, with life and times of the crabbed old Thames Waterman, known on the river as "Surly Hall."

[Any future suggestions that may be sent to us will be entirely at the service of the Duke of Fife and others interested in promoting this most interesting exhibition.]

A Publisher and his Friends.—In order to worthily celebrate the hearty reception, by the critics and the public generally, of this most interesting and successful work, the present representatives of the great publishing firm of Murray will give a grand banquet, and, with Smiles, will sing in chorus the once popular refrain, "We are a Murray family, we are, we are, we are!" *Prosit!*

To Those it may Concern.—In reply to several Correspondents, *Mr. Punch* begs to suggest that Anthony Trollope would certainly have observed, "*I say Yes!*" had he been told that Wilkie Collins had written "*I Say No!*"

THE WAY OF WESTMINSTER.

(A Story of the Parliamentary Bar.)

"You will not forget, Sir," said my excellent and admirable clerk, "that to-morrow you have to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons, in the matter of the Glogsweller Railway Extension?"

I glanced somewhat severely at Portington, but was gratified to find that his face was quite free from any suggestion of levity. I was the more pleased with the result of my investigation, as, truth to tell, the delivery of a brief in the matter of the Extension of the Glogsweller Railway Company had been somewhat of an event in my life. I had never before had the honour of practising at the Parliamentary Bar. So for months my mind had been entirely occupied with the date fixed for my appearance in the Committee Room of the House of Commons, known technically, I believe, at St. Stephens, as "upstairs."

"You will be sure to meet me there, to-morrow, Portington?" I observed.

"Certainly, Sir," replied my clerk. "But, as I have to be down at the Mayor's Court with Mr. Charles O'Mulligan in the morning, I daresay you won't mind if I come with your sandwiches and sherry, Sir, at two, or thereabouts."

I acquiesced, somewhat unwillingly. O'Mulligan shares with me the good offices of Portington, but generally contrives to secure the lion's portion of his services. I had arranged—understanding that no adjournment was made for luncheon—that some refreshment should be conveyed to me during the day's proceedings, so that my voice should lose none of its wonted resonance (owing to famine-produced weakness) when the time arrived for my advocacy of the cause of my clients. Those clients had, so to speak, but a collateral interest in the day's proceedings. The great North-East Diddlesex Railway were promoting a Bill to carry a new line into the neighbourhood of the Glogsweller Extension, and my duty was confined to cross-examining one of the expert witnesses that I knew would be asked to support the G. N. E. D. R. To be candid, we had a goods depôt near their suggested terminus, and were fearful that their proposed proximity would damage our mineral traffic. The matter was simple enough, but I had taken months in carefully studying a small library of charts, Encyclopædias, and Parliamentary Blue Books, in mastering it.

On the morning following my conversation with Portington, duly robed (I had put on my wig and gown in Chambers), I travelled by hansom to Westminster, and presented myself at the side entrance to St. Stephen's Hall. I had no difficulty in finding the Committee Room devoted to the consideration of the alleged necessities of the Great North-East Diddlesex Railway. It was a large and pleasant apartment, with a distant view through the windows of St. Thomas's Hospital. At a horse-shoe table sat the Committee, some four or five gentlemen, who might have filled equally appropriately any one of the pews reserved in the Royal Courts for the accommodation of a Special Jury. I took my place amongst a number of my learned brethren, who were perfect strangers to me. The table in front of us was littered with plans, charts, and documents of all descriptions. A Q.C. brought with him a large bag of buns, and two cups of custard, and there were other refreshments mingled with the exhibits before us. On chairs at the side were Solicitors; at our back, separated from us by a bar, were the Public. On the walls were hanging huge charts, giving in pantomimic proportions the proposed progress of the projected line. In the corners of these charts were explanations why such a part was coloured green, or red, or blue. During the day's proceedings an attendant was told off to trace the course of a counsel's harangue by pointing out, with a lecturer's wand, the various places referred to in his speech.

I was gratified to find that the expert whose evidence it was my duty to test by cross-examination, was soon in the witness-box. He was a gentleman of considerable bulk, which gave one of my learned friends, who was the first to take him in hand, the opportunity of saying, that he was a "witness of great weight," a remark which caused much laughter—even the Chairman of the Committee, a somewhat austere person, indulging in a stealthy smile at the ingenious sally. Such waggish flashes as this, I need scarcely say, were most welcome, and afforded, when they came, a pleasant relief to the necessary dryness that characterised, perforce, the proceedings. As the hands of the clock progressed, waiters carried into the Committee various light refreshments, such as brandy-and-sodawater, sandwiches, and buns. My colleagues, too, when not actively engaged in the declamatory duties of their profession, partook of the viands with which they had provided themselves before the commencement of the day's labours. Thus the cups devoted to custard soon were empty, and the paper bags, once occupied by buns, crumpled up and discarded. I gazed at the clock. It was past two, and I was getting terribly hungry. I felt that my voice was becoming weak from famine. This would never do, and might endanger my clients' interests. I looked round eagerly for Portington. He was nowhere to be seen. I whispered to a colleague, "would the examination-in-chief last much longer?" and was told it could not possibly be concluded within a quarter of an hour. I made up my mind to hasten to a refreshment-bar I had seen in the corridor before I had entered the room, and hurriedly left my seat. I pushed my way through the public, and had scarcely got outside when I found my faithful clerk laden with sandwiches and sherry making post-haste towards me.

"Get back, Sir, as quick as you can," he cried, as he thrust the invigorating ingredients of my midday meal into my hands; "run, Sir, run; I hope they haven't noticed your absence!"

Rather offended at the peremptory tone adopted by my subordinate I returned to my seat, and was pleased to find that the examination-in-chief was nearly ended. I pulled myself together. I drank a glass of sherry and finished a sandwich. My voice was in excellent tone, and I felt that the crisis of my life had indeed been reached. I knew that it was now or never. I had this great chance of distinguishing myself by pleasing my clients and securing a practice at the Parliamentary Bar, which might mean hundreds, nay, thousands a-year. I imagined my children at Eton, my wife in a carriage and pair, my address in Grosvenor Place. All I had to do to secure these tardily-attained luxuries was to protect my clients by my careful attention to their interests. The moment at length arrived. I rose to cross-examine.

"And now, Sir," I said; feeling that I was master of the situation, and that my voice had a magnificent resonance, which was striking terror into the heart of the witness before me, "*I* am going to put a few questions to you!"

"I beg pardon," said the Chairman, promptly—"you will do nothing of the sort. You were not present during the *whole* of the witness's examination-in-chief, and so we decline to hear you!"

* * * * * *

I could have wept! The momentary search for sandwiches and sherry had ruined me! Eton and Grosvenor Place vanished together (in the carriage and pair) for ever!

Pump-Handle Court. (*Signed*) A. Briefless, Junior.

OLLENDORFF IN LONDON;

OR, THE COCKNEY'S FAMILIAR PHRASE-BOOK.

No. I.—At the Estate Agent's.

Have you some nice houses to let furnished?—Here is our Catalogue, Sir.——I perceive that most of these are Queen Anne houses; "sanitation perfect;" where is the satisfactory explanation of the fine advertisement?—It is in Spain with the other castles (idiom).——What is "Queen Anne"?—Victoria comes first, Elizabeth second, but Queen Anne is (the) last.——Is then sanitation also something?—It is the little game of the big builder; it is all your (my, his, her,) eyes.——Can we have some nice furniture?—You can have (the furniture of) Chippendale, Sheraton, M'Adam, or Louis-Quinze.——It is too dear.—No, Sir; my brother bought it yesterday of the clever carpenter.——I was done by you or by your brother; I require a room for my mother-in-law (neuter). — The good mother-in-law sleeps in the chamber of boxes (box-room), but the evil mother-in-law prefers the best bed-room.——How many persons are you?—We are sixteen.—You are, indeed, suited, Sir; it is an eight-roomed house.——Is not the noble drawing-room smaller than we have a mind to?—On the contrary, it is very lofty. There is room near the chandelier.——Where is the "moderate-sized garden"?—It is on the leads with the broken flower-pots, the capital smuts, and the industrious cats (masculine or feminine).——Is it then much larger than a postage-stamp?—Decidedly not, Sir. It is also nearly as sticky. Much rain produces weeds.——Where are "the bath-rooms"? I only perceived a watering-pot.—Any rooms in which you put baths, are bath-rooms.——What is then the price?—The exorbitant client of the first-class agent demands four hundred guineas for the season.——It is too much.—He would take less in some minutes; but my commission will rest the same.——Here are "Commanding mansions," "Bijou maisonettes," and "Desirable residences."—It is not difficult; the mansion that has a back-staircase is commanding, the "Bijou" is for the newly-married, or the actress, but the "Desirable residence" is what you desire.——What is then the "square hall"?—It is neither round nor oblong; therefore it is square. It is likewise in a square.——Is it geometrically the same as the Bridge of Asses?—I do not know, Sir.——Where is the capital accommodation for the poor servants?—It resembles the dark kennel of the sad dog.——What are dilapidations and electric light?—The first, Sir, is what you break; the second is what breaks *you*.——If I were to let my own house, and then to myself take it,

would it be on the same terms?—No, the buyer is usually sold, but the seller loves the first of April.——If another agent were to let my house, would you, likewise, expect commission?—Why not? I am the best friend of the little lawyer with the long nose.——I was inquiring of you about flats.—It were better that you should be *sharp*, Sir.——I was not born yesterday (proverb.)—Right (adjective) you are, Sir; we will write (verb) to you till you take or let something, not alone I, but also some others; if you refuse me something, I will be very discontented.——Have you ever let well alone? (idiom).—We have let many things alone (bare), but you must, notwithstanding, pay for the fixtures.——I think I will be going.—Here are pens, paper, and a form of an attorney.——No, I thank you.—We shall not charge for this interview, but one must live.——I do not see the necessity (*v.* Anecdotes in Appendix).—The Necessity is the mother of the Inventory.——Who is the Caretaker?—She is the great-grandmother of the superannuated laundress. She becomes sleepy during the Winter. Shall we send her to your house?——Not if I know it (expletive). Receive the assurance (insurance) of my highest consideration. By the bye (interjection), which is the topmost storey?—The topmost story is the last thing you have heard me mention. I salute you, Sir.

TAKEN UPON TRUST.

(*A Fair-and-Unfairy Story, Founded upon a Magic Act.*)

Once upon a time there existed two fatherless and motherless orphans, who were just old enough to work for their living. Unfortunately they did not know how to dig, were too proud to beg, and had conscientious scruples that prevented them from stealing.

Besides, one of the two was a girl; and there were not many openings for her. And matters would have gone very hard with them, indeed, had not a distant, but benevolent relative, kindly died and left them as a legacy a sum of money, of which they were to have the interest until they attained their majority, when it was to be divided equally between them. They were overjoyed, and rushed to the executor, who happened to be a lawyer.

"Yes," said the man of costs, "I am indeed charged with the execution of the trust, and for your own sakes I hope you will not give me much trouble, as I shall, under the conditions of the will, have to make you pay for it."

And after he had entered their visit (which he called an attendance) in his diary, to be subsequently copied into a ledger, he bowed them out.

So the two orphans disappeared a little crestfallen; and they soon discovered that their legacy had the faculty of diminishing. The lawyer immediately transferred the money, which was invested in what he called "second-rate securities," into Consols, and this cost something, and considerably diminished their income. When the two orphans remonstrated, the lawyer said, that as he made scarcely more than out-of-pocket expenses in the matter, he did not feel justified in incurring the slightest risk.

"I am only a simple girl," murmured one of the orphans, with a nervous blush; "but does not a recent statute give trustees power to invest the funds of their *cestui que* trusts in securities yielding a larger return than 2¾ Goschens?"

"Do not bandy words with me, Miss," replied the lawyer, angrily; "I shall act as I please, and if you or I ask for the estate to be administered, it will cost you a pretty penny."

"Which no doubt will find its way into your pocket," returned the maiden, simply. "But surely a 4½ mortgage on real property can be obtained without risk, if you do not act contrary to the provisions of the Trustee Relief Act?"

But the lawyer was very angry, and threatened her that if she made any further complaint he would appeal to the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, which would mean, probably, the absorption of the entire estate in a gigantic bill of costs.

So, with a sigh, the maiden and her brother retired. That night, as she was sitting over the fire, before retiring to rest, she had a dream, when a nice-looking old gentleman appeared before her, and asked her "why she was so sad?"

"Because we have a lawyer for our trustee, who is most unobliging, and expensive. I am afraid, kind Sir, *you* cannot help us."

"Do not say so until you have perused this scroll," he replied, with a benevolent smile, and he gave her a paper. "To-morrow, if your trustee again threatens you, and offers to retire, take him at his word. If I replace him, I will do all you wish—enter into mortgages, invest your capital to the best possible advantage, and make myself generally amiable."

"But how shall we pay you for so much kindness?" asked the now overjoyed maiden.

"By a tariff fixed by the Government. It will be my duty to do my best for you, and I shall have no personal interest in running up costs like the common (or garden) kind of family Solicitor."

So the next day, when the lawyer began to threaten to resign, the orphans took him at his word, and all that the nice-looking old gentleman had foretold came to pass. And when the orphans were getting the best possible interest for their money, at a trifling expense, the maiden looked at the scroll which had been given to her, and found it was inscribed, "The Public Trustee Act."

And, so far as the lawyer, who had been discarded, knew (or cared), the maiden and her brother lived happily ever afterwards.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

More about Dickens. By the loving hand of Percy Fitzgerald the Bookmaker,—not sporting, but literary. Of making books, with Percy Fitz there is no end. He is the king of the Bookmakers, *Per se Fitz.* This time it is the *History of the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, published by Chapman and Hall, and "inscribed"—why not "dedicated?"—to Henry Fielding Dickens, son of "The Only One," the Master. *Interesting?* Of course it is, anything about Dickens, specially in connection with the immortal *Pickwick*, must be interesting, and for chatty, gossiping bookmaking we only say, "Give us Fitz." He is to the manor born. He is neither romancer nor poet: "*poëta nascitur non* 'Fitz.'" Occasionally Fitz is aggravatingly reticent. For instance, at page 16 we read, "*Two or three years ago*"—which? two or three?—"*a curious and amusing coincidence brought the author's son, a barrister in good practice*"—Which son? His name? There were more sons than one; were they all barristers? And was this one the only one in good practice?—"*into connection with his father's famous book. It occurred at a trial on the Circuit.*" Which Circuit? Which is "*the* Circuit"? The Baron, who is now the Last of the Barons but one, only asks because the phrase "on Circuit" would not have required his query; but "on the Circuit" is another pair of shoes. "*A trial.*" What trial? When? At p. 17, "*The Judge entered into the humour of the thing*"—what Judge? The Baron *is* of opinion that in the well-known advertisement about the Waverley Pen, quoted in a note at p. 25, the correct order should be, "*The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen,*"—not Pickwick last. Did Charles Dickens ever write to Forster that he was "*getting on like a house o' fire*"? Surely this should be a "house a-fire," or "a house on fire"; for a "house o' fire" means a "house of fire," which is not what the expression is intended to convey. At p. 51, in a note, Fitz says, "'*Phiz, Whizz, or something of that kind, was* T. Hood's *joke.*" Was it? If so, where does the joke come in?

My friend, the late George Rose, better known as "Arthur Sketchley," used to say that Dickens took *Sam Weller* from (as I understood him) a character in one of O'Keefe's comedies. This statement was given on the authority of Mr. Bayle Bernard. But I am bound to say I can find nothing like *Sam* in O'Keefe's; but I have found Dickens there bodily. It is in Sc. 1, Act I. of *Life's Vagaries; or, The Neglected Son.* "'Oh!' exclaims Fanny, 'if my papa was to see me—oh!' (*Seeing* Dickens, *runs; he stops her.*)" And, oddly enough, in this edition of 1798, frequently as the above-mentioned character appears, it is "on this occasion only" that the name is spelt with an "e."

Mr. Fitzgerald, at p. 136 of this book, says, that an actor named Sam Vale, appearing as *Simon Splatterdash*, in a piece called *The Boarding-House*, was in the habit of "interlarding his conversation with metaphorical illustrations"—and then follow the examples. *The Boarding-House*, however, is not by O'Keefe, but, as appears from a note in *Sketches by Boz*, was being performed when Dickens's short tale of *The Boarding-House* appeared. For my part, I long ago came to the conclusion that *Sam Weller* was absolutely an original creation, as far, that is, as anything outside the immaterial realms of fancy and fairyland can be an original creation. Our Fitz gives Calverley's Examination Paper, and also an Oxford imitation of it, which, however, is not by any means up to the Calverley-Blades mark. There is also a preface to *Pickwick*, specially interesting, as not being found in later editions. Then our Fitz informs us how many dramatic versions of *Pickwick* there have been, some with and some without music, bringing the list down to the latest "Dramatic Cantata" (it oughtn't to have been so described, as there was dialogue in it), the music of which will always hold a first place among the compositions of the Musical Baron's friend claiming to be the gifted descendant of the Wise and Musical King Solomon.

Altogether a vote of thanks should be presented to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald for his entertaining, instructive, and most readable book on the immortal *Pickwick*, says The Baron de Book-Worms.

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION.

Husband (*off to Paris*). "Don't cry, Darling. It's *too* sad to leave you, I *know!* But you can talk to Me there just as if we were together—only be careful, as it's Expensive!"

Wife. "Is it, Darling? Ha-ha-hadn't you better leave me a few Blank Cheques?"

TALKING BY TIME.

The growing pressure of the business having already obliged the Belgium Postal Authorities to cut down the time allowed for a telephonic communication between Paris and Brussels, from five minutes to three, it is to be presumed that the rush of public patronage that may be expected when the wire is opened between London and the French Capital, will soon necessitate the substitution, in place of the promised ten minutes, of an allowance to each speaker of a minute, or at most a minute and a half for his interview, which it may confidently be expected will not unfrequently take the following shape:—

Inexorable Official. Now, Sir; your turn next.

[*Shuts intending* London Talker *in, and switches him "on."*

London Talker. Dear me! How quick they are, one hardly knows what one is about. I wonder how loud, now, one ought to speak. Better shout. Anyhow, I'll try that first. (*At the top of his voice through the tube.*) Hullo! Hi! I say. Are you there?

Paris Listener (*replying*). Oh! don't bawl like that. Of course I'm here, I've been waiting quite half a minute; thought you were never going to begin. But I suppose it is Jones I am speaking to?

London Talker. Oh yes, I'm Jones. It's all right. But can't you recognise my voice?

Paris Listener. Not when you bawl fit to break the drum of one's ear. But come, now, get on quick with what you want to say.

London Talker. All right—I'll get on. But now tell me, do I pitch my voice about right now? Can you catch distinctly all I say?

Paris Listener. Oh yes! Bother! But do get on. Timesgoifast.

London Talker. What? I didn't catch that last word. Time's what?

Paris Listener (*very distinctly, with emphasis*). I said—that—time—was—goi*ng* fast. Can you hear that?

London Talker. Oh yes, I can hear that, and most distinctly. Really, it is a most wonderful invention.

Paris Listener. Oh, bother the invention! Do come to business! What did you want me for?

London Talker. Oh, of course. Well, it was just this. I thought——

Inexorable Official. Time's up, Sir. Trouble you to make room for this Lady.

[*Switches him "off," and turns him out.*

"THAT CON—FOUNDLAND DOG!"

Mr. John Bull *loquitur*:—

"Love me, love my Dog!" Well, *I* don't want to flog
The fine but excitable fellow.
With a nip on his tail o'en a Bull wouldn't fail
To bounce round a bit, and to bellow.
I'd do my square best with the greatest good will,
If only he'd—just for a moment—stand still.

Stand still, with a nip like crocodile's grip
On one's caudal appendage? Ah, just so!
I know 'tis a task that seems *too* much to ask.
I'm reasonable,—or I trust so.
But there *is* the Lobster, it's holding on fast,
And—hang it! this state of affairs cannot last!

How came it about? That's a matter of doubt,
Which there isn't much use in discussing,
To part them's my aim; I would manage that same
Without either fighting or fussing.
Newfoundland or not, there's no dog finds it nice
To live very long with its tail in a vice!

I want to get near if I can, but, oh dear!
The Dog to my call won't attend. I
Conceive, if he would, it might be for his good,
I'd hit on some *modus vivendi*.
But if Dog *won't* stand still, and if Lobster *won't* loose,
My heartiest help cannot be of much use.

One Androcles bold eased a lion of old
Of a thorn in his foot—a great worry!
But Androcles, sure, would have failed of a cure
If poor Leo had kept on the scurry,
As you, my dear Dog, do at present. *Verb. sap.!*
Do just let me *get at* the Lobster, old chap!

While it's fast to your tail, and you wriggle and wail,
And romp all around, the best master,
And kindest of heart, Dog and Lobster can't part.
Don't think I deride your disaster!
The pinch of it might make an elephant prance;
No, all that I ask is—*just give me a chance!*

"THAT CON—FOUNDLAND DOG!"

John Bull. "IF I COULD ONLY GET HIM TO STAND STILL, I COULD SOON SETTLE THE LOBSTER!"

A TEN MINUTES' IDYL.

Life is a farce, a dreary round,
A fraud—of that there 's not a doubt,
Although I 've only lately found
It out.

Bad boldly masquerades as good,
Fruit turns to ashes in the taking,
Unpleasant very is the rude
Awaking.

'Tis Spring, when something, so one learns,
Seems to affect the burnished dove,
And when a young man's fancy turns
To love.

With window open to the breeze,
The tramp of passers-by unheeding,
I sit reclining at mine ease,
A-reading.

I've read enough—and not amiss
I rather fancy now would be
A little rest—ah! what is this
I see?

A sight that 's almost past belief,
And makes me think I must be raving,
For there a girl a handkerchief
Is waving!

Like to a light that in the black
And inky night shines o'er the main,
It disappears, and then comes back
Again.

I know the house quite well—I've heard
Her father 's something in the City,
And she 's a blue-eyed girl absurd-
-ly pretty.

By Jove! she does it with a whirr,
It's clear this inexpressive she
Is given to the *fortiter*
In re.

Of course it 's forward—and indeed
It's worse—it 's shockingly imprudent
Thus to encourage me, a need-
-y student.

Her form is shadowy—I must
Get out my glasses, so to bring
Her nearer. Yes—the range is just
The thing!

* * * * *

Life is a farce, without a doubt!
The cause of all this fuss and fluster
Is just a housemaid shaking out
Her duster!

IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

Lord Salisbury.—Allegorical Cartoon representing Britannia astonished at the success of her recent Foreign Policy.

Mr. Gladstone.—Pocket Edition of Cyclopædia of Universal Information, copiously illustrated, for the use of veteran Statesmen.

The Emperor of Germany.—Prize Homily on the Art of Governing, with special reference to the science as applied to the subordination of "temper."

Mr. Parnell.—Sculptured Group representing the Reptile of Egotism turning the tables on St. Patrick, and endeavouring to drive him out of Ireland.

The President of the United States.—An Italian Iron—over-heated.

Ex-King Milan of Servia.—A Monthly Cheque for amusement and travelling expenses, but not including a return ticket to Belgrade.

The Post-Master-General.—One hundred Receipts for getting into hot water.

Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris.—Draft Proposal for buying up and working the British Government with duly audited Schedule, showing how the "takings" could be more than doubled by spirited management.

Mr. Jackson of Clitheroe.—Prize Farce entitled, "Lynch Law and Conjugal Rights."

MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN ME IN—TO DINNER.

(*By a Dinner-Belle.*)

No. III.—The Great Unknown.

He was a dapper, dumpy thing,
With nought decisive on him graven
But smiles, like footlights flickering
O'er visage shaven.

And *it*, that kind of social myth
Where every guest (and each a rum one)
Is Somebody, because the kith
Or kin of Someone.

The Great Siberian Victim's Aunt,
The Godfather of Colonel Cody,
And some affinity I can't
Recall to Daudet.

In fine, a Tussaud's once removed,
Not waxworks, but their far connections;
The names, the attitudes, approved,
But mere reflections.

Our hostess, wont to pedigree
Her portents, slurred his surname sweetly;
So up my smiler tripped—to me
Unknown completely.

Thus mystified, I needs must bruit
The weather—"It was rainy, rather."
"Yes," he rejoined, "It does not suit
My Poet-father:

"Strange how the damp affects great men;
My nephew, not the Wit, the Artist,
You know paints always smartest when
It rains the smartest."

"In *water*-colours?" feebly next
I faltered, falling quite to pieces:
"No, no," he murmured mildly vexed,
"*You* mean my nieces.

"Those delicate young paintresses
Of Idyls in Cobalt and Bistre,
Though for Impressionist success,
Give me my sister.

"My nephew, he 's inspired of course,
Divine, quite *autre chose: en bref* you—
Forgive an uncle's pride—perforce
Adore my nephew.

Reeling with Relatives, I quite
My compass lost: to shift our bearing,
"Who is the Lady on your right?"
Quoth I, despairing.

"That Beauty, like the portraits I've
For sale beheld of Miss Belle Bilton."—
"She? She 's the representative,
The last, of Milton!"

This was too much: what *could* I try
To burst from such a tangled tether?
The shops for neutral ground, thought I,
Eclipse the weather.

The shops! The very thing. I dared
The shops. "How wonderful was Whitelley!"
Dazed at the Wizard's name he stared,
And shuddered slightly.

A silence froze his ready twang:
No more he smiled—from that fell minute,
Henry the First—to speak in slang—
Was scarcely in it.

That smilelessness! What meant the curse?
Who could the skein unravel? I did.
This was the Diner "Univers-
-ally provided."

Renowned, if nameless—hired to be
Salvation of a banquet's ruin,
"Monsieur Le Quatorzième" took me,
And may take you in.

THE MERRY GREEN WOOD.

An "Epping Forest" Chorus.

"For ever and again the Corporation of London send down their *protégés*, the young City sportsmen who may, or may not, know how to load a gun, but who are very keen on 'Sport.' Then the herds are driven by beaters towards the gallant huntsmen, the forest re-echoes with the report of guns, and next day you can trace the whereabouts of the wounded bucks and deer by tracks of blood among the bushes, and by impressions on the grass where the maimed creature has fallen in its flight for life."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Chorus of Huntsmen.

Oh, we like,—we love the Merry Green Wood,
As should Huntsmen bold of the proper sort!
And we would hit the stag *if we possibly could*,—
As is meet with such palpable sons of Sport.
Away to the forest we cheerily run,
And wait for the beaters' welcome cry;
And though we are new to the use of a gun,
What matters? At anything we'll let fly!
So Sing hey, sing ho, for the startled deer;
We warrant we 'll hit him, if *he* comes near
And we 'll send him lame and limping away,
With a shot he 'll remember for many a day!
For marry come up! But it would be absurd
To expect a bold Sportsman to bag the whole herd!
So he blazes away; and he hits one or two;
And they hobble away in some thicket to lie,
And, after a day or two's suffering, die;
We don't see precisely what more we could do,
Than shout that "we love the Merry Green Wood!"
And would settle the stag,—*if we possibly could!*

The following advertisement appears in the *Standard*:—

A Lady wishes to have twice from the country a SUPPLY of LIVE SPARROWS, for a favourite cat.—Address, &c.

There is an uncomfortably blood-thirsty look about this "Lady's" desire to supply her favourite cat with some downright real Sport. For it is to be presumed that she intends her well-cared for pet literally to do the unhappy sparrows to death in the most approved fashion. How will she manage it? Clip their wings, and set them on the drawing-room floor; or tie strings to their legs, and let the favourite cat "go for them?" Cats must be fed. But it is not necessary to provide them with a "Supply of Live Sparrows" twice, or even once. We submit the subject to the notice of the S.P.C.A.

One Pound Notes.—Probable rate that a fashionable *prima donna* will charge for a song in the near future.

Mr Punch shoots Folly as it flies
BRITISH
ART
Ha! you April fool!
SPECULATOR
PRIVATE
L.G.C.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
STRIKE
"April fool"
TOO OLD A BIRD TO BE CAUGHT
April fool!
CANADA
"Oh, you old," April fool!
BLIND PHILANTHROPY
TAKE ALL MY SAVINGS
PUT IN
MARRIAGE LAWS
DIVORCE
COMMITTEE ROOM
Ha! ha! April fool!
FEES
Harry Furniss

APRIL FOOLS.

OUR OPENING (SUN) DAY!

Emancipated Blue-Ribboned British Workman loquitur:—

Yesh, Harry Lawshun mosh entirely righ'!
Wilfridsh mush blesh his nameshake! Had a frigh'
Only lash Shundaysh. Fanshied I saw snakesh.
Frigh'ful to watch 'em wrigglung, when one wakesh
Over the quilterpane—I mean counterquilt.
Liquorsh are lovely, when you're that waysh built;
But snakesh ish pizen! So ish liquorsh, too—
Leastwaysh, so Wilfridsh Lawshon and hish crew
Alwaysh declaresh! No matter! Nash'ral Museum,
Mush better than the Jim-Jamsh! Eugh! I shee 'em!
All eyesh and limbsh, all twists, and twirls, and twiddles;
Tails like long corkscrewsh, gogglesh in their middles;
Big headsh, and bony bodysh—frigh'fully friskey!
Fancy sush things living in Irish Whishky,
Like animalcu—what's it? in—*hic*—water!
No matter! I've sworn offsh! Polly, my daughter,
Made me Good Templarsh! No more horrorsh now!
To Heaven's broad blue vault I lift my brow,
A shober Br—Bri'sh Workman! So old Dumper,
The lecturer, putsh it. He'sh a rare tub-thumper!
Itsh Easter Shunday, and I am not tigh'!
Bri'sh Workman—Nash'ral Museum! Thatsh or'righ'.
Feelsh bit unsteady! That dashed ginger-beer
Gassysh—go i' my head an' makesh me queer!
One nipsh!—no, no! won't do! Wherream I? Lor!
Strai' on, the plishman says, through tha' there door.
Doorsh blesshed wide, and these 'ere big shop-cases
With bitsh o' stone and beedlesh!——Yah! Thosh faces!
Thosh eyesh, thosh limbsh, thosh bodysh, big and bony!
Thosh wrigglewigglements! I'll bet a pony
Thish ish no Nash'ral Museum—Nash—*hic*—ral Hishtory!
Look at 'em! *Look* at 'em!! Oh, hersh a mystery!
Pollysh,—where are yer? Where'sh that blesshed bottle?
I'vesh got a peck o' March dust down my throttle.
Give ush that gin—ger beersh, o' course, I mean.
Look, Polly!—shee that creature long and lean,
Crawling towardsh us! Jim-Jamsh are not in it
With thish 'ere Bri's'h Museum! Wai' a minute!
Where am I? Whersh tha' girl? Can't read this lingo!
"Mega——" It moves! *Got 'em again, by Jingo!!!*

AN EASTER OBJECT LESSON.

(At the Natural History Museum.)

Visitor. "Hullo! I say, I've got 'em agin! Gi' me the Blue Ribbon!"

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

March 10.—It has come at last, and I'm free to confess I don't care for it half as much as I thought I should. I got the letter five days ago. Here it is:—

45, *Main Street, Billsbury, March* 4, 18—.

Sir,—I have been in communication with headquarters, and I am informed that you are looking out for a Constituency at the next General Election. We have been for some time past endeavouring to find a Candidate for this Borough, and should be glad to hear if we may submit your name to the consideration of our local Council. The political history of Billsbury must be known to you. Up to the date of the last election we have always been represented by a Conservative. In fact, Billsbury was always looked upon as an impregnable fortress of sound Constitutional opinion.

Our late Member, however, was unable to devote to the Constituency the time and attention it required. Moreover, I may mention in strict confidence, that his conduct over the Billsbury Main Drainage Scheme alienated a considerable number of his supporters, and the consequence was that at the last election Sir Thomas Chubson, the Liberal Candidate and present Member for Billsbury, was elected by a majority of 279. Since then, however, the Party has rallied, the divisions in our ranks have been healed, the registrations have been very much in our favour, and there is no reason to doubt that, as soon as Billsbury has the chance, she will return to her ancient allegiance. I shall be in London the day after to-morrow (Thursday, March 6), and shall do myself the honour of calling upon you. Kindly let me know where and when I can see you. I shall be glad to afford you any further information.

Yours faithfully, James Tolland,
President Billsbury Conservative Association.

To Richard B. Pattle, Esq.,
Dr. Johnson Buildings, Temple, E.C.

I dashed off at once to the Central Association. They urged me to accept, and told me that even if I failed, which they said was extremely unlikely, my fight would give me "an irresistible claim on the Party." Afterwards saw Vulliamy, the Member for one of the Pinkshire Divisions. He said "Take it? Of course you must. Ridiculous to hesitate. A youngster like you, who only left College four years ago, ought to be proud of the chance. If you're beaten you'll have a claim on the Party, and mind you don't let 'em forget it. Curse them, they never think of a man's valuable services if he doesn't keep on reminding them himself;" and then he drivelled on for a quarter of an hour about all he'd done for the Party, and how "the shabby beggars" had refused his nephew the Morterton Recordership. It seems the other side manage their business much better. Next I called on Uncle Henry in the City. He said he'd stick to his promise of paying half my expenses, but wouldn't help me to nurse the place. However, I daresay that won't cost much. Eventually wrote to Old Tolland, and asked him to call at my Chambers on Thursday at 3 o'clock. Then went home and told my mother. She said, "My darling boy, I knew you would be distinguished. I knew it all along. If your dear father had only lived, he would have been a proud man to-day. Now, mind you have that horrid grating removed from the Ladies' Gallery." And with that she kissed me and rang for cook to tell her the news. I sloped.

On Thursday Old Tolland called. It seems he's an Alderman, and I only addressed him as plain Esquire. He wanted to know, What were my views on the Labour Question? Was I an Eight Hours' man? How about Vaccination and Woman's Suffrage? and all kinds of other rubbish. I had to beat about a good deal, and answer generally, but at last I consented to address the Council, and to-morrow was fixed as the day. If accepted, I shall have to come before a Mass Meeting, and go through it all again. It all seems rather roundabout, but I suppose it's the usual way.

(To be continued.)

The Rights of Counsel.

(By a Client.)

Oh, what are the "rights" of the Q.C.?
The point of the question but few see.
Those rights are to do
What suits *him*, if not *you*!
Faith! that's the whole business *in nuce!*

Jokin's Latest.—"The Surplus will be anything but a *dry* subject this year, as it is owing to a steady or (probably) unsteady consumption of Drink!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—Easter Holidays begin to-morrow; to-night last rally round Raikes; Postmaster harried from both sides of House; the Contumacious Cobb begins it; comments on Coroner's conduct beginning to pall on accustomed appetite; references to delicate investigation in judicial circles falling flat; so turns upon Postmaster-General. Wants to know about the Boy Messengers? Pack in full cry; Raikes pelted with newspapers, assailed with over-weighted letters; late at night Cameron comes up quite fresh, desiring to "call attention to the position taken up by the Postmaster-General with regard to the Electric Call and Boy Messenger System," just as if he had at the moment made the discovery.

"Wonderful!"

In course of lecture Cameron produces sort of pocket-pistol; explains it's the thing you work the electric call with. You press a button here, and up comes a tumbler of milk and soda; another button, and you have a sausage and a hot potato; a third, and your boots are suddenly pulled off by an unseen agency; a fourth, and you find yourself seated in a hansom cab, with eighteenpence pressed into your hand to pay your fare withal; a fifth, and you're awakened at four o'clock in the morning with an apology. Something, you learn, went wrong with the machine, and it was the gentleman on the next floor who ought to have been called at this hour.

Gane, Q.C., with hands folded on knees, sat entranced, listening to this interesting narrative, and watching the illustrations rapidly produced by Cameron, as he touched the various buttons.

"Wonderful!" cried Gane, Q.C. "Never knew anything like it since I read *Arabian Nights*."

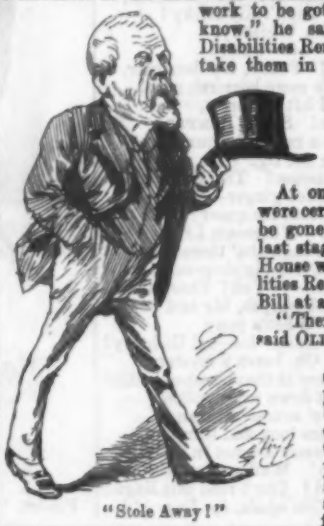
"What's Raikes' loss is our Gane," says Wilfrid Lawson. Must think this over during the Recess.

For awhile Raikes had peace; quite forgotten whilst House, falling into Gane's attitude, listened to Cameron's fairy tale.

"It's only postponed, Toby," he said, wearily, Cameron (having accidentally touched the wrong button) being promptly carried off to bed in the middle of a sentence; "they'll be at me again to-morrow, and will begin once more, like giants refreshed, when they come back from the holidays. It's an old story; the House of Commons must always have its whipping-boy. Don't know whether you've sat long enough for Barks to remember Ayrton? A dead set was made against him, and he was not only driven out of office, but forth from public life. It's generally the Home Secretary who is fastened on. There was Walpole, chronically reduced to tears. Bruce was chivied by the cabmen, and had his hat blocked by the publicans. The blameless Harcourt didn't go scot free whilst he was at the Home Office. Matthews has had a long run, with the hounds after him. Now they've turned aside from him, and are yelping after me. It's very well for Matthews, but a little worrying for me. Of course I don't claim to be perfect. As Harcourt once admitted of himself, I'm almost human. I try to do my duty, and protect the interests of Department committed to my charge. They come in touch with all classes, and naturally there is friction. Just now the howling is persistent, and, I fancy, organised. Perhaps it'll fall away by-and-by. In the meanwhile, it's rather wearing, so pitilessly monotonous. As you said the other day, a new constitutional maxim has been established. Once Old Morality used to write in his copybook, 'The Queen can Do no Wrong.' Now he may add this other, 'The Postmaster-General Does Nothing Right.'" *Business done.*—Miscellaneous.

The Pillary Post.

Tuesday Afternoon.—Winding up business before holiday; rather a scramble at the end. Old Morality, as usual, piled up heap of work to be got through. "Quite easy, you know," he said. "Tithes Bill, Electoral Disabilities Removal Bill, Savings Bank Bill, take them in your stride. What does the poet say? Line upon Line; Little by Little; Here to-day and gone To-morrow. These are the sound economical principles that should guide a man through life."



"Stole Away!"

At one time seemed that whilst we were certainly here to-day, we wouldn't be gone till to-morrow. Tithe Bill in last stage took a lot of fighting over. House wouldn't have Electoral Disabilities Removal Bill or the Savings Bank Bill at any price.

"Then I'll move the adjournment," said Old Morality, in despair.

"Not till you've heard my speech," said Dr. Clark; pulled out manuscript from breast coat-pocket, began descanting on the under-pay of Civil Servants in Scotland, whilst Tyssen Amherst folded his tent like the Arab, and as silently stole away. Example followed generally by Members in all parts of the House. Clark thoroughly enjoying himself, composedly went on to end of speech, and then adjournment. Speaker "kept in" till Thursday to take part in ceremony of Royal Commission. Rest off, and won't be back till Monday, 6th of April.

Business done.—Wound up for Easter Holidays.

CRITICISING THE CALENDAR.

Sir,—The suggestion of your Correspondent "Easter Egg," who wishes Easter to be a fixed festival, always coming on April 20, is excellent. At present, Easter-tide, like the other tide, depends on the moon. What a humiliating confession! Why should we any longer consent to be the slaves of the (so-called) Science of Astronomy?

Yours, Reforming Spirit.

Sir,—What's all this fuss about Easter being too early this year? It isn't half early enough. It ought to have come last Christmas, and Whitsuntide the same, and then we should have polished off three public holiday seasons—public nuisances, *I* call them,—at once.

Yours, gloomily, True Philanthropist.

Sir,—I have just been horrified to hear that one of my boys now at home from school remains with us for a three weeks' vacation! The early date of Easter is the paltry excuse offered by his Headmaster for this infliction. Anybody can see through such a flimsy pretext. His brother is to have *his* holiday four weeks later. The result is that the boys will see nothing of each other during their holidays, while their parents will see a great deal too much. How can brotherly affection—I say nothing of fatherly affection,—that priceless blessing, which I flatter myself I always conspicuously display—be expected to continue under these depressing conditions?

Yours, exasperatedly, Fond Parent.

Sir,—As peeple are riting lettres to you about the Easter holydays, I should like you to put in what old Boreham—he's our Principul—has been doing. We all think it a thundring shame. He kept us grinding away right through Good Friday, Easter Monday, and means us to go on several weeks afterwards! The result was we had about half a Hot Cross-Bun each! Old Boreham akshally fixed Easter Monday for going over all the Latin irreglur verbs. Please would you say something in your valyble collums about old Boreham, and oblige Yours, obedjiently, Smith (*Tertius*), *Rodchester*.

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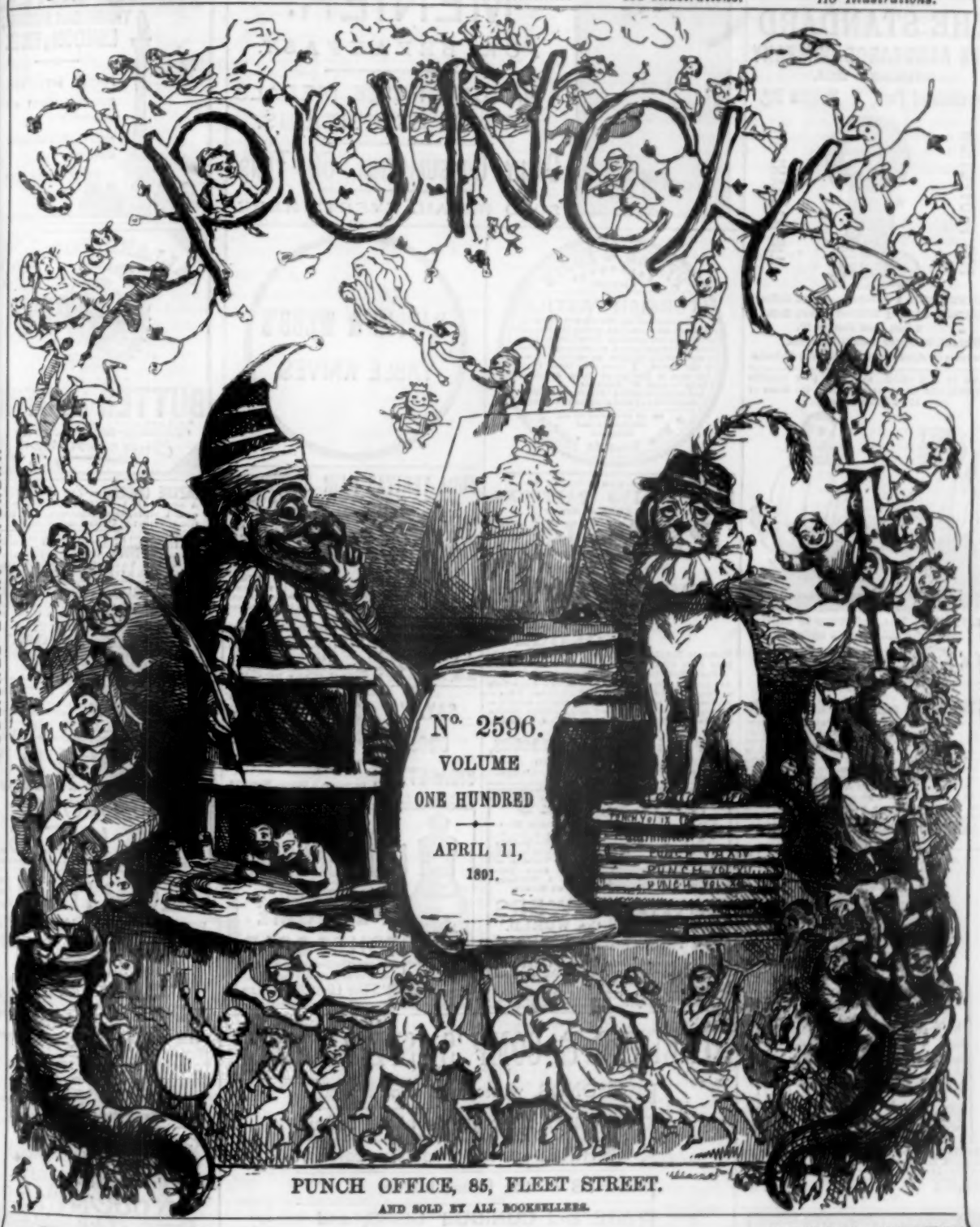

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MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XVI.—GERMFOOD.

(*By* Mary Morally, *Author of "Ginbitters!" "Ardart," &c., &c.*)

[The MS. of this remarkable novel was tied round with scarlet ribbons, and arrived in a case which had been once used for the packing of bottles of rum, or some other potent spirit. It is dedicated in highly uncomplimentary terms to "*Messieurs les Marronneurs glacés de Paris.*" With it came a most extraordinary letter, from which we make, without permission, the following startling extracts. "Ha! Ha! likewise Fe Fo Fum. I smell blood, galloping, panting, whirling, hurling, throbbing, maddened blood. My brain is on fire, my pen is a flash of lightning. I see stars, three stars, that is to say, one of the best brands plucked from the burning. I'm going to make your flesh creep. I'll give you fits, paralytic fits, epileptic fits, and fits of hysteria, all at the same time. Have I ever been in Paris? Never. Do I know the taste of absinthe? How dare you ask me such a question? Am I a woman? Ask me another. Ugh! it's coming, the demon is upon me. I must write three murderous volumes. I must, I must! What was that shriek? and that? and that? Unhand me, snakes! Oh!!!!—M. M."]

Chapter I.

I was asleep and dreaming—dreaming dreadful, horrible, soul-shattering dreams—dreams that flung me head-first out of bed, and then flung me back into bed off the uncarpeted floor of my chamber. But I did not wake—why should I?—it was unnecessary—I wanted to dream—I had to dream and therefore I dreamt. I was walking home from a cheap restaurant in one of the poorer quarters of Paris. "Poorer quarters" is a nice vague term. There are many poorer quarters in a large city. This was one of them. Let that suffice to the critical pedants who clamour for accuracy and local colour. Accuracy! pah! Shall the soaring soul of a three-volumer be restrained by the debasing fetters of a grovelling exactitude? Never! I will tell you what. If I choose, I who speak to you, *moi qui vous parle*, the Seine shall run red with the blood of murdered priests, and there shall be a tide in it where no tide ever was before, close to Paris itself, the home of the *Marrons Glacés*, and into the river I shall plunge a corpse with upturned face and glassy, staring, haunting, dreadful eyes, and the tide shall turn, the tide that never was on earth, or sky, or sea, it shall turn in my second volume for one night only, and carry the corpse of my victim back, back, back under bridges innumerable, back into the heart of Paris. Dreadful, isn't it? *Allons, mon ami. Qu'est-ce-qu'il-y-a. Je ne sais quoi. Mon Dieu!* There's idiomatic French for you, all sprinkled out of a cayenne pepper-pot to make the local colour hot and strong. Bah! let us return to our muttons!

Chapter II.

What was that? Something yellow, and spotted—something sinuous and lithe, with crawling, catlike motion. No, no! Yes, yes!! A leopard of the forest had issued from a side-street, a *cul de sac*, as the frivolous sons of Paris, the Queen of Vice, call it. It was moving with me, stopping when I stopped, galloping when I galloped, turning somersaults when I turned them. And then it spoke to me—spoke, yes, spoke, this thing of the desert—this wild phantasm of a brain distraught by over-indulgence in *marrons glacés*, the curse of *ma patrie*, and its speech was as the scent of scarlet poppies, plucked from the grave of a discarded mistress.

"Thou shalt write," it said, "for it is thine to reform the world." I shuddered. The conversational "thou" is fearful at all times; but, ah, how true to nature, even the nature of a leopard of the forest. The beast continued—"But thou shalt write in English."

"Spare me!" I ventured to interpose.

"In English," it went on, inexorably—"in hysterical, sad, mad, bad English. And the tale shall be of France—France, where the ladies always leave the dinner-table before the men. Note this, and use it at page ninety of thy first volume. And thy French shall be worse than thy English, for thou shalt speak of a *frissonement*, and thy friends shall say, "*Nous blaguons le chose.*"

"Stop!" I cried, in despair, "stop, fiend!—this is too much!" I sprang at the monster, and seized it by the throat. Our eyes, peering into each other's, seemed to ravage out, as by fire, the secrets hidden in our hearts. My blood hurled itself through my veins. There was something clamorous and wild in it. Then I fell prone on the ground, and remembered that I had eaten one *marron* for dinner. This explained everything, and I remembered no more till I came to myself, and found the divisional surgeon busily engaged upon me with a *pompe d'estomac*.

Chapter III.

My father, M. le Duc Di Sepsion, belonged to one of the oldest French families. He had many old French customs, amongst others that of brushing his bearded lips against my cheek. He was a stern man, with a severe habit of addressing me as "*Mon fils.*" Generally he disapproved of my proceedings, which was, perhaps, not unnatural, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration. Why have I mentioned him? I know not, save that even now, degraded as I am, memories of better things sometimes steal over me like the solemn sound of church-bells pealing in a cathedral belfry. But I have done with home, with father, with patriotism, with claret, with walnuts, and with all simple pleasures. *Ça va sans dire.* They talk to me of Good, and Nature. The words are meaningless to me. Are there realities behind these words—realities that can touch the heart of a confirmed *marroneur?* Cold and pitiless, Nature sits aloft like a mathematician, with his balance regulating the storm-pulses of this troubled world. Bah! I fling myself in her teeth. I brazen it out. She quails. For, since the accursed food passed my lips, the strength of a million demons is in me. I am pitiless. I laugh to think of the fool I once was in the days when I fed myself on *Baba au Rhum*, and other innocent dishes. Now I have knowledge. I am my own god. I glance haughtily into—— [Ten rhapsodical pages omitted.—Ed. *Punch.*] But there came into my life a false priest, who was like the ghost of a fair lost god—and because he was a fair lost, the cabmen loved him not—and he had to die, and lie in the Morgue—the Morgue where murdered men and women love to dwell—and thus he should discover the Eternal Secret!

Chapter IV.

Again—again—again! The moon rose, shimmering like a *Marron Glacé* over Paris. Oh! Paris, beauteous city of the lost. Surely in Babylon or in Nineveh, where Semiramis of old queened it over men, never was such madness—madness did I say? Why? What did I mean? Tush! the struggle is over, and I am calm again, though my blood still hums tumultuously. The world is very evil. My father died choked by a *marron*. I, too, am dead—I who have written this rubbish—I am dead, and sometimes, as I walk, my loved one glides before me in aërial phantom shape, as on page 4, Vol. II. But I am dead—dead and buried—and over my grave an avenue of gigantic chestnuts reminds the passer-by of my fate: and on my tombstone it is written, "Here lies one who danced a cancan and ate *marrons glacés* all day. Be warned!"

THE END.

Quite Exceptional Theatrical News.—Next Thursday at the Vaudeville, the Press and the usual Free-Admissionaries will be let in *for Money*.

MORE KICKS THAN HALFPENCE.

"The root of Volunteer inefficiency is to be ascribed to the Volunteer officer. The men are such as their officers make them . . . The force is 1,100 officers short of its proper complement."—*Times.*

General Redtape (of the Intelligence Department, W.O.) "What! Going to Resign!"
Volunteer Officer. "Yes. Why should I only get your Kicks for my Halfpence!"

MORE KICKS THAN HALFPENCE.

Volunteer Officer, loquitur:—

Yes, take back the sword! Though the *Times* may expostulate,
Tired am I wholly of worry and snubs.
You'll find, my fine friend, what your folly has cost you, late,
Henceforth for me the calm comfort of Clubs!
To lounge on a cushion and hear the balls rattle [cloth,
'Midst smoke-fumes, and sips on the field of green
Is better than leading slow troops to sham battle,
In stupid conditions that rouse a man's wrath.

Commissions, they say, go a-begging. Precisely!
Incapables take them, but capables shy.
For twenty-one years you have harried us nicely.
And now, like the rest, we're on Strike, Sir. And why?
The game, you old fossil, is not worth the candle,
Your kicks for my halfpence? The bargain's too bad!
If you want bogus leaders sham soldiers to handle,
You'll now have to take duffers, deadheads, and cads!

The *Times* wisely says you should make it attractive,
This Volunteer business. But that's not your game.
You're actively snubby, or coldly inactive:
We pay, and you pooh-pooh! 'Tis always the same.
We do not mind giving our time and our money,
Or facing March blasts, or the floods of July;
But till nettles bear grapes, Sir, or wasps yield us honey,
You won't get snubbed men to pay up and look spry.

The "multiplication of camps and manœuvres"?
All right! Let us learn in a *soldierlike* school;
But what is the good of your Bisleys and Dovers.
If the whole game resolves into playing the fool?
To play that game longer and pay for it too, Sir,
Won't suit me at all. I'm disgusted and bored.
Your kicks for my halfpence? No, no, it won't do, Sir!
And therefore, old Tapenoddle—take back the sword!

TRUE SENTIMENT.

"I'm writing to Mrs. Montague, Georgie,—that pretty Lady you used to take to see your Pigs. Haven't you some nice Message to send her?"
"Yes, Mummie; give her my love, and say I never look at a little Black Pig now without thinking of *Her!*"

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

[continued.]

March 11.—I shall have to be pretty careful in my speech to the Council. Must butter up Billsbury like fun. How would this do? "I am young, Gentlemen, but I should have studied the political history of my country to little purpose if I did not know that, up to the time of the last election, the vote of Billsbury was always cast on the side of enlightenment, and Constitutional progress. The rash and foolish experiments of those who sought to impair the glorious fabric of our laws and our Constitution found no favour in Billsbury. It was not your fault, I know, that this state of things has not been maintained, and that Billsbury is now groaning under the heavy burden of a distasteful representation. Far be it from me to say one word personally against the present Member for Billsbury. This is a political fight, and it is because his political opinions are mistaken that you have decided to attack him"—&c., &c., &c. Must throw in something about Conservatives being the true friends of workingmen. Chubson is not an Eight Hours' man, so I can go a long way. What shall I say next? Church and State, of course, Ireland pacified and contented, glorious financial successes of present Government, steady removal of all legitimate grievances, and triumphs of our diplomacy in all parts of the world. Shall have to say a good word for Liberal-Unionists. Tolland says there are about thirty of them, all very touchy. Must try to work in the story of the boy and the plum-cake. It made them scream at the Primrose League meeting at Crowdale.

By the way, Uncle Henry said, "What about the Bar?" I told him I meant to keep on working at it—which won't be difficult if I don't get more work. I got just two Statements of Claim, and a Motion before a Judge in Chambers, all last year, the third year after my call. Sleepy. To bed.

March 12, "*George Hotel*," *Billsbury*.—Left London by 2·15 to-day, and got to Billsbury at 5·30. Tolland met me at the station with half a dozen other "leaders of the Party." One was Colonel Chorkle, a Volunteer Colonel; another was Alderman Moffatt, a Scotchman with a very broad dialect. Then there was Jerram, the Editor of the *Billsbury Standard*, "the organ of the Party in Billsbury," so Tolland said, and a couple of others. I was introduced to them all, and forgot which was which immediately afterwards, which was most embarrassing, as I had to address them all as "you," a want of distinction which I am afraid they felt. Tipped two porters, who carried my bag and rug, a shilling each. They looked knowing, but old Tolland had hinted that the other side had got a character for meanness of which we could take a perfectly proper advantage without in any way infringing the Corrupt Practices Act. Must look up that Act. It may be a help. From the station we went straight to the "George." There I was introduced to half a dozen more leaders of the Party. Can't remember one of them except Blissop, the Secretary of the Association, a chap about my own age, who told me his brother remembered me at Oxford. There was a fellow of that name, I think, who came up in my year, a scrubby-faced reading man. We made hay in his room after a Torpid "rag," which he didn't like. Hope it isn't the same. I said I remembered him well. Dined with Tolland; nobody but leaders of the Party present, all as serious as judges, and full of importance. Chorkle, who drops his "h's" frightfully, asked me "'ow long it would be afore a General Election," and seemed rather surprised when I said I had no information on the matter.

The meeting of the Council came off in the large hall of the Billsbury Beaconsfield Club. Tolland was in the chair, and made a long speech in introducing me. I didn't take in a word of it, as I was repeating my peroration to myself all the time. My speech went off pretty well, except that I got mixed up in the middle, and forgot that blessed story. However, when I got into the buttering part, it took them by storm. I warmed old Gladstone up to-rights, and asked them to contrast the state of England now with what it was when he was in power. "Hyperion to a Satyr," I said. Colonel Chorkle, in proposing afterwards that I was a fit and proper person to represent Billsbury, said, "Mr. Pattle's able and convincing speech proves 'im not only a master of English, but a consummate orator, able to wield the harmoury" (why he put the "h" there I don't know) "of wit and sarcasm like a master. *I'm* not given to boasting," he continued. "*I* never indulge in badinage" (query, braggadocio?); "but, with such a Candidate, we *must* win." Jerram seconded the resolution, which was carried *nem. con.* Must get local newspapers, to show to mother. She'll like that. Shall go back to London to-morrow.

"Fortnightly" *v.* So-called "Nineteenth Century."—Change of Author's name. Mr. Frederic Harrison to be known in future as "Frederic Harrasin' Knowles."

(*Signed*) Φιλόμυθος.

MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. II.—NORA; OR, THE BIRD-CAGE (ET DIKKISVÖIT).

ACT II.

The Room, with the cheap Art-furniture as before—except that the candles on the Christmas-tree have guttered down and appear to have been lately blown out. The cotton-wool frogs and the chenille monkeys are disarranged, and there are walking things on the sofa. NORA *alone.*

Nora (putting on a cloak and taking it off again). Bother KROGSTAD! There, I won't think of him. I'll only think of the costume ball at Consul STENBORG's, over-head, to-night, where I am to dance the Tarantella all alone, dressed as a Capri fisher-girl. It struck TORVALD that, as I am a matron with three children, my performance might amuse the Consul's guests, and, at the same time, increase his connection at the Bank. TORVALD *is* so practical. (*To* Mrs. LINDEN, *who comes in with a large cardboard box.*) Ah, CHRISTINA, so you have brought in my old costume? *Would* you mind, as my husband's new Cashier, just doing up the trimming for me?

Mrs. L. Not at all—is it not part of my regular duties? (*Sewing.*) Don't you think, NORA, that you see a little too much of Dr. RANK?

Nora. Oh, I *couldn't* see too much of Dr. RANK! He *is* so amusing—always talking about his complaints, and heredity, and all sorts of indescribably funny things. Go away now, dear; I hear TORVALD.

[Mrs. LINDEN *goes. Enter* TORVALD *from the Manager's room.* NORA *runs trippingly to him.*

Nora (coaxing). Oh, TORVALD, if only you won't dismiss KROGSTAD, you can't think how your little lark would jump about and twitter!

Helmer. The inducement would be stronger but for the fact that, as it is, the little lark is generally engaged in that particular occupation. And I really *must* get rid of KROGSTAD. If I didn't, people would say I was under the thumb of my little squirrel here, and then KROGSTAD and I knew each other in early youth; and when two people knew each other in early youth—(*a short pause*)—h'm! Besides, he *will* address me as, "I say, TORVALD"—which causes me most painful emotion! He is tactless, dishonest, familiar, and morally ruined—altogether not at all the kind of person to be a Cashier in a Bank like mine.

"A poor fellow with both feet in the grave is not the best authority on the fit of silk stockings."

Nora. But he writes in scurrilous papers,—he is on the staff of the Norwegian *Punch*. If you dismiss him, he may write nasty things about *you*, as wicked people did about poor dear Papa!

Helmer. Your poor dear Papa was not impeccable—far from it. I *am*—which makes all the difference. I have here a letter giving KROGSTAD the sack. One of the conveniences of living close to the Bank is, that I can use the housemaids as Bank-messengers. (*Goes to door and calls.*) ELLEN! (*Enter parlourmaid.*) Take that letter—there is no answer. (ELLEN *takes it and goes.*) That's settled—so now, NORA, as I am going to my private room, it will be a capital opportunity for you to practise the tambourine—thump away, little lark, the doors are double! [*Nods to her and goes in, shutting door.*

Nora (stroking her face). How *am* I to get out of this mess! (*A ring at the Visitors' bell.*) Dr. RANK's ring! *He* shall help me out of it! (Dr. RANK *appears in doorway, hanging up his great-coat.*) Dear Dr. RANK, how *are* you? [*Takes both his hands.*

Rank (sitting down near the stove). I am a miserable, hypochondriacal wretch—that's what *I* am. And why am I doomed to be dismal? Why? Because my father died of a fit of the blues! *Is* that fair—I put it to *you?*

Nora. Do try to be funnier than *that!* See, I will show you the flesh-coloured silk tights that I am to wear to-night—it will cheer you up. But you must only look at the feet—well, you may look at the rest if you're good. *Aren't* they lovely? Will they fit me, do you think?

Rank (gloomily). A poor fellow with both feet in the grave is not the best authority on the fit of silk stockings. I shall be food for worms before long—I *know* I shall!

Nora. You mustn't really be so frivolous! Take that! (*She hits him lightly on the ear with the stockings; then hums a little.*) I want you to do me a great service, Dr. RANK. (*Rolling up stockings.*) I always liked *you*. I love TORVALD most, of *course*—but, somehow, I'd rather spend my time with you—you *are* so amusing!

Rank. If I am, can't you guess why? (*A short silence.*) Because I love you! You can't pretend you didn't know it!

Nora. Perhaps not—but it was really too clumsy of you to mention it just as I was about to ask a favour of you! It was in the worst taste! (*With dignity.*) You must not imagine because I joke with you about silk stockings, and tell you things I never tell TORVALD, that I am therefore without the most delicate and scrupulous self-respect! I am really quite a good little doll, Dr. RANK, and now—(*sits in rocking-chair and smiles*)—now I shan't ask you what I was going to! [ELLEN *comes in with a card.*

Nora (terrified). Oh, my goodness! [*Puts it in her pocket.*

Dr. Rank. Excuse my easy Norwegian pleasantry—but—h'm—anything disagreeable up?

Nora (to herself). KROGSTAD's card! I must tell *another* whopper! (*To* RANK.) No, nothing, only—only my new costume. I want to try it on here. I always do try on my dresses in the drawing-room—it's *cosier*, you know. So go in to TORVALD and amuse him till I'm ready.

[RANK *goes into* HELMER's *room, and* NORA *bolts the door upon him, as* KROGSTAD *enters from hall in a fur cap.*

Krogs. Well, I've got the sack, and so I came to see how *you* are getting on. I mayn't be a nice man, but—(*with feeling*)—I have a heart! And, as I don't intend to give up the forged I.O.U. unless I'm taken back, I was afraid you might be contemplating suicide, or something of that kind; and so I called to tell you that, if I were you, I wouldn't. Bad thing for the complexion, suicide, and silly, too, because it wouldn't mend matters in the least. (*Kindly.*) You must not take this affair too seriously, Mrs. HELMER. Get your husband to settle it amicably by taking me back as Cashier; *then* I shall soon get the whip-hand of *him*, and we shall all be as pleasant and comfortable as possible together!

Nora. Not even that prospect can tempt me! Besides, TORVALD wouldn't have you back at any price now!

Krogs. All right, then. I have here a letter, telling your husband all. I will take the liberty of dropping it in the letter-box at your hall-door as I go out. I'll wish you good evening!

[*He goes out; presently the dull sound of a thick letter dropping into a wire box is heard.*

Nora (softly, and hoarsely). He's done it! How *am* I to prevent TORVALD from seeing it?

Helmer (inside the door, rattling). Hasn't my lark changed its dress yet? (NORA *unbolts door.*) What—so you are *not* in fancy costume, after all? (*Enters with* RANK.) Are there any letters for me in the box there?

Nora (voicelessly). None—not even a postcard! Oh, TORVALD, don't, please, go and look—*promise* me you won't! I do *assure* you there isn't a letter! And I've forgotten the Tarantella you taught me—do let's run over it. I'm so afraid of breaking down—promise me not to look at the letter-box. I can't dance unless you do.

Helmer (standing still, on his way to the letter-box). I am a man of strict business habits, and some powers of observation; my little squirrel's assurances that there is nothing in the box, combined with her obvious anxiety that I should not go and see for myself, satisfy me that it is indeed empty, in spite of the fact that I have not invariably found her a strictly truthful little dicky-bird. There—there. (*Sits down to piano.*) Bang away on your tambourine, little squirrel—dance away, my own lark!

Nora (dancing, with a long gay shawl). Just *won't* the little squirrel! Faster—faster! Oh, I *do* feel so gay! We will have some champagne for dinner, *won't* we, TORVALD?

[*Dances with more and more abandonment.*

Helmer (after addressing frequent remarks in correction). Come, come—not this awful wildness! I don't like to see *quite* such a larky little lark as this . . . Really it is time you stopped!

Nora (her hair coming down as she dances more wildly still, and swings the tambourine). I can't . . . I can't! (*To herself, as she*

dances.) I've only thirty-one hours left to be a bird in; and after that—(*shuddering*)—after *that*, Knogstad will let the cat out of the bag! [*Curtain.*

N.B.—The final Act,—containing scenes of thrilling and realistic intensity, worked out with a masterly insight and command of psychology, the whole to conclude with a new and original *dénoûment*—unavoidably postponed to a future number. No money returned.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

(*A Story of the 6th of April*, 1891.)

As I have but a limited holding in the Temple, and, moreover, slept on the evening of the 5th of April at Burmah Gardens, I considered it right and proper to fill in the paper left me by the "Appointed Enumerator" at the latter address. And here I may say that the title of the subordinate officer intrusted with the addition of my household to the compilation of the Census pleased me greatly—"Appointed Enumerator" was distinctly good. I should have been willing (of course for an appropriate *honorarium*) to have accepted so well-sounding an appointment myself. To continue, the general tone of the instructions "to the Occupier" was excellent. Such words as "erroneous," "specification," and the like, appeared frequently, and must have been pleasant strangers to the householder who was authorised to employ some person other than himself to write, "if unable to do so himself." To be captious, I might have been better pleased had the housemaid who handed me the schedule been spared the smile provoked by finding me addressed by the "Appointed Enumerator" as "Mr. Beefless," instead of "Mr. Briefless." But this was a small matter.

I need scarcely say that I took infinite pains to fill in my paper accurately. I have great sympathy with the "Census (England and Wales) Act, 1890," and wished, so far as I was personally concerned, to carry out its object to the fullest extent attainable. I had no difficulty about inserting my own "name and surname," and "profession or occupation." I rather hesitated, however, to describe myself as an "employer," because the "examples of the mode of filling-up" rather suggested that domestic servants were not to count, and for the rest my share in the time of Portington, to say the least, is rather shadowy. For instance, I could hardly fairly suggest that in regard to the services of my excellent and admirable clerk, I am as great an employer of labour as, say, the head of a firm of railway contractors, or the managing director of a cosmopolitan hotel company. Then, although I am distinctly of opinion that I rightly carried out the intentions of the statute by describing myself as "the head of the family," my wife takes an opposite view of the question. In making the other entries, I had no great difficulty. The ages of my domestics, however, caused me some surprise. I had always imagined (and they have given me their faithful and valuable services I am glad to say for a long time) that the years in which they were born varied. But no, I was wrong. I found they were all of the same age—two-and-twenty. To refer to another class of my household—I described my son, Shallow North Briefless (the first is an old family name of forensic celebrity, and the second an appropriate compliment to a distinguished member of the judicial Bench, whose courtesy to the Junior Bar is proverbial) as a "scholar," but rejected his (Shallow's) suggestion that I should add to the description of his brother (one of my younger sons, George Lewis Van Tromp Chester Mote Bolton Briefless—I selected his Christian names in anticipated recognition of possible professional favours to be conferred on him in after-life) the words "imbecile from his birth," as frivolous, untrue, and even libellous. We had but one untoward incident. In the early morning of Monday we found in our area a person who had evidently passed the night there in a condition of helpless intoxication. As she could offer no satisfactory explanation of her presence, I handed her over to the police, and entered her on the Census Paper as, "a supposed retired laundress, seemingly living on her own means, and apparently blind from the date of her last drinking-bout." I rejected advisedly her own indistinctly but frequently reiterated assertion that "she was a lady," because I had been warned by "the general instructions" to avoid such "indefinite terms as Esquire or Gentleman."

As I wished to deliver my completed schedule to the "Appointed Enumerator" in person, I desired that he might be shown into my study when he called for the paper.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, after looking through the document at my request; "but you see there is a fine of a fiver for wilfully giving false information."

"Yes," I returned, somewhat surprised at the suggestion; "and the proposed penalty has rendered me doubly anxious to be absolutely accurate. Do you notice any slip of the pen?"

"Well, Sir," he answered, with some hesitation, "as the young chap who does the boots tells me that he has never heard of you having had a single brief while he's been with you, and that's coming three years, hadn't you better put 'retired' after 'Barrister-at-Law'? It will do no harm, and certingly would be safer!"

Put "retired" after Barrister-at-Law! "Do no harm!," and be "safer!"

* * * * * *

I silently intimated by a dignified gesture to the "Appointed Enumerator" that our interview was at an end, and then, taking my walking-stick with me, went in earnest and diligent search of "the young chap who does the boots!" (Signed) A. Briefless, Junior.

Pump-Handle Court, April 7, 1891.

"UP, GUARDS, AND ACT 'EM!"

The "them" in this adapted quotation must be taken to mean "Burlesques;" and if these gay and lighthearted soldiers continue their histrionics as victoriously as they have done up to now, they will become celebrated as "The Grinny-diers-and-Burlesque-Line-Regiments." Private McGreevy, as a cockatoo, capital: his disguise obliterated him, but as Ensign and Lieutenant Waggibone stealthily observed, "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't McGreevy for." The music, by the talented descendant of Israel's wise King Solomon, was of course good throughout, and in the Cockatoo Duet better than ever. The ladies were exceptionally good. Mrs. Crutchley defied the omen of her name, which is not suggestive of dancing, and "Jigged away muchly Did Mrs. Crutchley." The Misses Savile Clarke,—the Savilians among the Military,—were charming. Lieutenant Nugent is an old hand at this, and his *Paul Prior* was not a whit behind his former performances. There's one more Guard O, Major Ricardo. *He* played *Crusoe*, And well did he do so! Three cheers for everybody! With the Guards' Burlesque, we fear no foe. Chorus, Gentlemen, if you please, "We fear no foe!"

The Old (Cricketing) 'Oss and the Young (Gloucester) Colts.

Fifty, not out! A good start beyond doubt,
In a Twenty-four field, Doctor W. G.
And may Ninety-one bring us lots of good fun,
With you at the Wickets for Figures of Three,
To see the Old 'Oss stir in good time to foster
The coming-on "Colts," should give courage to Glo'ster!

"Such a Dawg!"

The enclosed was cut from *The Field* of last week:—

R. —— —— WANTS some friend to give him a small BULLDOG with a smile, for a house pet.—To be sent for inspection to, &c.

It is to be hoped that the advertiser will not get an animal that (to quote from *Hamlet*) "may smile and smile and be a villain!"

Ignotus.

Prate not about Fame! I've addressed half the world,
In Court and in cottage, in Castle and slum!
I've been warbled, and chorussed, and tootled, and skirled,
Yet, for *kudos*, I might just as well have been dumb.
Though familiar to all men, I'm wholly unknown;
You're inclined to pooh-pooh, and to say I am wrong?
Nay, listen, and you my correctness will own:
'Tis I wrote the *words* of a Popular Song!

New and Interesting Work.—As a companion to Dr. Wright's *The Ice Ages in North America and its bearing upon the Antiquity of Man*, will shortly appear *The Penny-Ice Age in London and its bearing on the Youth of the Metropolis.*

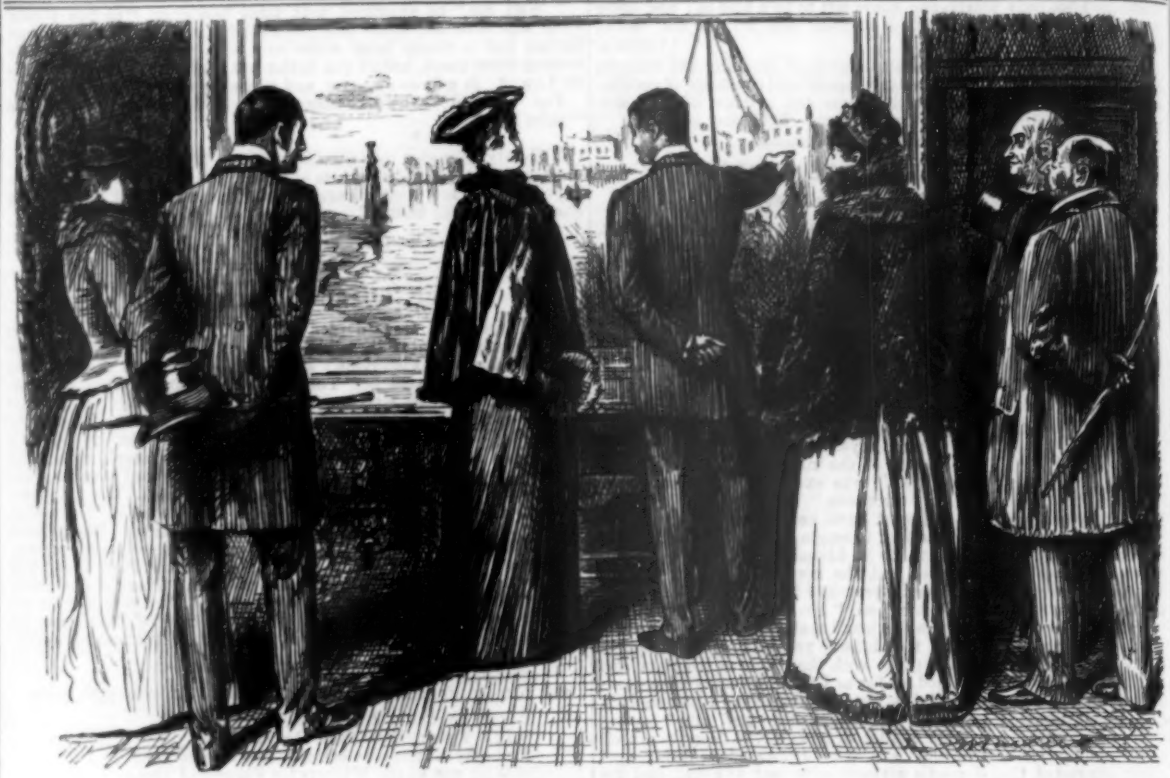
A Brummagem Bolus.

(*By an elate Liberal-Unionist.*)

An "ill-starred abortion" Who christened our party;
At present, as Joe hints, that sounds quite ironic.
True, lately our health did appear far from hearty,
But Aston has acted As-tonic!

Note for Critics.—How can any of us expect the truth from a historian who himself tells us that he merely "*transcribes from MSS. lying before him!*"

What the Italians Seem to Want in Louisiana.—An unfair field, or no Fava!



PICTURE SUNDAY.

(*What Our Artist has to put up with.*)

Fair Damsel (to Our Artist, who is explaining the beauties of his Picture). "Charming! Charming! But, oh, Mr. FitzMadder, what a *delightful* Room this would be for a Dance,—with the Musicians in the Gallery, and all the Easels and Pictures and Things cleared away!"

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Hosea Biglow *speaks up on the situation:*—

Here we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!
State rights won't be hurried by any one's hoofs;
Umberto, old hoss, would *you* like, I wonder,
To 'pologise first, and then bring up yer proofs?
Uncle Sam is free, and he sez, sez he:—
"The *Mafia's* no more
Right to come to this shore,
No more'n the Molly Maguires," sez he.

Uncle Sam ain't no kind o' bisness with nothin'
Like stabs in the back,—that may do for slaves.
We ain't none riled by their frettin' an' frothin'
Who shriek, in Hitalian, across the waves.
Uncle Sam is free, but he sez, sez he:—
"He will put down his foot
On the right to shoot
As claimed by the *Mafia* gang!" sez he.

Freedom's keystone is Law, yes; that there's no doubt on,
It's sutthin that's—wha' d'ye call it?—divine,—
The brutes who break it hain't nutthin' to boast on
On your side or mine o' the seethin' brine.
Uncle Sam is free, and he sez, sez he:—
"If assassins gang 'em
I'm game to hang 'em,
An' so git rid on 'em soon," sez he.

'Tis well for sleek cits for to lounge on their soffies,
And chat about "Law and Order," an' sich.
A formula pleasant for them in office,
Home-stayin' idlers, well-guarded rich.
Uncle Sam is free, but he sez, sez he:—
"Whar life's a fight,
Law, based on right,
May need the 'strong arm' of a Man," sez he.

Now don't go to say I'm the friend of force;
Best keep all your spare breath for coolin' your broth;
And when just Law has a fair clar course,
All talk of "wild justice" is frenzy and froth.
Uncle Sam is free, but he sez, sez he:—
"If he gits within hail
Of the Glan-na-Gael,
Or the *Mafia* either, he shoots," sez he.

This ain't no matter for sauce or swagger—
Too summary judgment both scout, I hope;
Though *ef* it's a chice betwixt rope and dagger,
I can't help sayin' I prefer the rope.
Uncle Sam is free, and he sez, sez he:—
"At a pinch I'll not flinch
From a touch of Lynch,—
That is—at a very *hard* pinch!" sez he.

But Lynch Law, Umberto, *or* Secret Society,
Both are bad, though the latter's wust;
We'll soon get shut of *either* variety,
You and me, Umberto, or so I trust.
Uncle Sam is free, but he sez, sez he:—
"Assassination
Won't build a nation,
Nor yet the unlegalised rope," sez he.

Withdraw your Ambassador! Wal, that *air* summary!
Italian irons so soon git hot!
Ironclads? Sure that's mere militant flummery.
Don't want to rile, but I'll tell you what:
Uncle Sam is free, but he sez, sez he:—
"Let Fava stay,
Take the *Mafia* away,
And we'll call it a right square deal!" sez he.

Presented at Court.—Acting upon the suggestions made in these columns a week ago, the Author of *The Volcano*, and the company of the Court Theatre have effected the most valuable alterations in the play of the evening. The Second Act now concludes with the interrupted singing of *The Wolf*, which brings down the Curtain with a roar of laughter, and the Third Act is also generally improved. Mrs. John Wood is seen at her best as the interviewing lady-journalist, which is condensing in a sentence a volume of praise. Mr. Arthur Cecil, as the Duke, is equally admirable; and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, although scarcely in his element as a Member of Parliament of noble birth, is distinctly amusing. Altogether, *The Volcano* causes explosions of merriment in all parts of the house, and has entirely escaped the once-impending danger of fizzling out like a damp squib.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Uncle Sam. "SEE HERE, UMBERTO!—GIVE US BACK YOUR '*MINISTER*,' AND TAKE AWAY THAT DARN'D '*MAFIA*,' AND WE'LL CALL IT A SQUARE DEAL!"

A COMPLAINT OF THE CENSUS.

(By a Disappointed Duke.)

[For the first time the sixth column in the Census Schedule is simply headed "Profession or Occupation."]

Oh! I'm a reg'lar rightdown Duke:
The trying part I act and look
Right nobly, so they tell me.
Yet I would have you understand
Why I am thoroughly unmanned
At what of late befell me.

A week or something less ago,
A schedule came to let me know
The Census Day was Sunday.
The many details, one and all,
Must be filled in, and then they'd call
To fetch it on the Monday.

I found it easy to contrive
To answer columns one to five—
I filled them up discreetly;
But when I came to column six
I got into an awful fix,
And lost my head completely.

For "Rank" alas! had disappeared.
I'd never for an instant feared
It wouldn't really be there.
Your "Occupation" you could state,
"Profession," too, you might relate,
But I—a Duke—had neither!

His Grace the Duke of Plaza-Tor'
Would call himself, I'm pretty sure,
A "public entertainer."
But I and my blue-blooded wife,
We lead a simple blameless life,
No life could well be plainer.

In such a plight what could I do?
I searched the paper through and through,
Each paragraph I read. You'll
Scarce credit it but those who "live
On their own means" had got to give
This statement in the schedule!

I put it, but my ducal pen
I saw distinctly sputtered when
I did so. All of which he
Will please remember when I say
I thought it in a minor way
Unkind of Mr. Ritchie!

MICKY FREE IN PARIS.

As to the incident which recently appeared in the papers under the head-line "Insulting an Ambassador," our old friend Micky writes us as follows:—"Be jabers then, ye must know the truth. Me and Count Munster was drivin' together. The Count's every bit a true-born son of Ould Ireland for ever, and descended from the Kings of Munster by both sides, and more betoken wasn't he wearin' an Ulster at the very moment, and isn't he the best of chums with the Dukes of Connaught and Leinster? Any way we were in our barooshe passin' the time o' day to one another as we were drivin' in the Bore, when whack comes a loaf o' bread, shied at our heads by an unknown military blaygaird. It missed me noble friend, the Count, and, as if to give him a lesson in politeness, it just took off the hat of a domestic alongside the coachman on the box. 'Tunder and turf!' says I, preparing to descend, and give the scoundrels a taste of my blackthorn all round. 'Whist! be aisy now, Micky,' says the Ambassador to me, in what is, betune ourselves, his own native tongue; and with that he picks up the loaf, sniffs at it, makes a wry face ('it's a rye loaf,' says I), and then says he, out loud, with a supercilious look, 'Ill-bred!' Begorra, there was a whoop o' delight went up all round, which same was a sign of their purliteness, as divil a one of the ignoramuses could onderstand a wurrd the Court said in English or German, let alone Irish. 'Goot,' says Munster to me, dropping into his German accent, which, on occasion, comes quite natural to him—the cratur! 'I'll give the loaf to the dog;' and he whistles up the mastiff, own brother to Bismarck's. 'Eh, Micky, ye gossoon, isn't the proverb, "Loaf me, loaf my dog"?' Ah! then was cheers for ould Ireland, and a mighty big dhrink entirely we had that same night.

"Yours as ever, M. F."

HERRICK UP TO DATE.

(After "The Bracelet to Julia.")

Why tye I about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist?
For what other reason is 't,
But to show (*in theorie*)
Thou sweet captive
art to me;
Which, of course, is
fiddledeedee!
Runne and aske the
nearest Judge,
He will tell thee 'tis
pure fudge;
When thou willest,
thou mayst trudge;
I 'm thy Bondslave,
Hymen's pact
Bindeth me in law
and fact;

Thou art free in will and act;
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,
Snap the thread, and thou art free:
But 'tis otherwise with me.
I am bound, and bound fast so
That from thee I cannot go.
(Hah! We'll have this altered, though.
Man *must* be a wing-clipp'd goose
If he bows to Hymen's noose,—
Heads you winne, and tails I lose!)

MAGAZINE MANNERS.

Editor to Eminent Writer.—Review promises to be deadly slow next month. Can you do something slashing for us? Pitch into somebody or other—you know the style.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Happy to oblige. Got old article handy advocating cession of Canada and India to the French. Never wrote anything more ripping. Pitches into everybody. Touching it up, and will let you have it in two days. By the bye, telegraph people put a x to my Christian name. Tell them not to do it again.

Editor to Eminent Writer (a week later).—Sorry about the x. Got your article. Not quite what I wanted. Style all right, but arguments idiotic. Can't you take the other side? Much more popular.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Idea insulting. Any more telegrams of that sort, and I contribute in future to the *Shortsprightly Review*, not yours!

Editor to Eminent Writer.—No offence meant. *Is* there any other Review besides mine? Never heard of the one you mentioned.

Eminent Writer to Editor (a month later).—I say, what's this? Virulent personal attack on me in your Review, signed with your name! Pretends my article on giving up Canada, &c., was all a joke! Am I the sort of man who would joke about anything? Reply at once, with apology, or I skin you alive in next Number of *Shortsprightly*.

Editor to Eminent Writer.—Sorry you're offended. I thought my Article rather a moderate one. Quite true that I talk about falsehood, hypocrites, effrontery, demagogues, Pharisees, and so on; but expressions to be taken in strictly Pickwickian sense, and of course not intended for *you*.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Explanation unsatisfactory. You first insert contribution, and then slate it. Do you call yourself an Editor?

Editor to Eminent Writer.—Rather think I *do* call myself Editor. Couldn't insert that humbug about India and Canada without reply. By the bye, have forgotten if you spell Christian name with or without x? Important. Wire back.

Eminent Writer to Editor.—Yah! Look out for next *Shortsprightly*, that's all! Article entitled, "Editorial Horseplay." It'll give you fits, or my name isn't—Frederic, without the x.

ANOTHER'S!

(A Once Rejected Address.)

Yes! Thou must be another's. Oh,
Such anguish stands alone!
I'd always fancied thou wert so
Peculiarly mine own;
No welcome doubt my soul can free;
A convict may not choose—
Yet, since another's thou must be,
Most kindly tell me *whose?*

Is it the Lord of Shilling Thrills
Who penned *The Black that Mails*—
That martial man who from the hills
Excogitates his tales?
Is it ubiquitous A. Lang?
Nay, shrink not but explain
To which of all the writing gang
Dost properly pertain?

Perchance to some provincial churl,
Who blushes quite unseen?
Perchance to some ambitious Earl
Or Stockbroker, I ween?
Such things have frequently occurred,
And gems like thee have crowned
The titular and moneyed herd,
And made them nigh renowned.

I know not, this alone is clear,
Thou wert my sole delight;
I pored on thee by sunshine, dear,
I dreamed of thee at night.
Thou wert so good—too splendid for
The common critic's praise—
And I was thy proprietor—
And all the world must gaze!

But *Punch*, that autocrat, decrees
That thou another's art:
I cannot choose but bow my knees
And lacerate my heart.
Thou must be someone's else, alack!
The truth remains confessed—
For *Mr. P.* hath sent thee back,
My cherished little Jest.

From a Fly-leaf.—"Buzziness first, pleasure after," as the bluebottle said when, after circling three times about the breakfast-table, he alighted on a lump of sugar.

Salisbury at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

How slow is fate from fatal friends to free us!
Still, still, alas! 'tis "*Ego et* Raikes *mess.*"

"The Oxford Movement."—Not much to choose between this and the Cambridge movement in the last race.

Place of Banishment for Mistaken Persons.—The Isle of Mull.

CENSUS DAY HOW SOME WERE CAUGHT.

Earl Granville.

Born in 1815. Died 31st March, 1891.

The coarser Cyclops now combine
To push the Olympians from their places;
And dead as Pan seems the old line
Of greater gods and gentler graces.
Pleasant, amidst the clangour crude
Of smiting hammer, sounding anvil,
As bland Arcadian interlude,
The courtly accents of a Granville!

A strenuous time's pedestrian muse
Shouts pæans to the earth-born giant,
Whose brows Apollo's wreath refuse,
Whose strength to Charis is unpliant.
Demos distrusts the debonair,
Yet Demos found himself disarming
To gracious Granville; unaware
Won by the calm, witched by the charming.

Bismarckian vigour, stern and stark
As Brontes self, was not his dower;
Not his to steer a storm-tost bark
Through waves that whelm, and clouds that lower.
Temper unstirred, unerring tact,
Were his. He could not "wave the banner,"
But he could lend to steely act
The softly silken charm of manner.

Kindly, accomplished, with a wit
Lambent yet bland, like summer lightning;
Venomless rapier-point, whose "hit"
Was palpable, yet painless. Brightening
E'en party conflict with a touch
Of old-world grace fight could not ruffle!
Faith, Granville, we shall miss thee much
Where kites and crows of faction scuffle!

An Irish Diamond.—The *Cork Examiner* of 28th ultimo contained an official advertisement, signed by the High Sheriff of the County of the City of Cork, requesting certain persons connected with the Spring Assizes to attend at the Model Schools, as the Court House had been destroyed by fire. Amongst those thus politely invited to be present on so interesting an occasion were the Prisoners!

PATERFAMILIAS ON HIS CENSUS PAPER.

Head of the Family! That makes me quail.
I am the Head—and thereby hangs a tale!
This big blue paper, ruled in many a column,
Gives rise to some misgivings sad and solemn.
Relation to that Head? That Head's buzz-brained,
And its "relations" are—just now—"much strained."
Citizen-duty I've no wish to shirk,
But would the State do its own dirty work—
(My daughters swear *'tis* dirty). I'd be grateful.
Instructions? Yes! Imperative and fateful!
But, oh! I wish they would "instruct" me how
To tell the truth without a family row.
"Best of my knowledge and belief"! Ah well
If Aunt Mehitabel her age *won't* tell;
If Cook will swear she's only thirty-three,
And rather fancies she was born at sea
(Where I am now) my "knowledge and belief"
Are not worth much to the official chief,
Bridges P. Henniker, if he only knew it.
A True Return? Well, if it is not true, it
Is not *my* fault. Inquisitorial band,
I've done my level best—Witness my Hand!
The bothering business makes me feel quite [bilious,
Peace now—for ten years more!

Paterfamilias.

"FACTA NON VERBA"; OR, PIERROT IN LONDON.

"Of the best! of the very best!" as Zero or Ciro is perpetually affirming of everything eatable and drinkable that is for his own benefit and his customers' refreshment at the little bar, not a hundred miles from the Monte Carlo tables, where he himself and his barristers practise day and night; and, as this famous cutter of sandwiches and confectioner of

A BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

drinks says of his stock in trade, so say we of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, which, having been translated by Horatius Cocles Sedger from Paris to London, has gone straight to the heart and intelligence of our Theatre-loving public.

It is a subject for curious reflection that, just when the comic scenes of our English Pantomime have been crushed out by overpowering weight of gorgeous spectacle, there should re-appear in our midst a revival of the ancient *Pierrot* who pantomimed himself into public favour with the Parisians towards the close of the seventeenth century. Red-hot poker, sausages, and filching Clown have had their day, and lo! when everyone said we were tired of the "comic business" of Pantomime, here in our midst re-appear almost in their habits as they lived, certainly with their white faces and black skull-caps "as they appeared," a pair of marvellously clever *Pierrots*. Mlle. Jane May as *Pierrot Junior*, "the Prodigy son," and M. Courtès as *Pierrot Senior*, are already drawing the town to *Matinées* at the Prince of Wales's, causing us to laugh at them and with them in their joys, and to weep with them in their mimic sorrows. Yes! *Pierrot redivivus!*

Mind you, it is not a piece for children; make no mistake about that; *they* will only laugh at the antics, be ignorant of the story, and be untouched by its truth and pathos. All are good. We like the naughty *blanchisseuse* the least of the characters, and wish she had been *plus petite que ça*. But is it not in nature that the prodigal infant (veritable boy is Mlle. Jane May) should fall in love with a young woman some years his senior, and far beyond him in experience of the world? Why certainly. Then the Baron, played with great humour by M. Louis Gouget, who wins the Mistress with his diamonds, and the inimitable Black Servant, M. Jean Arcueil, who laughs at poor little *Pierrot*, and cringes to his wealthy rival and successor,—are they not both admirable? As for the acting of Madame Schmidt as *Madame Pierrot*, loving wife and devoted mother, it is, as it should be, "too good for words." Her pantomimic action is so sympathetic throughout, so—well, in fact, perfect. Who wants to hear them speak? *Facta non verba* is their motto. Yet with what *gusto* the Black, heavily bribed, mouths out the titled Baron's name, though never a syllable does he utter! It is all most excellent make-believe.

Vive Pierrot à Londres! We see him much the same as he was when he delighted the Parisians in 1830,—"*Avec sa grand casaque à gros boutons, son large pantalon flottant, ses souliers blancs comme le reste, son visage enfariné, sa tête couverte d'un serre-tête noir . . . le véritable Pierrot avec sa bonhomie naïve . . . ses joies d'enfant, et ses chagrins d'un effet si comique*"—and also so pathetic.

If this entertainment could be given at night, the house would be crammed during a long run; but afternoon possibilities are limited. More than a word of praise must be given to M. André Wormser's music, which, personally conducted by Mr. Crook, goes hand in hand with the story written by Michel Carré Fils, and illustrated by these clever pantomimists. No amateur of good acting should fail to see this performance. *Verb. sap.*

In the *Salon* this year, the *Athenæum* says, "a *Grand Salon de Repos* will be provided." For pictures of "still life" only, we suppose. Will Sir Frederick, P.R.A., act on the suggestion, and set aside one of the rooms in Burlington House as a Dormitory?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Aha! special attraction in *The New Review!* "April Fool's Day Poem," by Alfred Austin, and, an announcement on the cover that "*This number contains a Picture of* Miss Ellen Terry *in one of her earliest parts.*" Oh, dear! I wish it didn't contain this picture, which is a bleared red photograph of Misses Kate and Ellen Terry, "as they appeared" (as they never could appear, I'm sure) in an entertainment which achieved a great success in the provinces—but not with this red-Indian picture as a poster. Of course it may be intended as compliment-terry; it *may* mean "always entertaining and ever reddy." However, the picture is naught, except as a curiosity; but the first instalment of our Ellen's reminiscences is delightfully written, because given quite naturally, just as the celebrated actress herself would dictate—(of course she never has to "dictate," as her scarcely-breathed wish is a law)—to her pleasantly-tasked amanuensis. Next lot, please!

In *Macmillan's* for this month, André Hope tells a fluttering tale in recounting "A Mystery of Old Gray's Inn." It would have come well from that weird old clerk, to whom *Mr. Pickwick* listened with interest during the convivialities at the "Magpie and Stump." It should take a prominent place in the proposed new issue of *Half Hours with Jumpy Authors.*

The Baron has just read a delightful paper on "The Bretons at Home," by Charles G. Wood, in the *Argosy*, for this month. The Baron who has been there, and still would go if he could, but, as he can't, he is contented to let "Wood go" without him, and to read the latter's tales of a traveller.

Turf Celebrities I have Known, by William Day, is a gossipy, snarly sort of book; casting a rather murky or grey Day-light on a considerable number of Celebrities who were ones on the turf, and are now under it. But the Baron not being himself either on the turf or under it, supposes that this Day is an authority, as was once upon a time, that is, only the other day, the Dey of Algiers. But this Day is not of Algiers, but of All-gibes. Ordinarily it is true that "Every dog has his day." Exceptions prove the rule, and it would appear from this book—"not the first 'book,' I suppose," quoth the Baron, "that Mr. Day has 'made' or assisted in 'making,'"—that every dog did *not* 'have' this particular Day, but that some dogs did. The writer has missed the chance of a good title—not for himself, but for his book. He should have made it an autobiography, and then have called it, "*De Die in Diem; or, Day by Day.*"

Everyone's truly, The Baron de Book-Worms.

WHAT IT WILL COME TO!

(*A fragment from a Military-Commercial Romance of the future.*)

And so Mr. Ellersdee approached his proposed recruit, and invited him to lunch to discuss the matter quietly.

"You are very good," returned the other, "but I can assure you I eat nothing before dinner. Won't you have a cigar?"

Mr. Ellersdee accepted the proffered kindness, and remarked upon the excellent quality of the tobacco.

"Yes," assented his companion, "it is not half bad, for we get all our supplies from the Stores; and now what can I do for you?"

Then Mr. Ellersdee unfolded his sad story. England was losing her commercial prosperity, owing to a scarcity of labourers, artisans, nay, even clerks. The Empire was in as bad a condition as those foreign countries in which forced military service was established. Like France and Germany, trade was being ruined by the Army. Would not the young man desert, and become a recruit in the Labour League?

"My dear friend," was the reply, "I hope I am as patriotic as most people, but I cannot sacrifice my just interest entirely to sentiment. What can you give me in exchange for my present life? I have recreation-rooms, libraries, polytechnics, and every sort of amusement?"

"But also drill and discipline," urged the other.

"Which I am told by my medical attendant (whose services by the way are gratuitous), are excellent for my health. This being so, I can scarcely complain of those institutions. Then I have excellent pay and ample food. Now, I ask you frankly, can the advantages offered by Trade compare for a moment with the privileges, as a soldier, I now enjoy? Tell me frankly, shall I improve my position by giving up the Army?

And Mr. Ellersdee was compelled to answer in the negative!

THE DIARY OF AN OLD JOKE.

(*Posthumously Printed by kind Permission of Wit, Humour, & Co., Limited.*)

April 1.—My birthday; have no idea which. Old as the hills, but not quite so pointed; venerable, but broken down, and used up; not the Joke I used to be; once the rich darling of Society: but it (Society) didn't pay, so had to work hard for a living. *Tit Bits*, the *National Observer*, and the Chancery Judges, have impoverished me. Never mind—I'll be revenged—resolve to keep a Diary—"*weekly diary of a weakly*"—oh dear! my old infirmity again. Must really be more careful.

April 2.—In with the rest of them, for a (North-) Easter outing. Hacking, in the train, tried to palm me off upon Hornblower, who had actually the impudence to affect that he "*couldn't see me*"; as if I hadn't obviously made his reputation for years! The best of it is, that Hornblower is always airing me in public, and dropping me in private. Blow Hornblower!

April 3.—Out to dinner. What a hypocrite Society is! Everyone pretended never to have heard me before. I was allotted to Miss Hornblower (worse luck!), and she positively called me "Her own!"—at my age, too! It's indecent. Complained to Hornblower, who now faced round, and maintained that he was the first to bring me out. I could almost have cried. No wonder I fell flat, and injured myself. Why, Sir, Sydney Smith was my godfather, and was always trotting me out as a prodigy, and trading on me. I supported him, Sir, when I was but an infant phenomenon; I supported him—but I can't support Hornblower.

April 4.—Went to the theatre, as I was told I figured in the play; claimed a free pass to the Stalls from the box-office boy, who was rude; showed him my card; he looked scared, and said it was all right. The actors were full of me: very gratifying; but everybody laughed! Just like their cheek! There's nothing laughable, I should fancy, about anything so played out as *I're* become. Ugh! how I detest irreverence! Hornblower and Hacking have both written to the papers, maintaining that I belong to them, and that the theatre has no right to have me impersonated on the Stage; they term it "Thought Transference," "The Brain-Wave," or something outlandish; and to think that Hacking, who reviews Hornblower's effusions, once spoke of me as stale! They had better not try my patience too far, I can tell them.

April 5. — *Sunday*. Want change, and rest. Made for the O'Wilde's sanctum. Cabman took the change, and O'Wilde the rest. Have known all the celebrities of the century, but like O'W. the most. For one so young, he's truly affable; made me quite at home; promised to put me up—or in, I forget which; and then he uttered this remarkable "preface"—"Jokes are neither old nor young: they are simply mine or thine—that is all." Nevertheless, I'm sure to be in his bad books before long.

April 6.—"Horrible outrage—an Old Joke, in trouble again"—so run the newspaper placards—was collared forcibly by two masked ruffians in Grub Street, and dispatched post-haste to *Punch* office. *Mr. P.*, however, had known me from a boy, and was not to be imposed upon. He sent me back promptly, on Her Majesty's Service, warning me that, unless I went off, I should probably be knocked on the head. Dear Evergreen Policinello! but not so evergreen as all that. He knows my constitution won't stand these liberties. The desperadoes turn out to be Hornblower and Hacking, as I suspected. In defence they alleged I had *struck* them forcibly! *Mr. P.* vows he'll proceed against them for nuisance—interfering with Ancient Lights.

April 7.—Very weak, from effects of yesterday. The heart taken out of me. Consult my Doctor. To judge from the prints in his waiting-room, I'm popular enough still with his patients. Says I'm suffering from a bad attack of Printer's Devils, but can't make me younger; replied that my desire was to be older. He looked grave, and rejoined, "Impossible"; prescribed a course of Attic salts; as I came out, met Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He declares I don't look a day older than when he first knew me; but then, he's licensed to be sober on the premises! Ah, how I love the House of Commons!

April 8.—Worn to a skeleton; sinking fast, but I'll die hard. Make my will. Bequeath Autographs of Talleyrand and Joe Miller to Madame Tussaud's; everything else to be sold for the foundation of an Asylum for Old Jokes. A knock at the door. Heaven help me!—*two* Interviewers! "Come in," I said, with the conventional "cheery voice." Anticipated the worst, but worse than I anticipated. Hornblower and Hacking are brooding over me; assert they have been sent by the Lord Mayor. "Thought Transference" again! Well, I should have committed suicide, and now I can be released without crime. It won't last long. If I might suggest my obsequies, I should like to be cremated in Type. Hacking begs my blessing, and pretends to weep at hearing the last of me. Hope I shan't ever have to haunt Hornblower!

Editor's Postscript.—We have paid a pious visit to his last Jesting-place; on the urn is inscribed,—

Please to Forget the Ghost of the Same Old Joke.

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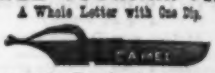

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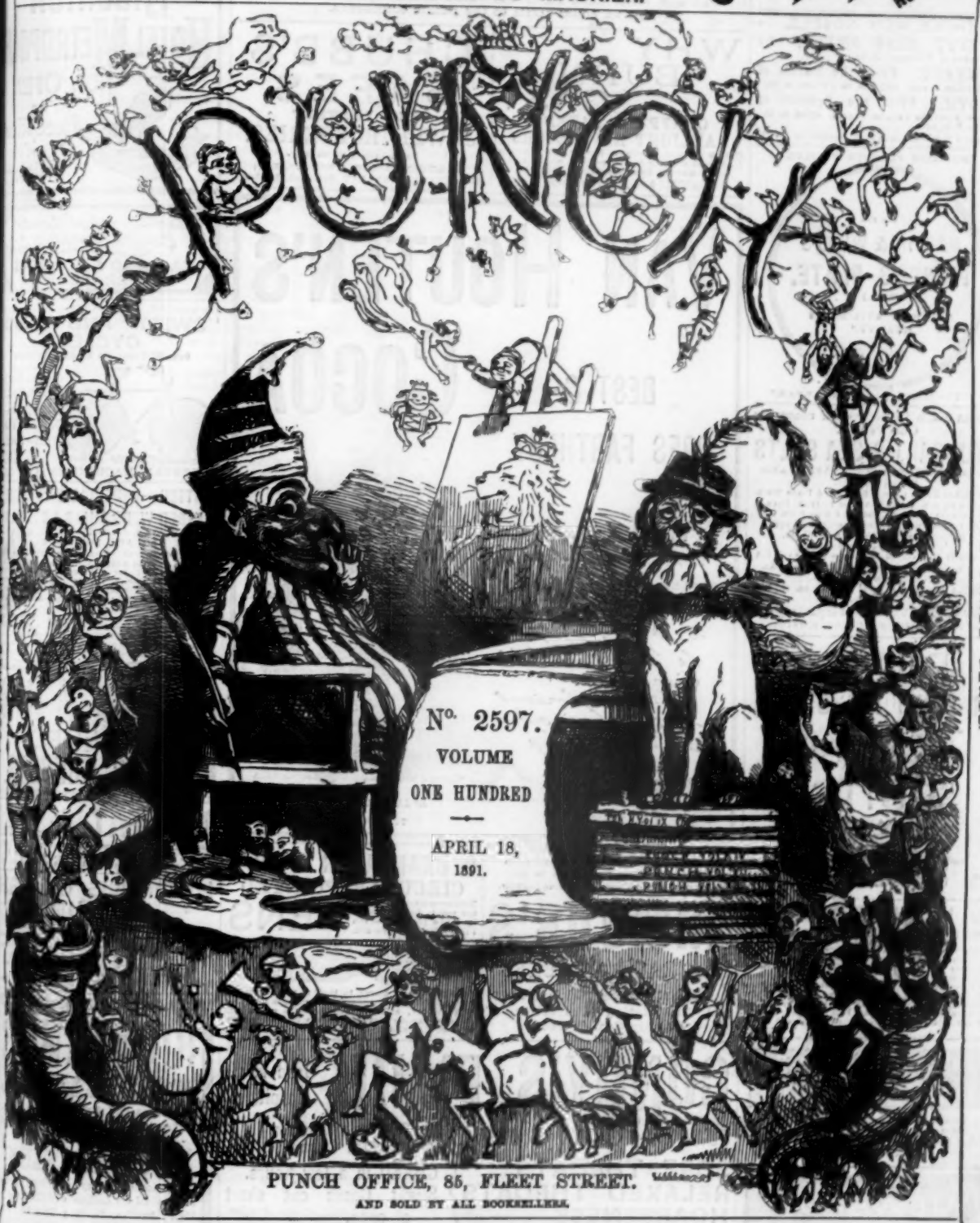

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LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

[CONTINUED.]

March 13.—Left Billsbury this morning by nine o'clock train, and came back to London. Brought with me the *Billsbury Standard*, and the *Billsbury Meteor* (the Radical paper.) Both have accounts of last night's meeting. Rather different, though.

Billsbury Standard.

The era of indecision is past. In another column we give a full account of the important meeting of the Council of the Conservative Association, which was held last night for the purpose of selecting a Conservative Candidate for Billsbury. The proceedings were enthusiastic and unanimous . . . Mr. Richard B. Pattle, the selected Conservative Candidate, is a young man of the highest promise. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, where he obtained honours in History, and represented his College in the Torpid races for eight-oared crews. Since then he has been called to the Bar, where he has already secured a lucrative practice . . . . His speech last night had the right ring about it. It was eloquent, practical, convincing, modest and decided, thoroughly in harmony with the best traditions of the Conservative party, and remarkable for the proof it afforded of the devotion of Conservatives at all times to the highest interests of the working classes. We have no hesitation in declaring, as Colonel Chorkle did last night, that with such a Candidate to oppose him, the fate of Sir Thomas Chubson may be considered as already decided. If only all Conservatives will put their shoulders to the wheel and work hard, the stigma under which Billsbury now labours will be swept away. A Mass Meeting of Conservative electors will be held on an early date to ratify the decision of the Council, and inaugurate the period of hard work throughout the constituency.

Billsbury Meteor.

Last night the Conservatives gave their annual performance of the good old farce entitled, *Choosing a Candidate; or, Who's got the Money-bags?* We are glad to be able to congratulate this distinguished body of amateurs on the modest success which attended their efforts. Most of the performers are well-known to the Billsbury public. Alderman Tolland, as the heavy father, provoked screams of laughter by the studied pomposity of his manner. His unctuous rendering of the catch-phrase, "Constitutional Progress," has lost none of its old force. Mr. Chorkle was, perhaps, not so successful as we have sometimes seen him in his representation of a real Colonel, but the scene in which he attacked and routed Lindley Murray, went extremely well. Mr. Jerram as a singing journalist, was admirable. We cannot help wondering why so remarkable an actor should confine himself to the provincial stage. We had almost forgotten to mention that the part of *The Candidate* was, on this occasion, assigned to a Mr. Richard Pattle, a complete novice, whose evident nervousness seriously imperilled the success of the piece. He had omitted to learn his part adequately, and the famous soliloquy, "The country has need of me," was painfully bungled. Mr. Pattle has few qualifications for the ambitious *rôle* he essayed, and his friends would be doing an act of true kindness if they insisted on his withdrawal from a profession for which he is in no way fitted. The performance will be repeated as usual next year.

I suppose the *Meteor* people think that witty. When I got home, an awful thing happened. Mother, of course, wanted to see the papers, so I gave her the *Standard*, with which she was much pleased. She said it was evident I had made a wonderful impression, and that the Billsbury Conservatives were particularly sensible people! But, by some mistake, I left the *Meteor* lying on the drawing-room table. It seems that, in the afternoon, that sharp-tongued old hag, Mrs. Spigot, called. She saw the *Meteor*, took it up, and said, "Dear me, is this something about your son?" Mother, thinking it was the *Standard*, said, "Oh yes—do read it, Mrs. Spigot; it's a wonderfully accurate account, Richard says;" and that old cat read it all through. She then smiled, and said, "Yes, very flattering indeed." After she had gone, mother took it up, and, to her horror, found what it was. She was furious. When I got home in the afternoon, I found her in a state of what Dr. Baker calls "extreme nervous excitement," with the *Meteor* lying in little scraps all over the drawing-room, just as if a paper-chase had been through there. She said, "Don't let me ever see that infamous paper again, Dick. The man who wrote it owes you some grudge, of course. Such a scoundrel ought to be denounced." I said I quite agreed with her. Later on, met Vulliamy at the Club. We spoke about Billsbury. He asked me, with a sort of chuckle, if I'd seen the *Star*, and advised me to have a look at it, as there was something about me in it. This is what I found in the column headed "Mainly About People":—

"Mr. Richard Pattle, who is to be the Conservative Candidate for Billsbury at the next election, is a young man of twenty-six. At Oxford he was generally called 'Podge Pattle' by his friends. He took a fourth class in History. His oratorical efforts at the Union were not very striking, but he rowed in his College Torpid, which was bumped four times.

"Mr. Pattle, as may be inferred from his nickname, is neither tall nor thin. He is a member of the Middle Temple, but his eloquence has not yet astonished the Courts of Law. His father died five years ago, leaving him a considerable fortune, part of which he proposes to waste in the hopeless attempt to turn out Sir Thomas Chubson."

Confound the people, I wish they'd mind their own business and leave me alone!

March 17.—Haven't been down to Billsbury again yet, but go the day after to-morrow to speak at a Mass Meeting of Conservative electors. However, I've had shoals of letters from the place—nearly all of them asking for subscriptions. The Five Bars Cricket Club, the Lilies Cricket Club, the Buffaloes Cricket Club, and the Blue Horse Cricket Club have all elected me a vice-president, and solicit the honour of my support. The Billsbury Free Dispensary is much in want of funds, and the Secretary points out that Sir Thomas Chubson has subscribed £5 regularly every year. The United Ironmongers' Friendly Society wishes me to be an Honorary Member. Chubson subscribes £2 2s. to them. The Billsbury Brass Band, and three Quoit Clubs (the game is much played there) have elected me a member. The Secretary of the former sent me a printed form, which I was to fill up, stating what instrument I meant to play, and binding myself to attend at least one Band practice every week. Three "cases of heartrending distress" have appealed to me, "knowing the goodness of my heart." I shall have to consult Tolland, or some one, about all this. I get the *Meteor* and the *Standard* every day. The former goes on chaffing. Don't think Jerram, in the *Standard*, writes as smartly as the other chaps. Must try to get him stirred up a bit. Just received letter from Tolland, saying he wants to talk to me before meeting about "matters connected with the Registration." More money, I suppose. Romeike, and all kinds of Press-Cutting Associations, keep on sending me that extract from the *Star*, till I'm fairly sick of it. They all want me to subscribe for Press-Cuttings. See them blowed first.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO!

SCENE—*The Central Criminal Court. The usual Company assembled, and the place wearing its customary aspect. "Standing room only" everywhere, except in the Jury Box, which is empty.* Prisoner *at the Bar.*

Judge. This is most annoying! Owing to the refusal of the Jury to serve, the time of the Bar, the Bench, and, I may even add, the prisoner, is wasted! I really don't know what to do! Mr. Twentyboy, I think you appear for the accused?

Counsel for the Defence. Yes, my Lord.

Judge (*with some hesitation*). Well, I do not for a moment presume to dictate to you, but it certainly would get us out of a serious difficulty if your client pleaded guilty. I suppose you have carefully considered his case, and think it advisable that he should not withdraw his plea?

Counsel for the Defence. No, my Lord, I certainly cannot advise him to throw up his defence. It is a serious—a deeply serious—matter for him. I do not anticipate any difficulty in establishing his innocence before an intelligent jury.

Judge. But we can't get a jury—intelligent or otherwise.

Counsel for the Defence. If no evidence is offered, my client should be discharged.

Counsel for the Prosecution. I beg pardon, but I must set my friend right. Evidence *is* offered in support of the charge, my Lord.

Judge. Yes; but there is no properly constituted body to receive and decide upon its credibility. I am glad that the Grand Jury (to whom I had the privilege of addressing a few observations upon our unfortunate position) have ignored a larger number of bills than usual; still the present case is before the Court, and I must dispose of it. Can you assist us in any way, Mr. Perplexbogh?

Counsel for the Prosecution (*smiling*). I am afraid not, my Lord.

Judge. Well, I suppose I have no alternative but to order the Prisoner to be taken back to——

Prisoner. To the place I was in last night? No, thankee!—not me! Look here, gemmen all, we knows one another, don't we? Well, just to oblige you—as Darmoor ain't 'alf bad in the summer, and as in course I *did* do it—I plead guilty!

Judge (*with a sigh of relief*). Prisoner at the Bar, we are infinitely beholden to you! [*Passes regulation sentence with grateful courtesy.*

THE INVECTIVE OF H-RC-RT.

(A Fragment in Hexameters, NOT by George Meredith.)

Heigh me! brazen of front, thou glutton for Ground Game, how can one,
Servant here to thy mandates heed thee among the Tories?
Surely thy mission is fudge, oh, Dawnay, Conservative Colonel!
I, Sir, hither I fared on account of the cant-armed Sportsmen,
Pledged to the combat; they unto me have in no wise a harm done,
Never have they, of a truth, come potting my Hares and my Rabbits,
Never in deep-soiled Hampshire, the nurser of heroes and H-rc-rts,
Ravaged; but if I found them among my trampled Carnations,
Hares or Rabbits, or gun-bearing Tories, by Jingo, I'd pot 'em!
O hugely shameless! Thee shall we follow to do an injustice
Unto the farmers, seeing the Hares a-munching their crops up?
I do not sit at the feet of the blatant Bordesley Gamaliel,
Or of the unregenerate Agricultural Minister.

Close time? Fudge! The Hares were *intended* at last to perish
Either by sounding gun or the gaping jaws of the greyhound.
Food for the people? Cant! The promotion of Sport is the purpose
Plain of this pestilent Bill, which neutralises the victory
Won, with much labour, by Me, my gift to the sons of the furrow.
Dawnay talks as though the Hare were a "domiciled animal."
Shows what a deal *he* knows of Hares—save the pleasure of killing 'em.
Shall I give the flourishing farmers up to this pillage?
Nay, sure mine were the hands did most in the storm of the combat,
Ay, and when peradventure we share the booty amongst us,
After the General Election, the Tories may find—but no matter-r-r!
Surely a time will come,—not a "close time" that for the Tories,—
I, being outraged, *then* will give them particular pepper!

HEARTHILY WELCOME.

1900 (*Somewhere about*).—Introduction into London of new Patent Smokeless Fuel, as experimentally exhibited in 1891 before the Prince of Wales and Empress Frederick in York Road, King's Cross. A few public-spirited householders insist on their cooks using it in the kitchen. Cooks of public-spirited householders unanimously give warning. No quotation of Fuel Company's shares on Stock Exchange.

1900 (*Later*).—Very reforming Parliament just returned. Use of new Fuel made compulsory. Fuel shares go up from a nominal 2*s.* 6*d.* a share to £437 6*s.* 8*d.* at a bound.

1901.—London already much cleaner. Only two fogs (white) in whole of last winter. Consequent intense surprise of old residents, cabmen, link-boys, porters, and pickpockets.

1902.—Retirement of several individuals, who declare they "liked the good old London fogs," to Black Country. Statue in Parian marble of inventor of new Fuel blocks erected on Thames Embankment.

1904.—Government buys up patent rights of Company, at ruinous sacrifice. A Minister of Chimneyculture appointed, with Cabinet rank. Blocks reduced in price, and sold at all Post Offices across the counter. Postal messengers, on receipt of telephonic orders, bring truckfuls to any address within ten minutes.

1905.—Green veils come into general use this summer, to keep off glare from white stone houses and other buildings in West-End of London. Several cases of partial loss of sight from extreme whiteness of dome of St. Paul's. Dean ordered (by County Council) to have dome lamp-blacked. Dean declines. Vote of thanks to him from resident staff of Ophthalmic Hospital.

1906.—Owing to surprising and overpowering health of inhabitants (caused by total absence of smoke and fogs), County Council establishes Gymnasia, Rowing Matches, and free public Pugilistic Contests, in order to work off surplus muscular energies of population.

1907.—Emigration of 2000 Doctors (who have no work to do) to one of General Booth's Colonies at South Pole. Show (in Temple Gardens) of delicate ferns and roses grown in atmosphere of Strand.

1908.—Strike of Whitewashers, Laundresses, and House Painters, against lack of employment. Go about singing, "Oh, call the Fog-Fiend back to us!" with refrain, "Oh, when the Fogs were here with us, Would we had used them more!"

1909.—Last surviving Chimney-sweeper, provided with a well-ventilated chamber at Madame Tussaud's. Special charge of sixpence for adults, threepence for children, made for privilege of seeing him.

1910.—Rest of inhabitants of England, as well as foreign invalids, flock to London because of noted purity and salubrity of its climate. Riviera deserted. London a little over-crowded, but very clean.

THREE ACRES AND AN EGG.

The following pleasing announcement appears in the advertisement columns of the *East of Fife Record*:—

WANTED, COTTAGERS and others to HATCH EGGS. Liberal Terms. Apply, &c.

We are glad to see the men of Fife thus taking the lead in creating new openings for the agricultural labourer. Of course the weather will have much influence upon the success of the new avocation. To sit out hatching eggs in one of such blizzards as we have had since Christmas would be exceedingly inconvenient, upon whatever "Liberal terms." But, given a fair summer day or a quiet autumn evening, there seems something quite idyllic in the picture of the agricultural labourer sitting out in his own Three Acres hatching eggs,—probably laid by the Cow.

OLD FRIENDS.

"Do you ever see Bobbie Bouncer now?"

"Oh dear no! He's *far* too great a Swell! If one pitches into anything he does, he cuts up Rough, if you please, and gives one the Cold Shoulder! Those very successful Fellows always do!"

"And Bill Jakes?"

"Poor old Stick-in-the-Mud! Had to drop him! Doocid sight too fond of telling one the Plain Truth about oneself, when one's not inclined for it, you know! Always the way with those Fellows who don't get on!"

THE FRIEND OF LABOUR.

How doth the provident M.P.
Improve each shining hour,
And in the "Labour Question" see
Hopes of return to power!
How skilfully he shapes his "sell,"
How neatly spreads his "fakes"!
On Labour's ear they sound right well,
The promises he makes.

Skilled Labour, Labour without skill,
He would have busy, too;
Nay, he would find some Labour still
For idle "hands" to do.
Yet, Labour, whatsoe'er he say,
To trust him be not fast;
Or you 'll discover, some fine day,
He 'll diddle you at last!

Queer Queries.—Combustibles.—I have five hundred barrels of Kerosene Oil, and three hundred of Paraffin, stored in a large room in the basement of my premises. Upstairs, on the top floor, there are about two hundred assistants at work. I now want to use part of the same room for the manufacture of fireworks. The place I don't think is too dark, as I have it constantly lighted by naked gas-jets. Would there be any need to take out a licence? The surrounding property, although very crowded, is only of a poor description.—Insured.

MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. II.—NORA; OR, THE BIRD-CAGE (ET DIKKISVÖIT).

Act III.

The same Room—except that the sofa has been slightly moved, and one of the Japanese cotton-wool frogs has fallen into the fire-place. Mrs. Linden *sits and reads a book—but without understanding a single line.*

Mrs. Linden (laying down book, as a light tread is heard outside). Here he is at last! (Krogstad *comes in, and stands in the doorway.*) Mr. Krogstad, I have given you a secret *rendezvous* in this room, because it belongs to my employer, Mr. Helmer, who has lately discharged you. The etiquette of Norway permits these slight freedoms on the part of a female Cashier.

Krogs. It does. Are we alone? (Nora *is heard overhead dancing the Tarantella.*) Yes, I hear Mrs. Helmer's fairy footfall above. She dances the Tarantella now—by-and-by she will dance to another tune! (*Changing his tone.*) I don't exactly know why you should wish to have this interview—after jilting me as you did, long ago, though?

Mrs. L. Don't you? *I* do. I am a widow—a Norwegian widow. And it has occurred to me that there may be a nobler side to your nature somewhere—though you have not precisely the best of reputations.

Krogs. Right. I am a forger, and a money-lender; I am on the staff of the Norwegian *Punch*—a most scurrilous paper. More, I have been blackmailing Mrs. Helmer by trading on her fears like a low cowardly cur. But, in spite of all that—(*clasping his hands*)—there are the makings of a fine man about me *yet*, Christina!

Mrs. L. I believe you—at least, I'll chance it. I want some one to care for, and I'll marry you.

Krogs. (suspiciously). On condition, I suppose, that I suppress the letter denouncing Mrs. Helmer?

Mrs. L. How can you think so? I am her dearest friend; but I can still see her faults, and it is my firm opinion that a sharp lesson will do her all the good in the world. She is *much* too comfortable. So leave the letter in the box, and come home with me.

Krogs. I am wildly happy! Engaged to the female Cashier of the Manager who has discharged me, our future is bright and secure!

[*He goes out; and* Mrs. Linden *sets the furniture straight; presently a noise is heard outside, and* Helmer *enters, dragging* Nora *in. She is in fancy dress, and he in an open black domino.*

Nora. I shan't! It's too early to come away from such a nice party. I *won't* go to bed! [*She whimpers.*

Helmer (tenderly). There'sh a naughty lil' larkie for you, Mrs. Linden! Positively had to drag her 'way! She'sh a capricious lil' girl—from Capri. 'Scuse me!—'fraid I've been and made a pun. Shan' 'our again! Shplendid champagne the Consul gave us—'counts for it! (*Sits down, smiling.*) Do you *knit*, Mrs. Cotton? . . . You shouldn't. Never knit. 'Broider. (*Nodding to her, solemnly.*) 'Member that. Alwaysh 'broider. More—(*hiccoughing*)—Oriental! Gobblesh you!—goo'ni!

Mrs. Linden. I only came in to—to see Nora's costume. Now I've seen it, I'll go. [*Goes out.*

Helmer. Awful bore that woman—hate boresh! (*Looks at* Nora, *then comes nearer.*) Oh, you prillil squillikins, I *do* love you so! Shomehow, I feel sho lively thishevenin'!

Nora (goes to other side of table). I won't *have* all that, Torvald!

Helmer. Why? ain't you my lil' lark—ain't thish our lil' cage? Ver-*well*, then. (*A ring.*) Rank! confound it all! (*Enter* Dr. Rank.) Rank, dear old boy, you've been (*hiccoughs*) going it upstairs. Cap'tal champagne, eh? '*Shamed* of you, Rank!

[*He sits down on sofa, and closes his eyes gently.*

Rank. Did you notice it? (*with pride*). It was almost incredible the amount I contrived to put away. But I shall suffer for it to-morrow (*gloomily*). Heredity again! I wish I was dead! I do.

Nora. Don't apologise. Torvald was just as bad; but he is always so good-tempered after champagne.

Rank. Ah, well, I just looked in to say that I haven't long to live. Don't weep for me, Mrs. Helmer, it's chronic—and hereditary too. Here are my P.P.C. cards. I'm a fading flower. Can you oblige me with a cigar?

Nora (with a suppressed smile). Certainly. Let me give you a light?

[Rank *lights his cigar, after several ineffectual attempts, and goes out.*

Helmer (compassionately). Poo' old Rank—he'sh very bad to-ni'! (*Pulls himself together.*) But I forgot—Bishness—I mean, bu-si-ness—mush be'tended to. I'll go and see if there are any letters. (*Goes to box.*) Hallo! someone's been at the lock with a hairpin—it's one of *your* hairpins! [*Holding it out to her.*

Nora (quickly). Not mine—one of Bob's, or Ivar's—they both wear hairpins!

Helmer (turning over letters absently). You must break them of it—bad habit! What a lot o' letters! *double* usual quantity. (*Opens* Krogstad's.) By Jove! (*Reads it and falls back completely sobered.*) What have you got to say to *this*?

Nora (crying aloud). You shan't save me—let me go! I *won't* be saved!

Helmer. Save *you*, indeed! Who's going to save *Me*? You miserable little criminal. (*Annoyed.*) Ugh—ugh!

Nora (with hardening expression). Indeed, Torvald, your singing-bird acted for the best!

"Oh, you prillil squillikins!"

Helmer. Singing-bird! Your father was a rook—and you take *after* him. Heredity again! You have utterly destroyed my happiness. (*Walks round several times.*) Just as I was beginning to get on, too!

Nora. I have—but I will go away and jump into the water.

Helmer. What good will *that* do me? People will say *I* had a hand in this business (*bitterly*). If you *must* forge, you might at least put your dates in correctly! But you never *had* any principle! (*A ring.*) The front-door bell! (*A fat letter is seen to fall into the box; Helmer takes it, opens it, sees enclosure, and embraces* Nora.) Krogstad won't split. See, he returns the forged I.O.U.! Oh, my poor little lark, *what* you must have gone through! Come under my wing, my little scared song-bird . . . . Eh? you *won't*! Why, what's the matter *now*?

Nora (with cold calm). I have wings of my own, thank you, Torvald, and I mean to use them!

Helmer. What—leave your pretty cage, and (*pathetically*) the old cock bird, and the poor little innocent eggs!

Nora. Exactly. Sit down, and we will talk it over first. (*Slowly.*) Has it ever struck you that this is the first time you and I have ever talked seriously together about serious things?

Helmer. Come, I do like that! How on earth could we talk about serious things when your mouth was always full of macaroons?

Nora (shakes her head). Ah, Torvald, the mouth of a mother of a family should have more solemn things in it than macaroons! I see that now, too late. No, you have wronged me. So did Papa. Both of you called me a doll, and a squirrel, and a lark! You might have made something of me—and instead of that, you went and made too much of me—oh, you *did!*

Helmer. Well, you didn't seem to object to it, and really I don't exactly see what it is you *do* want!

Nora. No more do I—that is what I have got to find out. If I had been properly educated, I should have known better than to date poor Papa's signature three days after he died. Now I must educate *myself*. I have to gain experience, and get clear about religion, and law, and things, and whether Society is right or I am—and I must go away and never come back any more till I *am* educated!

Helmer. Then you may be away some little time? And what's to become of me and the eggs meanwhile?

Nora. That, Torvald, is entirely your own affair. I have a higher duty than that towards you and the eggs. (*Looking solemnly upward.*) I mean my duty towards Myself!

Helmer. And all this because—in a momentary annoyance at finding myself in the power of a discharged Cashier who calls me "I say Torvald," I expressed myself with ultra-Gilbertian frankness! You talk like a silly child!

Nora. Because my eyes are opened, and I see my position with the eyes of Ibsen. I must go away at once, and begin to educate myself.

Helmer. May I ask how you are going to set about it?

Nora. Certainly. I shall begin—yes, I shall *begin* with a course of the Norwegian theatres. If *that* doesn't take the frivolity out of me, I don't really know what *will!*

[*She gets her bonnet and ties it tightly.*

Helmer. Then you are really going? And you'll never think about me and the eggs any more! Oh, Nora!

Nora. Indeed, I shall, occasionally—as strangers.

(*She puts on a shawl sadly, and fetches her dressing-bag.*) If I ever do come back, the greatest miracle of all will have to happen. Good-bye! [*She goes out through the hall; the front-door is heard to bang loudly.*

Helmer (*sinking on a chair*). The room empty? Then she *must* be gone! Yes, my little lark has flown! (*The dull sound of an unkilled latchkey is heard trying the lock; presently the door opens, and Nora, with a somewhat foolish expression, reappears.*) What? back already! Then you *are* educated?

Nora (*puts down dressing-bag*). No, Torvald, not yet. Only, you see, I found I had only threepence-halfpenny in my purse, and the Norwegian theatres are all closed at this hour—and so I thought I wouldn't leave the cage till to-morrow—after breakfast.

Helmer (*as if to himself*). The greatest miracle of all *has* happened. My little bird is not in the bush *just* yet!

[Nora *takes down a showily bound dictionary from the shelf and begins her education;* Helmer *fetches a bag of macaroons, sits near her, and tenders one humbly. A pause.* Nora *repulses it, proudly. He offers it again. She snatches at it suddenly, still without looking at him, and nibbles it thoughtfully as Curtain falls.*

The End (*with Mr. Punch's apologies to the Master*).

MODERN TYPES.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.*)

No. XXIV.—THE GIVER OF PARTIES.

It may be that "Party," in the sense of a hospitable entertainment, is an obsolete word, and that those who speak of "giving a party" prove themselves, by the mere expression, to be fogeys whom the rushing stream of London amusements has long since thrown up on the sandy bank of middle age, there to grow dull and forget that their legs were ever apt for the waltz, or their digestions able to cope with lobster mayonnaise at 2 A.M. Yet, though he who thus speaks may not be as smart as a swell, or as much up to date as a church-parade-goer, the expression will serve, for it indicates comprehensively enough every variety of entertainment known to the London Season—the dance, the dinner, the reception, the music at home, the tea-party, and the theatre-party, for all these in her benevolence does the Giver of Parties offer to us, and all these does she find the world of London eager to accept. Now it would seem, one would imagine, to be the easiest thing in the world, if only the money be not wanting, to give a party. A hostess, so someone may say, has but to invite her friends, to light her rooms, to spread her tables, to set the champagne flowing, to order an awning, and to hire music and a linkman, and the thing is done. The result of all this will no doubt be a party—of a sort, but of a sort far different, however gorgeous it may be, from the splendid and widely-advertised gatherings which the genuine Giver of Parties organises. For in the one variety it is just possible that enjoyment may be one of the main objects sought and attained; in the latter it is certain that enjoyment, though it is not always absent, must yield the precedence to social success and promotion in the scale of Society. These are the objects that the Giver of Parties, as it is proposed to describe her, has at heart, and to their attainment she devotes herself with a persistent and all-embracing energy which no disappointment is capable of daunting. The envy of her friends, the smiles and the presence of Royalty, may be hers, but there is always some loftier height to which she must climb before she can say to herself, "*J'y suis, j'y reste,*" and be thankful.

Her life has known many changes. Her parents were county people of good descent and position, but of a reduced income, for which they apparently sought compensation in an increasing family, mostly daughters. It was necessary that she should marry young, and she submitted to necessity by accepting the proposal of a man some ten years her senior, who had already come to be favourably spoken off for the success of his commercial ventures. It is needless to add that all her relations took good care to impress upon her mind the fact that the alliance was an honour to her husband, whose wealth, even though it might in time rival that of the Rothschilds, could never make him fit to be mentioned in the same breath with one who numbered among her remoter ancestors a Baron, who had fought and bled on many fields for King Charles the First. However, the marriage took place in spite of the inequality of rank, and the much-honoured husband bore his wife with him to London, where for a time the modest comfort of a house in distant Bayswater satisfied them. Business prospered, and money came pouring in. The wife, who, it must be said, had undeniable beauty, excellent manners, and the trick of intuitively adapting herself to any society, was taken up by a great lady who happened to see her holding a stall at a large bazaar in which the fashionable world took some interest. Acting upon the great lady's suggestion, she was photographed in the becoming Tyrolese peasant's costume which she wore as a stall-holder, and the photograph was in some mysterious way engraved in all the illustrated papers of the following week. Her name was enshrined in paragraphs, she was observed in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, she was introduced to a Royal personage who was pleased to confer upon her the distinction of his smiles, and to mention her to the select circle of his intimates as "a very pretty, pleasant little woman." And thus she was started upon the thorny path of ambitious pleasure.

It is well known that the sacred fire of fashion burns—or is supposed to burn—in Belgravia alone. Its warmth drew her irresistibly. Bayswater became too cold to hold her, and early in the following year it was announced that a large house in the purlieus of Grosvenor Square had been purchased by her husband. However, she was content to climb by degrees, and, in her first season of social brilliancy, she restricted herself to a small and early dance, and a musical evening. At the dance, universal admiration was excited by the lavish profusion of the flowers with which her staircase was adorned, by the excellent quality of the champagne, and the inexhaustible supply of oysters. At the musical evening the music was as admirably rendered as it was completely neglected. And at both parties only those people were present as to whose social status and absolute "rightness" there could be no question. Indeed the dancer, whose foot had been trodden upon at the former, might console herself with the thought that none but a noble boot had caused her pain; while at the latter the sounds of heavy breathing, which mingled inharmoniously with Mlle. Falsetti's *bravura* were forgiven, in consideration of the exalted rank of their producer. Her success seemed now to be assured, and even the muttered discontent of a neglected husband, who was foolish enough to prefer comfort to smartness, began to subside. In the following year her entertainments became even more splendid, and less comfortable. She took a house at Ascot, and, triumph of triumphs! a scion of Royalty deigned to accept her hospitality.

After this, one would have supposed that she might have reposed for a space. But the penalty of social life is its never-ending necessity for movement. Jealous rivals abound to dispute a hardly-won supremacy, and the least sign of faltering may involve extinction. Yet it must be said that she is kind to her own, even when she is most brilliant. She brings out a daughter to be the delight of young Guardsmen, and marries her to a widowed Peer; she furbishes up forgotten relations, and allows them to shine in the rays of her glory; she is charitable, after the manner of fancy fairs, and the hospitality of her house becomes proverbial. But, in the midst of all the bustle, the confusion, and the rattling turmoil of her career, she sometimes sighs for the undistinguished ease of her life in the pre-Royal days, sighs, and returns with fresh vigour to the struggle.

And so the pleasureless days of the pleasure-seeker follow one another, each with its particular legacy of little strivings, until, at the last, consolation may come from the thought that there is at least one place where there are many mansions, but no social ambitions.

New Prayer-Book Revision.—Several alterations will now have to be made in the marriage service. If it be permissible for the bride to omit her promise "to obey," as is reported to have been the case at a wedding last week, why should any undertaking "to love," "to honour," "to cherish," and so forth remain in the text? With all this left out, a marriage, which, of course, will no longer be an ecclesiastical rite, will hardly be a very civil ceremony. In course of time all the promises will be made either explicitly or implicitly conditional, the only question being what is the least possible obligation that can be incurred by both contracting parties at the smallest possible expense.

FIN DE SIÈCLE CHILDREN.

He. "I say, Hilda. I *should* so like to give you a Kiss!" *She* (*who will pick up such strange expressions from the Boys*). "Would you, indeed? 'I like your Cheek'!" *He.* "I'm sure I should like *Yours!*"

NOT CAUGHT YET!

The Boy and the Bird! And the Bird looks so old;—
Scarce the species of fowl to be easily "sold,"—
And the Boy is so young! It seems almost absurd
To suppose that that pinch is to capture that Bird!

An old form of chase, if the legends run right;
Like that, much akin, of the wild goose in flight.
But salt, just like chaff and the plainly spread net,
Was never regarded as promising yet.

But now? Well, the Birds of the age, like its Boys,
Its Wives, and its Weather, its Tastes and its Toys,
Have suffered a change, not a sea-change, but one
Which floors half the maxims, and spoils half the fun.

Simple Simon? Well, that's not as clear as it looks.
The typical noodles of nursery books
Were podgy and chubby, or lanky and pale,
And—they tried to drop salt on poor dicky-bird's tail!

A fat boy in tight breeks with a palpable bait
May look a great fool; but I guess we must wait,—
Before we bemock him as crass and absurd,—
To see—what effect it will have on the Bird!

The trial's well timed, and the bait looks "not bad;"
The Boy *may* "know his book," though he's only a lad.
Birds sometimes fall victims to Boys on the prowl,
And the Voter Bird is *not* the wariest fowl.

The Voter Bird shortly must show what he's worth.
He may be the stupidest dicky on earth,
Predestinate victim to salt-pinch or net;
But then he may *not*,—and he is "not caught *yet!*"

An Autocrat's Aspiration.—Pan-Slavism for Holy Russia, and Pan-Slav(e)ism for the rest of Europe.

LAND AND BRAIN.

(*A Page from a Vade Mecum for Political Economists.*)

Question. Can you tell me how long an Author has a right to the profits arising out of his literary labours?

Answer. Forty-two years, or the term of his natural life plus seven years further, whichever may be the longer.

Q. And should Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill, which has been read a First Time in the House of Peers, become law, will not this right be extended to thirty years after the death of the Author?

A. It will, to his great advantage. The same measure contains other valuable provisions to secure to the Author the just profit of his brain-work.

Q. But will not these advantages be purchased at the price of a loss to the general good?

A. Very likely—the community will suffer for the benefit of the individual.

Q. In like manner a Patentee, who invents a most useful article, enjoys (for a consideration) a monopoly of its sale, does he not?

A. For fourteen years. This enables him to recoup himself for the thought and labour he has employed in the most useful article's construction.

Q. If Author and Inventor were allowed an absolute monopoly of the profits arising out of their brain-work, it would be immoral?

A. No doubt, as the individuals would benefit at the cost of the community.

Q. Why should a butterman, then, have an absolute right in the sale of his butter?

A. Because butter is butter, and brains are merely brains.

Q. And would it not be for the benefit of the community if the landowner of a freehold were deprived of his rights after a term of years, and his holding be given to the public?

A. Oh dear, no! Land, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "is quite another story!"

Counsel's Motto (*objected to in the Committee Rooms*).—"Absence makes the fees grow stronger."

NOT CAUGHT YET!

Master London-County-Council. "If I can only get near enough!!!"

NOT CAUGHT YET!

Master London-County-Council. "IF I CAN ONLY GET NEAR ENOUGH!!!"

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OPERATIC NOTES.

The first night of the Mixed Italian Opera Season, 1891. We open with Glück's *Orfeo*, and, in a strong opera-glass, we drink to Drurriolanus Operaticus, and say, "Here's G-luck t' you!" Nothing can begin the season better than the appearance of Giulia and Sofia Ravogli—specially Giulia—"There's something 'bout Giulia So werry peculia'"—(*Old Song*)—in this short Opera, that is to say, an Opera which should be short were it not for the "waits" between the Scenes and Acts, which, as it is in the nature of weights to do, must always make even the lightest Opera seem heavy. Mlle. Giulia sang and acted perfectly. Her rendering of the last song was most pathetic. This delicious melody the audience would have had over and over again, not in merry mood, for we are never merry in the hearing of such sweet music, but in appreciative sympathy with the woes of *Orpheus* so sweetly expressed. The lines in *Bombastes* rise in my memory:—

"Oh, I mustn't Catch the Speaker's Eye!"

"So Orpheus sang of old, or poets lie,
And——"

On consideration, however, I will *not* quote the remainder, but will say simply that we were all charmed. Welcome, at the commencement of another season, to Mlle. Bauermeister, appearing as *Cupid*. To-morrow she will be *Dame Marta!* Wonderful! "Time cannot stale her infinite variety." How is it, O *première danseuse*, my pretty pretty Polly Hop-kino Palladino, Principal Shade among all these Happy but Shady characters, that thou didst not choose a classic dance in keeping with the character of the music and of the ideal—I distinctly emphasise "*ideal*"—surroundings? What oughtest thou to represent in the Elysian Fields? A Salvationised "Dancing Girl," without bonnet and tambourine? Nay, not so; but rather the very spirit of classic grace and elegance, moving rhythmically to melodious measure. In such a Scene as this ought to be, we want as much idealism as your graceful art can lend, otherwise we are only among our old friends, "the ladies and gentlemen of the Chorus"—bless em!—representing most substantially the "Shades of the Blessed," who appear to be Shades of every colour. Giulia Ravogli, however, kept us entranced in the ancient classic land where once we used to wander. "*Vive Lemprière!*"

Talking about Marguerite behind her Back; or, "'Tails' out of School."

Second Night.—*Faust*, with a new *Marguerite*. Gay dog, *Faust*. How many *Marguerites* have there been even in my time! Same old story. *Faust* not a whit improved by experience—going on just the same as ever. His new *Marguerite* does credit to his choice, for Mlle. Eames—(isn't she Miss Eames, and neither Mademoiselle nor Signora? And doesn't she hail from Columbia?—but no matter)—is a sweet-looking *Marguerite*, with a voice as true as is her heart to *Faust*. A genuine *Gretchen*, simple not brilliant. Brilliancy she leaves to property diamonds, but awakes enthusiasm, by her judicious acting over the inert body of *Valentine*, when she attempts no sudden Colwell-Hatchney shriek, always so perilous. Signor Perotti looked as *Faust* might have done, had he been elected an Alderman of the City of London and acted up to the character. If Drurriolanus had lent him his Sheriff's chain to wear, Signor Perotti would have been perfect, that is from this point of view. M. Maurel excellent as *Mephisto* in a new suit of clothes. He appears now as "The Gentleman in Grey"—rather suggestive of his having become a Volunteer, and a member, of course, of "the Devil's Own." Imagine *Mephistopheles* re-dressed at last! On both nights Signor Mancinelli, the Conductor, seemed pleased, and that's something.

Great feature in Covent Garden this year is the decoration of the Pit-tier Lobby. Drurriolanus, feeling happy at the Opera prospects, and rejoicing in a full subscription, said to the Committee, "Gentlemen, let's have 'glasses round'!" Some officious person, hearing this, mistook the meaning of the great Chief, and straightway ran off and ordered *looking-glasses all round for the Lobby!* Grand effect! brilliant! dazzling!—too much so, in fact; several glasses too much. So, after a couple of nights' reflection, when the *habitués* came on Thursday, behold, two or three of the aristocratic mirrors or Peer-glasses had disappeared, the hat-pegs of former times had been restored, the wounded susceptibilities of the Stall-keepers whose occupation was partly gone, were healed, and where gloom was spreading, wreathed smiles once more prevailed. Even now these Opera-glasses are rather too powerful. Still, "let us see ourselves as others see us," is a good practical motto for the loiterer in the lobby, as he catches sight of himself, *en passant*, and wonders who that chap is, whose face he has seen somewhere before, but whose name he can't for the life of him recollect.

The New Faust, a mixture of Henry the Eighth and Colonel N—th.

Thursday.—*Carmen.* Disappointed with Julia Ravogli in this, though there are some fine bits of acting in it. Didn't care much about Sister Sofia as *Mickie the Maiden*. M. Lubert's *Don José* good but not great; and M. Celli, who, in default of M. Devoyod's not being able to appear, took the part of *Escamillo*, was great, but not very good. He was, however, well supported by Signor Randegger and the Orchestra, and considering the difficulties he had to struggle with, including an apology in the bills, he came out of it safely.

Saturday.—Re-appearance of the great De Reszke Brothers, John and Ned (what's John without an 'ed?) in *Lohengrin*. Admirable. Julia Ravogli excellent as *Ortruda*, and M. Maurel equally so as *Freddy*. But why did he "feather his skull," like the Jolly Young Waterman, in so remarkable a style? However, his *Freddy* is a feather in his cap with which he ought to be satisfied. Miss Eames as *Elsa* even better than as *Marguerite*. Crammed house. "Friends in front" more than satisfied. Good start.

SONGS OF THE UN-SENTIMENTALIST.

The Early Green Pea.

Oh, the early green pea! the early green pea!
Is the dish of all dishes to set before me!
You may tell me of salmon caught fresh from the Tay,
The beauties of plump white spring chicken display,
The strawberry ripened three months before date—
All these and much else you may set on my plate!
But of them, no not one, stirs such rapture in me
As the sweet, mellow taste of the Early Green Pea!

Oh, the early green pea, the pea of my taste,
Must be gently assisted, not forced in hot haste,
Lest the flavour it yield prove delusive and flat,
In no way suggesting the young Marrowfat!
But if it do this, oh what more could I wish,
Than to see a young duckling form part of the dish!
So with such a banquet spread out before me,
Can you ask why I worship the Early Green Pea!

In Memoriam.—As a tribute expressive of the high estimation in which the late Mr. P. T. Barnum was held in England, why not endow a "Barnum Exhibition" at one of the Colleges of either University? We have "Smith's Prizeman," why not "Barnum Exhibitioner"?

"The Prodigy Son."—The three-act pantomime play at the Prince of Wales's has "caught on," as we predicted it would. Manager Sender thinks of temporarily adopting as his motto for this theatre, "Speech is silvern, silence is golden."

THE RAIKES' PROGRESS.

SWORD VERSUS LANCET!

(An incident in the next War.)

"Now," said the Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief, as he stood before his men; "I have the greatest confidence in your skill. There is not one of you present who cannot perform an operation as successfully as myself;" here there was a murmur of polite denial in the ranks. "Nay, it is no flattery—I mean it. These are my last instructions. We are few, the enemy are many. We are not only soldiers but medical men. And as medical men it is our business to cure the wounds that we inflict in our more strictly military capacity."

Again there was a murmur—this time of cordial approval.

"Well, Gentlemen, as we have been taught in our drill, what the first rank breaks, the rear rank must bandage up. This would be all very well if our numbers were told by thousands, or even hundreds, instead of tens. But to-day we must use the bayonet rather than the lancet, the bullet in preference to the pill." Stealthy applause followed this observation. "But be careful. Common humanity calls upon us to do as little damage as possible. You know your anatomy sufficiently well to avoid inflicting a wound upon a vital part, and can so arrange that your blows shall incapacitate rather than functionally derange. And now, my friends, put your instrument-boxes and pharmacopœias in your haversacks, and draw your swords. All ready? Yes! Then, 'Up, Guards, and at them!'"

With a wild cheer the Royal Regiment of Physicians and Surgeons (which had recently been admitted into the Service on the footing of the Royal Engineers) rushed forward. It was a beautiful sight to see them performing the most delicate operations in the kindest manner imaginable. The enemy trembled, wavered, and fled. In a moment the Royal Regiment had put up their swords and taken out their medical appliances. Their military duties done, and they were doctors once again, ready to help those who demanded their semi-civilian services. They had scarcely been engaged in this manner ten minutes when the Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief cantered up to them. "Men," he cried, "drop your surgical instruments, and draw your swords. The enemy are again upon us! We must take their fort!"

In a moment the Royal Regiment was on the march. On their way, some of their comrades, wounded by the foe (in a bungling fashion), appealed to them for succour.

"Very sorry," replied the Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief, in a tone of commiseration; "very sorry indeed, but we can't attend to you. At this moment we are acting in our strictly military capacity!" And the Royal Regiment of Physicians and Surgeons, full of enthusiasm (but in rather loose formation) continued their march to the fort.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Tourmalin's Time Cheques, drawn on the bank of eccentric imagination by Anstey-Guthrie, is well worthy of the author of *Vice Versâ*. The construction of the story is as artful as it is artistic, but the Baron cannot give his reason for this opinion without jeopardising the reader's pleasure. Still the Baron feels pretty certain that when the much-amused and greatly-chuckling but diligent and conscientious peruser of this light-hearted romance arrives at the last few pages, he will frown, rub his eyes, refer back to the very commencement of the story,—and then? Will he bless Anstey and blow Guthrie, or bless Guthrie and blow Anstey, or will he, being more tickled than ever, rush off to recommend it at once to his best friends, anticipating renewed delight from their pleasure and perplexity? The Baron wishes that Anstey and Guthrie had settled between them to call it *Tourmalin's Time Bargains;* but it is very likely that if Anstey suggested it, Guthrie rejected it, or, if the Baron may be permitted to say so without infringement of copyright, "*vice versâ*." It is a great satisfaction to know that unlike the Erckmann-Chatrian collaboration, the Anstey-Guthrie partnership cannot be dissolved. Jekyl-and-Hyde can cease to be, and Jekyl may alone survive; but the Baron rejoices in the fact of the mysterious bond between Anstey and Guthrie being indissoluble. Read *Tourmalin's Time Cheques*, and remember the prognostications of

Night Mare.

The Baron de Book-Worms.

A SWEEPING REFORM.

Crossing Sweeper. "Wot's th's here! Wot! do away with the 'Clean-your-Door-step' Hamatoor, and make it a paid Purfession!! Why, s'help me, they'll be doin' away with me and my Broom nex', and p'raps 'ave the Crossin's swep' by Mashenery! Yah!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 6.—School reopened after Easter Holidays. Old Morality duly in his place, but not many of the boys. Civil Service Estimates on; Plunket in charge on Ministerial side; Sage of Queen Anne's Gate Leader of Opposition. Hammered away all night on old familiar lines. Ghosts of old acquaintances feebly crossed floor, disappearing behind Speaker's chair. Kensington Palace, with its cost; Bushey House; Cambridge Cottage; admission to Holyrood Palace; the deer in Home Park at Hampton Court; the pheasants in Richmond Park; the frescoes in House of Lords; the Grille of the Ladies' Gallery; the British Consular House at Cairo—each came up in turn; talked about; protested against; explained; divided upon, and voted. Plunket left to himself on Treasury Bench; bore up with unflagging energy and perennial patience; has heard same points raised every year since he was First Commissioner; has made same replies, and has seen Votes passed. Long before he was in office same thing used to go on with other First Commissioners. That was before the Sage had taken to politics. Good old Rylands—"Preposterous Peter"—was then the Grand Inquisitor. But it was the same deer, the same gas-bills, the same question of free residence for "that eminent warrior," as the Sage to-night called him, the Dook of Cambridge.

Oddly enough, almost only flash of humour through long sitting came from George Campbell. Gave graphic description of his hanging about Holyrood Palace hankering after admission. According to existing regulation, admission to be gained only after bang goes two sixpences. For sixteen years Sir George ever lured to vicinity; sometimes casually entered doorway, proposing to loiter past ticket-collector; stopped by demand of a shilling, had resisted temptation. That was sad, but what he felt most acutely was injury done to his nation. Americans visiting Edinburgh on their way to Paris went to Holyrood: charged a shilling. "Ha! ha!" they cried, "see these stingy Scotchmen. They charge a shilling before they throw open their one Palace door, whilst in England you may roam through the Palaces free of charge."

"Sir," cried Sir George, his voice under generous excitement of the moment taking on rasping tone, "the arrangement is prejudicial to the reputation of Scotchmen."

"This," said the Sage, "will, I think, be an opportunity of going out for another cigarette."

Business done.—Handsful of Votes in Supply.

"Another cigarette."

Tuesday.—Napoleon B. Bolton strolled down to House to-night, intending to hear what Tomlinson had to say on Emigration arrangements. In family circle it has always been considered that, as far as personal resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte goes, the late Prince Jerome wasn't in it with the Member for St. Pancras. Bolton blushingly pooh-poohs the fond little fancy; but he is of kindly disposition; not inclined to insist on his opinion in controversy to other people's. Indeed, has gone so far as to furnish himself with fancy dress, fashioned on the style of that worn by the great Napoleon on State occasions. To-night, been at a children's party, showing himself in his uniform. Am told that, when he folds his arms, throws back his head, and recites, "On Linden, when the sun was low," you would think the Great Emperor had come back from St. Helena.

Intended to-night to create sensation in House. Doubted whether, as he was not about to move the Address, he would be permitted to enter with sword by his side. But he would be free of the smoke-room; might posture in the Lobby; might read an evening paper in the tea-room, whilst others enviously glanced at his epaulettes.

Here he was at ten minutes past nine standing in his favourite attitude at the Bar, no one having challenged his entrance. Fact is, House was up; not Counted Out, but having duly gone through the Orders and passed the Second Reading of an important measure. Such a day the Government had had! At Morning Sitting had ramped through the Orders, advancing Bill after Bill through critical stages. House nearly empty; Opposition effaced; Irish Members all absent except Brer Rabbit, who wanders about looking for Brer Fox. The only note of discord sounded in voice of George Campbell. Report of Supply reached at a quarter to seven. At ten minutes to seven, in accordance with Rule ordering Morning Sitting, Debate must stop. One or two questions asked; quickly answered by Plunkett; Vote after Vote agreed to on report stage. Then Campbell gets up and wants to know about lighting the National History Museum at night?

Twelve minutes to seven.

Plunkett looks anxiously at clock. If Campbell would put his question and sit down he might be answered, and report stage got through. But Campbell goes on till hand of clock points to ten minutes to seven.

"Order, order!" cries Speaker. Time limit reached; no more debate; Campbell not finished yet; attempts to proceed; angry shouts of "Order! Order!" before which he subsides. Then, watching opportunity, suddenly bolts up again and wants to explain that he was not opposing the passage of report stage of Supply. "No, but you talked it out," said Plunkett, with something less than his customary suavity.

Napoleon B. Bolton.

This happened more than two hours ago. There has been the suspension of the Sitting, the resumption at nine o'clock, the Second Reading of the Rating of Machinery Bill; and now all is over, the guests are fled, the garlands dead, and all but Napoleon B. Bolton departed. He, in fact, has only just arrived, and wishes he had not been in such a hurry to quit the circle where of late he was the object of awed admiration.

Business done.—Trenormous!

Thursday.—House filled up to-night; flowing tide evidently with us, including Mr. G., back after his holidays. Also Prince Arthur; been in training for some weeks in anticipation of long spurt in Committee on Irish Land Bill. Irish Members also returned in considerable force. Expected to find Tim Healy arrive in fragments; but he's all there, much as usual.

"How's Brer Fox?" I asked him, wishing to hear latest news from Ireland.

"Oh," said he, "Parnell's looking up."

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished at this testimony.

"I mean, he's on his back, and, being in that position, must of course be looking up, if he's looking anywhere at all."

Light-hearted Tim! Time does not wither, or Dalton O'Brien stale, his infinite variety.

Scotch Members on before Ireland was approached. Something about the Scotch Private Bill Procedure Bill. Formidable List of Amendments to Lord-Advocate's proposal to nominate Committee. All the Clans muster. Novar moves Amendment; Campbell-Bannerman objected that thirteen Scotch Members, including Lens and Lyon Playfair, "would not make an adequate Committee." Robertson brought against the Lord-Advocate the grave charge that he was "interpolating an extraneous and alien body into this business." Lord Kingsbury, ex-Lord-Advocate, happened to be under Gallery on chance visit to House. Heard this remark with huge delight. Reminded him of the times when he used to sit through long nights with back fairly set against the Gangway post of Treasury Bench, invoking blessings on head of Duke of Argyll, and driving the Liberal Scotch Members wild with his perpetual smile of content.

"Interpolating an extraneous and alien body."

Business done.—Committee on Irish Land Bill started.

Friday Night.—When House met at Morning Sitting Old Morality discovered on Treasury Bench, looking more than usually guileless. Been badgered all week about Labour Committee. When going to disclose names of Commissioners and set forth terms of reference? Only yesterday Brer Rabbit put the question, intimating that whenever the announcement was made Adjournment of House would be moved in order to protest against omission of Davitt's name. Old Morality answering, said it was possible he might be able to make the announcement to-day, but much more likely on Monday.

Everyone thought it would be Monday. Brer Rabbit in his place to-day, but his men absent. Old Morality, with positively a halo of innocency round his head, suddenly appeared at table; read out the list of Commissioners. Brer Rabbit's hand forced; must needs forthwith ask leave to move the Adjournment.

"Got your forty men?" asked the Speaker.

"Not quite," said Brer Rabbit, apologetically.

Only twenty-nine; so Brer Rabbit bowled out, and opportunity lost.

"Dear me!" said Old Morality; "how very unfortunate. Now if I'd only waited till Monday, House would have been quite full; Brer Rabbit would have got his forty men twice over; we should have had an embarrassing Debate, and lost several hours of the sitting. As things have turned out, we can now go straight on with business."

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Land Bill.

The Return of the Wanderer.—Johnnie has come marching home. John Lawrence Toole, of the wide world generally, of London peculiarly, and of King William Street particularly, has returned. Divine Williams, always on the spot for any remarkable event, foresaw the happy day when, in *Henry the Eighth*, Act v., Sc. 3, he wrote, "The great Toole come!" May we venture to surmise that it will not be long ere we see the announcement of our favourite comedian's appearance in an entirely new and original farce entitled *Ici on Parle Français?*

What's in a Name? (*From a Correspondent*).—Sir, I send you a cutting from a communication of J. Mortimer Granville's, in *The Lancet*, No. 3 527, p. 798. Which when found make a note of:—"*Instead of thallin I use a Periodohydromethylox, chinolin, because that is better borne, and seems to be more effective than the Tetrahydroparaquinasol.*" These two words would be a good penn'orth in a telegram. Yours, Epigrammatist.

Première and Dernière, or Shortest Run on Record.

Dramatic Author (*to very friendly critic*). Seen my new piece? eh? *Première* last night.

Very friendly Critic. Dear me! "One night only!" Hope they've got something ready for this evening. [*Exit, chuckling.*

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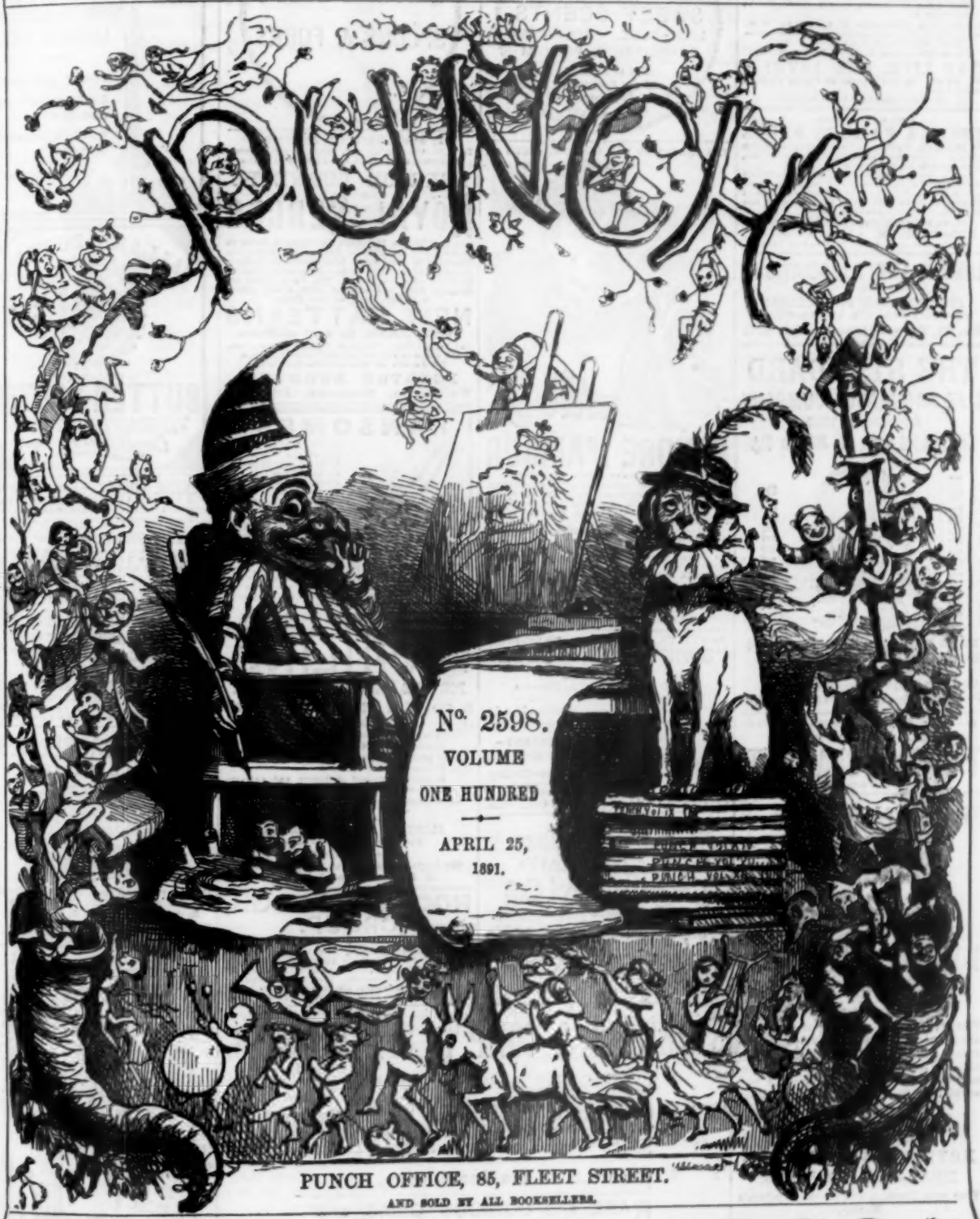

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No. III.—HEDDA GABLER.

Act I.

Scene—*A Sitting-room cheerfully decorated in dark colours. Broad doorway, hung with black crape, in the wall at back, leading to a back Drawing-room, in which, above a sofa in black horsehair, hangs a posthumous portrait of the late* General Gabler. *On the piano is a handsome pall. Through the glass panes of the back Drawing-room window are seen a dead wall and a cemetery. Settees, sofas, chairs, &c., handsomely upholstered in black bombazine, and studded with small round nails. Bouquets of immortelles and dead grasses are lying everywhere about.*

Enter Aunt Julie *(a good-natured looking lady in a smart hat).*

Aunt J. Well, I declare, if I believe George or Hedda are up yet! (*Enter* George Tesman, *humming, stout, careless, spectacled.*) Ah, my dear boy, I have called before breakfast to inquire how you and Hedda are after returning late last night from your long honeymoon. Oh, dear me, yes; am I not your old Aunt, and are not these attentions usual in Norway?

George. Good Lord, yes! My six months' honeymoon has been quite a little travelling scholarship, eh? I have been examining archives. Think of *that!* Look here, I'm going to write a book all about the domestic interests of the Cave-dwellers during the Deluge. I'm a clever young Norwegian man of letters, eh?

Aunt J. Fancy your knowing about that too! Now, dear me, thank Heaven!

George. Let me, as a dutiful Norwegian nephew, untie that smart, showy hat of yours. (*Unties it, and pats her under the chin.*) Well, to be sure, you have got yourself really up,—fancy that!

[*He puts hat on chair close to table.*

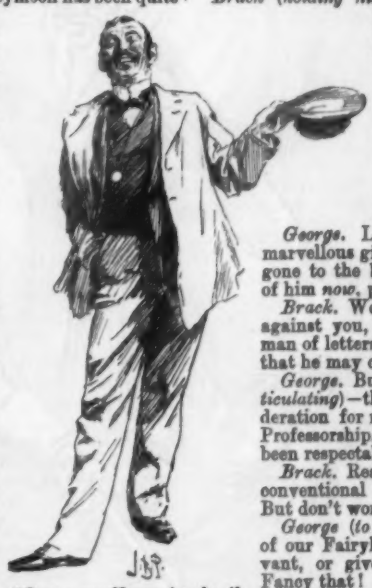
Aunt J. (*giggling*). It was for Hedda's sake—to go out walking with her in. (Hedda *approaches from the back-room; she is pallid, with cold, open, steel-grey eyes; her hair is not very thick, but what there is of it is an agreeable medium brown.*) Ah, dear Hedda!

[*She attempts to cuddle her.*

Hedda (*shrinking back*). Ugh, let me go, do! (*Looking at* Aunt Julie's *hat.*) Tesman, you must really tell the housemaid not to leave her old hat about on the drawing-room chairs. Oh, is it *your* hat? Sorry I spoke, I'm sure!

Aunt J. (*annoyed*). Good gracious, little Mrs. Hedda; my nice new hat that I bought to go out walking with *you* in!

George (*patting her on the back*). Yes, Hedda, she did, and the parasol too! Fancy, Aunt Julie always positively thinks of everything, eh?



"I am a gay Norwegian dog."

Hedda (*coldly*). You hold *your* tongue. Catch me going out walking with your aunt! One doesn't *do* such things.

George (*beaming*). Isn't she a charming woman? Such fascinating manners! My goodness, eh? Fancy that!

Aunt J. Ah, dear George, you ought indeed to be happy—but (*brings out a flat package wrapped in newspaper*) look *here*, my dear boy!

George (*opens it*). What? my dear old morning shoes! my slippers! (*Breaks down.*) This is positively too touching, Hedda, eh? Do you remember how badly I wanted them all the honeymoon? Come and just have a look at them—you *may!*

Hedda. Bother your old slippers and your old aunt too! (Aunt Julie *goes out annoyed, followed by* George, *still thanking her warmly for the slippers;* Hedda *yawns;* George *comes back and places his old slippers reverently on the table.*) Why, here comes Mrs. Elvsted—*another* early caller! She had irritating hair, and went about making a sensation with it—an old flame of yours, I've heard.

Enter Mrs. Elvsted; *she is pretty and gentle, with copious wavy white-gold hair and round prominent eyes, and the manner of a frightened rabbit.*

Mrs. E. (*nervous*). Oh, please, I'm so perfectly in despair. Eilert Lövborg, you know, who was our Tutor; he's written such a large new book. I inspired him. Oh, I know I don't look like it—but I did—he told me so. And, good gracious, now he's in this dangerous wicked town all alone, and he's a reformed character, and I'm *so* frightened about him; so, as the wife of a Sheriff twenty years older than me, I came up to look after Mr. Lövborg. Do ask him here—then I can meet him. You will? How perfectly lovely of you! My husband's *so* fond of him!

Hedda. George, go and write an invitation at once; do you hear? (George *looks around for his slippers, takes them up and goes out.*) Now we can talk, my little Thea. Do you remember how I used to pull your hair when we met on the stairs, and say I would scorch it off? Seeing people with copious hair always *does* irritate me.

Mrs. E. Goodness, yes, you were always so playful and friendly, and I was so afraid of you. I am still. And please, I've run away from my husband. Everything around him was distasteful to me. And Mr. Lövborg and I were comrades—he was dissipated, and I got a sort of power over him, and he made a real person out of me—which I wasn't before, you know; but, oh, I do hope I'm real now. He talked to me and taught me to think—chiefly of him. So, when Mr. Lövborg came here, naturally I came too. There was nothing else to do! And fancy, there is another woman whose shadow still stands between him and me! She wanted to shoot him once, and so, of course, he can never forget her. I wish I knew her name—perhaps it was that red-haired opera-singer?

Hedda (*with cold self-command*). Very likely—but nobody does that sort of thing here. Hush! Run away now. Here comes Tesman with Judge Brack. (Mrs. E. *goes out;* George *comes in with* Judge Brack, *who is a short and elastic gentleman, with a round face, carefully brushed hair, and distinguished profile.*) How awfully funny you do look by daylight, Judge!

Brack (*holding his hat and dropping his eye-glass*). Sincerest thanks. Still the same graceful manners, dear little Mrs. Hed—Tesman! I came to invite dear Tesman to a little bachelor-party to celebrate his return from his long honeymoon. It is customary in Scandinavian society. It will be a lively affair, for I am a gay Norwegian dog.

George. Asked out—without my wife! Think of that! Eh? Oh, dear me, yes, *I'll* come!

Brack. By the way, Lövborg is here; he has written a wonderful book, which has made a quite extraordinary sensation. Bless me, yes!

George. Lövborg—fancy! Well, I *am*—glad. Such marvellous gifts! And I was so painfully certain he had gone to the bad. Fancy that, eh? But what will become of him *now*, poor fellow, eh? I *am* so anxious to know!

Brack. Well, he may possibly put up for the Professorship against you, and, though you *are* an uncommonly clever man of letters—for a Norwegian—it's not wholly improbable that he may cut you out!

George. But, look here, good Lord, Judge Brack!—(*gesticulating*)—that would show an incredible want of consideration for me! I married on my chance of *getting* that Professorship. A man like Lövborg, too, who hasn't even been respectable, eh? One doesn't do such things as that!

Brack. Really? You forget we are all realistic and unconventional persons here, and do all kinds of odd things. But don't worry yourself! [*He goes out.*

George (*to Hedda*). Oh, I say, Hedda, what's to become of our Fairyland now, eh? We can't have a liveried servant, or give dinner-parties, or have a horse for riding. Fancy that!

Hedda (*slowly, and wearily*). No, we shall really have to set up as Fairies in reduced circumstances, now.

George (*cheering up*). Still, we shall see Aunt Julie every day, and *that* will be something, and I've got back my old slippers. We shan't be altogether without some amusements, eh?

Hedda (*crosses the floor*). Not while I have *one* thing to amuse myself with, at all events.

George (*beaming with joy*). Oh, Heaven be praised and thanked for that! My goodness, so you have! And what may *that* be, Hedda, eh?

Hedda (*at the doorway, with suppressed scorn*). Yes, George, you have the old slippers of the attentive Aunt, and I have the horse-pistols of the deceased General!

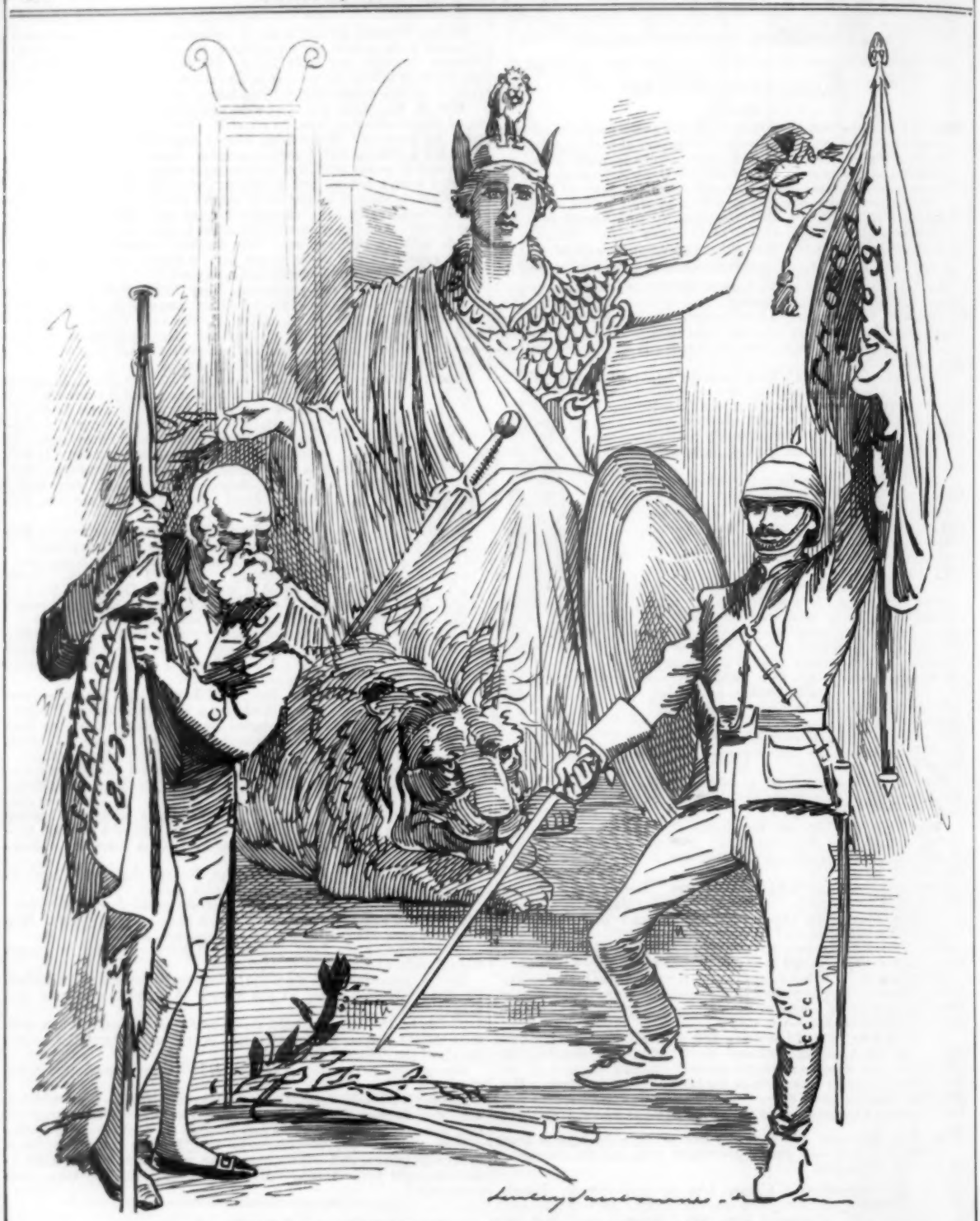
George (*in an agony*). The pistols! Oh, my goodness! *what* pistols?

Hedda (*with cold eyes*). General Gabler's pistols—same which I shot—(*recollecting herself*)—no, that's Thackeray, not Ibsen—a *very* different person. [*She goes through the back Drawing-room.*

George (*at doorway, shouting after her*). Dearest Hedda, *not* those dangerous things, eh? Why, they have never once been known to shoot straight yet! Don't! Have a catapult. For *my* sake, have a catapult! [*Curtain.*

Bow-Wow!

The Raikes' teeth were bared—a most terrible sight!—
At the Messenger Companies. Now all seems joy
For the Public, the P. O., the Co., and the Boy!
The Dog in the Manger John Bull did affright,
But—his bark is perhaps rather worse than his bite!



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Is a far cry, but bravery bridges
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The shot that swept the salt sea-ridges
When Vere Broke of the *Shannon* smote
The foe, and, struck, left Wallis smiting,—
Sends echoes down the years that float
To Thobal o'er the sounds of fighting.
Memories of greatness make men great!
Brave centenarian, you with pleasure
May greet the youth who guard our State.
You, whose long memories can measure
So wide a sweep of England's war,
Must joy to see her served as boldly
As in those sad mad days afar,
When, gazing on her children coldly,
She alienated kindred hearts,
Which might till now have beaten loyal.
At least you both played well *your* parts,
Though blunderers blind, official, royal,
May then or now have marred the work
Of arduous years, and gallant spirits,
My sons at least no peril shirk,
Valour from age to age inherits.
The old tradition, duteous stands
For the old Flag, wherever flying!
Brave Wallis, gallant Grant, clasp hands!
My sons! Unfaltering, undying,
Beneath grey hairs, or youth's brown locks,
The spirit proud of patriot valour!
Not desperate odds in war's wild shocks
Shall strike its flush to craven pallor.
Mud-fort, or "mealey" bastion, deck
Of shot-torn ship, or red "death-valley,"
What odds? Of danger nought I reck,
Whilst thus my sons to me can rally.
Come what, come will! Whilst centuried age
And youth in Spring strike hands before me,
Let foemen band, let battle rage,
You'll keep my Flag still flying o'er me!

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I know his step, his ring, his knock,
I hear him, too, explain,
With emphasis my nerves that shock,
That he "won't call again!"
I know that bodes a coming storm—
A summons looms a-head!
I follow his retreating form,
And note his stealthy tread!
Some grace to beg, implore, beseech,
'Twere vain! Let him depart!
I know no human cry can reach
That Tax-Collector's heart!

He kept his word. To claim that rate
He never called again,
An outraged Vestry, loth to wait,
Soon made their purpose plain.
I know not how, I missed the day,—
But that fell summons came.
Two shillings costs it took to play
That Tax-Collector's game!
I own the outlay was not much!
But, *that* is not the smart:
'Tis that no anguished shriek can touch
That Tax-Collector's heart!

"Mors et Vita."—A fine performance, April 15, at Albert Hall, with Albani, Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd, and Watkin Mills, and Dr. Mackenzie, as conductor or con-doctor. I should have given, writes our correspondent, a full and enthusiastic account of it, but that I was bothered all the time by two persons near me, who would talk and wouldn't listen. Thank goodness, they didn't stay throughout the performance. In a theatre they'd have been hushed down, but this is such a big place that a talking dust is heard only in the immediate neighbourhood of the talkers; and then no one wants to have a row during the performance of sacred music. It's like brawling in church.

QUEER QUERIES.

The Tithes Question.—I am the Vicar of a country Church in Wales; but owing to the total failure of my last attempt to distrain on the stock of a neighbouring farmer, on which occasion I was tossed over a hedge by an infuriated cow, my family and myself are starving. I wish to know if I can legally pawn the lectern, the ancient carved pulpit, and several rare old sedilia in the Church? Or they would be exchanged for an immediate supply of their value in groceries.—Urgent.

Annoyance from Neighbour.—I live in a quiet street, and my next-door neighbour has suddenly converted his house into a Fried Fish Shop. Some of his boxes protrude into my front garden. Have I the right of seizing them, and eating contents, supposing them to be fit for human consumption? My house is perpetually filled with the aroma of questionable herrings, and very pronounced haddocks. I have asked, politely, for compensation, and received only bad language. What should be my next step?—Perplexed.

Deed of Gift.—Upon my eldest son's marriage I wish to make him a really handsome money present. My idea is to hand over to him £100, on condition that he repays me ten per cent. as long as I live, my age now being forty-five. Then as to security. Had I better get a Bill of Sale on the furniture, which he has just had given him by his wife's father for their new house, or how can I most effectually bind him?—Generous Parent.

Holiday Trip.—Would one of your readers inform me of a locality where I can take my next summer's holiday of a month, for £3 10*s.*, fare included? It must be near the sea and high mountains, with a genial though bracing climate. Good boating and bathing. Strictly honest lodging-house keepers and romantic surroundings indispensable.—Easy to Please.

COMING DRESS.

(*Sweet Seventeen to the would-be Sumptuary Reformers at the Kensington Town Hall.*)

Vainly on Fashion you make war,
With querulous Book, and quaint Bazaar,
Good Ladies of the Higher Light!
A Turkish Tea-gown, loose or tight,
Won't win us to the Rational Cult;
Japanese skirts do but insult
Our elder instincts, to which *Reason*
Is nothing more nor less than treason.
Your "muddy weather costume" moves us
No more than satire, which reproves us
Ad nauseam, and for whose rebuff
We never care one pinch of snuff.
No, Ladies Harberton and Coffin,
Your pleading, like the critics' "scoffin
Touches us not; have we not smiled,
Mocking, at Mrs. Oscar Wilde?
And shall we welcome with delight
Queer robes that make a girl "a fright?"
Pooh-pooh! We're simply imperturbable,
The Reign of Fashion's undisturbable.
The "Coming Dress?"—that's all sheer humming,
We only care for Dress *be*-Coming!

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XXV.—THE ADULATED CLERGYMAN.

The Adulated Clergyman possesses many of the genuine qualities of the domestic cat, in addition to a large stock of the characteristics which tradition has erroneously assigned to that humble but misunderstood animal. Like a cat, he is generally sleek and has become an adept in the art of ingratiating himself with those who wear skirts and dispense comforts. Like a cat, too, he has an insinuating manner; he can purr quite admirably in luxurious surroundings, and, on the whole, he prefers to attain his objects by a circuitous method rather than by the bluff and uncompromising directness which is employed by dogs and ordinary honest folk of the canine sort. Moreover, he likes a home, but—here comes the difference—the homes of others seem to attract and retain him more strongly than his own. And if it were useful to set out the points of difference in greater detail, it might be said that the genuine as opposed to the traditional cat often shows true affection and quite a dignified resentment of snubs, is never unduly familiar, and makes no pretence of being better than other cats whose coats happen to be of a different colour. But it is better, perhaps, at once to consider the Adulated Clergyman in his own person, and not in his points of resemblance to or difference from other animals.

He who afterwards becomes an Adulated Clergyman has probably been a mean and grubby schoolboy, with a wretched but irresistible inclination to sneak, and to defend himself for so doing on principle. It is of course wrong to break rules at school, authority must be respected, masters must be obeyed, but it is an honourable tradition amongst schoolboys that boys who offend—since offences must come—should owe their consequent punishment to the unassisted efforts of those who hold rule, rather than to the calculating interference of another boy, who, though he may have shared the offence, is unwilling to take his proportion of the result. A sneak, therefore, has in all ages been invested with a badge of infamy, which no amount of strictly scholastic success has ever availed to remove from him; and his fellows, recognising that he has saved his own skin at the expense of theirs, do their best to make up the difference to him in contempt and abuse. Schoolboys are not distinguished for a fastidious reticence. If they dislike, they never hesitate to say so, and they have a painfully downright way of giving reasons for their behaviour, which is apt to jar on a temperament so sensitive that its owner always and only treads the path of high principle when self-interest points him in the same direction.

The school career of the future pastor was not, therefore, a very happy one, for at school there are no feeble women to be captivated by heartrending revelations of a noble nature at war with universal wickedness, and all but shattered by the assaults of an unfeeling world. Nor, strange to say, do schoolmasters, as a rule, value the boy who ranges himself on their side in the eternal war between boys and masters. However, he proceeded in due time to a University. There he let it be known that his ultimate destination was the Church, but he had his own method of qualifying for his profession. He was not afflicted with the possession of great muscular strength, or of a very robust health. Neither the river nor the football-field attracted him. Cricket was a bore, athletic sports were a burden; the rough manners of the ordinary Undergraduates made him shudder. However, since at College there are sets of all sorts and sizes, he soon managed to fashion for himself a little world of effete and mincing idlers, who adored themselves even more than they worshipped one another. They drank deep from the well of modern French literature, and chattered interminably of Richepin, Guy de Maupassant, Paul Bourget, and the rest. They themselves were their own favourite native writers; but their morbid sonnets, their love-lorn elegies, their versified mixtures of passion and a quasi-religious mysticism, were too sacred for print, though they were sometimes adapted to thin and fluttering airs, and sung to sympathisers in private. Most of these gentlemen were "ploughed" in their examination, but the hero of this sketch secured his degree without honours, and departed to read for the Church.

Soon afterwards he was ordained, was plunged ruthlessly into an East-End parish, and disappeared for a time from view. He emerged, after an interval of several years. The occasion was the inaugural meeting of a Guild for the Conversion of Music-hall *Artistes*, which is to this day spoken of amongst the irreverent as the Song and Sermon Society. The sensation of the meeting was caused by the fervent speech of a clergyman, who announced that he himself had been for some months a professional Variety Singer, attached to more than one Music-hall, and that, having studied the life *de près*, he knew all its temptations, and was therefore qualified to speak from experience as to the best means of elevating those who pursued it. The details of his story, as they fell from the mouth of the reverend speaker, were highly spiced. His hearers were amused, interested, and stirred; and, when a daily newspaper gave a headlined account of the speech, with a portrait of the speaker, the professional fortune of the Adulated Clergyman (for it was he) was assured.

Shortly afterwards his biography appeared in a series published in a weekly periodical under the title of *Unconventional Clerics*, and he himself wrote a touching letter on "The Plague Spots of Nova Zembla," in which an eloquent appeal was made for subscriptions on behalf of the inhabitants of that chill and neglected region. Ladies now began to say to one another: "Have you heard Mr. So-and-So preach? Really, not? Oh, you should. He's so wonderful, so convincing, so unlike all others. You must come with me next Sunday," and thus gradually he gathered round him in his remote church a band of faithful women, drawn from the West End by the fame of his unconventional eloquence. A not too fastidious critic might, perhaps, have been startled by a note of vulgarity in his references to sacred events, as well as by the tone of easy and intimate familiarity with which he spoke of those whose names are generally mentioned with bated breath, and printed with capital letters; but the most refined women seemed to find in all this an additional fascination. His sermons dealt in language which was at the same time plain and highly-coloured. He denounced his congregation roundly as the meanest of sinners. To the women he was particularly merciless. He tore to rags their little vesture of self-respect, shattered their nerves with emotional appeals, harrowed all their feelings, and belaboured them so violently with prophecies of wrath, that they left church, after shedding gallons of tears and emptying their expiatory purses into the subscription-plate, in a state of pale but pious pulp. In the drawing-rooms, however, to which he afterwards resorted, his manner changed. His voice became soft; he poured oil into the wounds he had inflicted. "How are you to-day?" he would say, in his caressing way. "Is the neuralgia any better? And the dulness of spirits? has meditation prevailed over it? Ah me! it is the lot of the good to suffer, and silence, perhaps, were best." Whereupon he is treated as a Father Confessor of domestic troubles, and persuades young married women that their husbands misunderstand them.

It is unnecessary to add that his subscription-lists flourished, his bazaars prospered, his missions and retreats overflowed with feminine money, and his Church was overloaded with floral tributes. The brutal tribe of men, however, sneered at him, and perversely suspected his motives; nor were they reconciled to him when they saw him relieving the gloom of a generally (so it was understood) ascetic existence by dining at a smart restaurant with a galaxy of devoted women, whom he proposed to conduct in person to a theatre. Such, then, is, or was, the Adulated Clergyman. It is unnecessary to pursue his career further. Perhaps he quarrelled with his Bishop, and unfrocked himself; possibly he found himself in a Court of Law, where an unsympathetic jury recorded a painful verdict against him.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My faithful "Co." says he has been reading the latest novel by "John Strange Winter," called, *The Other Man's Wife*, as the French would observe, "without pleasure." As a rule he rather enjoys the works of the Author of *Bootle's Baby*, and other stories of a semi-ladylike semi-military character; but the newest tale is one too many for him. The "man" is a mixture of snob and cad,—say "a snad,"—the "other man" a combination of coward and bully, the "wife" a worthy mate to both of them. The plot shows traces of hasty construction, otherwise it is difficult to account for the "man's" intense astonishment at inheriting a title from his cousin, and the far-fetched clearing up of a sensational West-End murder. My "Co." fancies that the peerage given to the "man," and the *vendetta* of the Polish Countess, both introduced rather late in Vol. II., must have been after-thoughts. However, the end of the story is both novel and entertaining. The feeble, fickle heroine is made to marry, as her second husband, the man who (as an accessory after the fact) has been the murderer of her first! And the best of the joke is—she does not know it! My "Co." has also been much amused by a brightly-written Novel, in one volume, called *A Bride from the Bush*. Mr. E. W. Hornung evidently knows his subject well, and has caught the exact tone, or rather nasal twang of our

Australian cousins. My "Co." says that "the Bride" is a particularly pleasant young person, thanks to her youth, good heart, and beauty. However, it is questionable—taking her as a sample—whether her "people" would "pan out" quite so satisfactorily. On the whole it would seem that Australians who have "made their pile" by buying and selling land are better at a distance—say as Aborigines!

It is also the opinion of my faithful "Co." that the Clarendon Press series of *Rulers of India*, has never contained a better volume than the *Life of Mayo*, a work recently contributed by the Editor, Sir William Wilson Hunter. Admirably written, the book gives in the pleasantest form imaginable, a most eventful chapter in the History of Hindostan. But more, the pages have a pathetic personal interest, as the subject of the memoir was for many years misunderstood, and consequently, misrepresented. Even the *London Charivari* was unfair to the great Earl, but as Sir William hastens to say, "at his death stood first in its generous acknowledgment of his real desert, as it had led the dropping fire of raillery three years before." The author has, by publishing this most welcome addition to a capitally edited series, added yet another item to the long list of services he has rendered to our Empire in the distant East.

Since Miss Florence Warden's *House on the Marsh*, says the Baron, I have not read a more exciting tale than the same authoress's *Pretty Miss Smith*. It should be swallowed right off at a sitting, for if your interest in it is allowed to cool during an interval, you may find it a little difficult to get up the steam to the high-pressure point necessary for the real enjoyment of a sensational story.

The Baron de Book-Worms.

SILENT SHAKSPEARE.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The great success that has attended the production of *L'Enfant Prodigue* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre has encouraged me to make a suggestion in the cause of English Art. Why not Shakspeare in dumb show? The Bard himself introduced it in "The Play Scene." Allow me to suggest it thus:—

Scene—*A more remote part of the Platform in Elsinore Castle. Enter* Ghost; *then* Hamlet.

Hamlet (in dumb show). "Where wilt thou lead me? Speak!" *(In dumb show.)* "I'll go no further."

Ghost, by kissing his hand towards the horizon, shows that his hour is almost come, when he is bound to render himself to sulphurous and tormenting flames. The latter part of his description is composed of his shrinking about the stage, as if suffering from intense heat.

Hamlet buries his face in his hands, and sobs pitifully, expressing "Alas, poor Ghost!"

Ghost repudiates compassion by turning up his nose, and throwing forward his hands; and then, by pointing from his mouth to his ear, demands Hamlet's *serious attention.*

Hamlet touches his own lips, points to Ghost, *slaps his heart, and bows, intimating that the* Ghost *is to* "Speak!" *and he is* "bound to hear."

Ghost explains that he is his father's spirit by stroking Hamlet's *face, and then his own, and then shrinks about the stage to weird music, descriptive of his prison-house. He concludes by appealing to* Hamlet's *love for him by pressing his clasped hands to his own heart, and then pointing towards the left-hand side of his son.*

Hamlet jerks his hands passionately upwards, as if saying, "Oh Heaven!"

Ghost then asks for revenge by touching his dagger, and pointing towards the sky. He acts the murder in the garden, showing the serpent who stung him by gliding about the stage on his chest, like the boneless man. He shows his murderer to be of his own blood by walking up and down as himself, and then in the same way, but with a slight limp, as if he were his brother.

Hamlet might here exhibit "Zadkiel's Almanack" as "prophetic," *and slap the sole of his shoe for* "soul;" *for* "my Uncle" *it would be sufficient to produce a pawnbroker's ticket:—*"Oh my prophetic soul! Mine Uncle!"

Then the Ghost in great detail acts the murder in the orchard, imitating the apples and the singing birds, the setting sun, &c., &c. He shows the composition of the poison after its plucking from a bush, and its arrival in the laboratory. He represents the actual pouring of the poison in his ear. He hints too (by suggesting the action of the bell-ringer) that he was never really mourned, and concludes a most spirited Ballet d'Action by a rapid sketch of the paling of the ineffectual fires of the glow-worm. As he leaves to the music of "Then you'll Remember Me," Hamlet *imitates cock-crow, which brings the entertainment to an appropriate termination.*

Surely this would be an improvement upon the conventional reading? In this case where speech is silvern, silence would be golden.

Trusting some Manager will take the matter up,

I remain, always yours sincerely, A Dumb Waiter.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Faust and Foremost. Miss Eames better even than she was last week. Ned de Reszké not so diabolical a *Mephistopheles* as M. Maurel.

Neddy Reszké
Not so goblineske,

and a stouter sort of demon, but of course a "*bon diable.*"

Wednesday.—Roméo et Juliette. Jack and Ned de Reszké *Roméo* and *The Friar.* Why the waltz alone, which ought to be on every organ besides Miss Eames's, but which, strange to say,

Cards held by Druriolanus Operaticus.

isn't thoroughly popular, should be enough to make an Opera; but it's like the proportion of one swallow in the composition of a summer, and, however well sung, it does not do everything. It's a dull Opera.

Thursday.—Carmen again. House not immense. Persons "of note" chiefly on the stage. Julia same as before; therefore refer to previous notice. Cab and carriage service after the theatres everywhere wants reforming altogether. We may not be worse off than in any other capital of Europe, but we ought to be far ahead of them.

Somebody or other complained of my writing "Glück" instead of "Gluck." He didn't like the two dots; one too many for the poor chap already in his dotage; so to relieve him and soothe him, I'll write it "Glück," and then he can go to the proprietor of "Davidson's Libretto Books" and ask him to take the dotlets off the "ü" in Glück. I wonder if my strongly-spectacle'd fault-finder writes the name of Handel correctly? I dare say so correct a person never falls into any sort of error; or if he does, never admits it. I like it done down to dots, as "Händel," myself; it looks so uncommonly learned.

Saturday.—Tannhäuser. Full and appreciative house to welcome the *rentrée of* Madame Albani, who was simply perfection and the perfection of simplicity as the self-sacrificing heroine *Elizabeth.* From a certain Wagnerian-moral point of view, no better impersonator,—dramatically at least, if not operatically,—of the sensual Falstaffian Knight could be found than Signor Perotti; and, from every point of view, no finer representation of the Cyprian Venus than Mlle. Sofia Ravogli. M. Maurel was admirable in every way as the moral *Wolframo*, and Signor Abramoff the gravest of Landgraves. The full title of this Opera should be *Tannhäuser; or, The Story of a Bard who sang a questionable kind of Song in the highest Society, and what came of it.*

Fine effect at end of First Act, when prancing steeds, with second-hand park-hack saddles, at quite half-a-crown an hour, are brought in, and, on a striking tableau of bold but impecunious warriors refusing to mount, the Curtain descends.

Then what pleasure to see *Albani-Elizabeth* receiving the guests in Act II., varying the courtesies with an affectionate embrace whenever a particular friend among the ladies-of-the-court-chorus came in view. My Lord Chamberlain, viewing the scene from his private box, must have picked up many a hint for Court etiquette from studying this remarkable scene. Then how familiar to us all is the arrangement of the bards all in a row, like our old friends the Christy Minstrels, *Tannhäuser* being the Tambourine, and *Wolfram* the Bones! Charming. Great success. Repeat it by all means.

CHIVALRY AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

"Now, Cook, just you look here! Look at that Piece of Bacon I've just given your Mistress! It's the Thickest and Worst Cut I ever saw in my Life!—and this Piece I'm just going to take Myself is *only a little better!*"

"PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY, SIR!"

A New Song to an Old Tune.

Poor Income-Tax Payer, loquitur:—

Please give me a Penny, Sir!
My hope is almost dead;
You hold the swag in that black bag,
And high you lift your head.
Some years I have been asking this,
But no one heeds my plea.
Will you not give me *something* then,
This year, good Mister G.?
Oh! please give me a Penny!

Please give me a Penny, Sir!
You won't say "no" to me,
Because I'm poor, and feel the pinch
Of dreadful "Schedule D"!
You're so high-dried, and so correct,
So honest and austere!
Remember the full "Tanner," Sir,
I've stumped up year by year,
And please give me a Penny!

Please give me a Penny, Sir!
My Income is but small,
And the hard Tax laid on our backs
I *should* not pay at all.
But I'm too feeble to resist,
And do not like to lie;
And Sixpence, under Schedule D,
Torments me till I cry,
Do please give me a Penny, Sir!

Consols, or Dividends, or Rents,
Don't interest *me* much;
"Goschens," reduced or otherwise,
Are things *I* may not touch,
Two hundred pounds per year, all told,
Leaves little room for "exes;"
And 'tisn't only *public* men
That "lack of pence" much vexes.
So please give me a Penny, Sir!

The mysteries of High Finance
I don't presume to plumb;
So year by year my back they shear,
Sure that they'll find *me* dumb.
But the oft-trodden worm will turn;
"Demand Notes" never slack;
And "Schedule D" fast at twice three,
Breaks the wage-earner's back.
So please give me a Penny, Sir!

The moneyed swells who make "returns,"
Much at their own sweet will,
Don't gauge the poor clerk's scanty purse,
The small shopkeeper's till,
How hard 'tis to make both ends meet,
When hard times tightly nip;
Or how small incomes sorely feel
The annual sixpenny dip.
So please give me a Penny, Sir!

Please give me a Penny, Sir!
'Tis heard on every side,
Muttered by poverty's pinched lip,
Silent so long—from pride.
Ah! listen to their pleadings, Sir,
And pity the true poor,
Whose life is one long fight to keep
The wolf from the house-door.
Oh, please give me a Penny, Sir!

"Rooke in Urbe."—Dr. Robson Rooke has returned to town after a trip to Madeira.

"SWEET STRIFE."

By an Unionist M.P.

When Parnell's mocked by Healy,
In strident voice and squealy;
When Healy's snubbed by Parnell,
In voice as from the charnel—
I understand the windy
Wild charm of Wagner's shindy.
Discord *may* be melodious,
When Harmony sounds odious;
Than *Israfel* more dear is
Old Erin's latest *Eris!*

THE *IN*-KERRECT KERR.

It was once said that Pianos may now be had on "Moore and Moore" easy terms every day. Mrs. Walter found that those "easy terms" involved such pleasures as returning the instrument she had paid many instalments on, getting an order from the masterful Mr. Commissioner Kerr to pay costs as well, and committal to prison for three weeks on the charge of "contempt of Court"—for disobeying an order which Justices Smith and Grantham declare the genial Commissioner had no sort of right to make!!!

If this is the "hire-purchase system," a piano-less life is infinitely preferable to braving its manifold perils and penalties. Easy terms, indeed? Yes,—about as "easy" as "easy shaving" with a serrated oyster-knife! Mrs. Walter's fate should be a warning to would-be piano-purchasers, and, *Mr. Punch* would fain hope, to exacting System-workers and arbitrary Commissioners.

"PLEASE GIVE ME A PENNY!"

Needy Income-Tax Payer (*loq.*). "HOPE YOU WON'T FORGET ME *THIS TIME*, SIR!!"

FOR BETTER OR WORSE!

(*Two Views of the Same Subject.*)

POSSIBLE ROMANCE.

SCENE—*A Dungeon beneath the Castle Moat. Wife chained to a post, with bread and water beside her. Enter Husband, with cat-o'-nine-tails.*

Husband. And now, after ten days' seclusion, will you make over your entire property to me, signing the deed with your life's blood?

Wife (*in a feeble voice*). Never! You may kill me, but I will defy you to the last!

Husband. Then die!

[*He is about to leave the dungeon, when he is met by a Messenger from the Court of Appeal.*

Messenger. In the name of the Law, release your prisoner!

Husband. Foiled!

[*Joy of* Wife, *and tableau, as the Curtain falls.*

PROBABLE REALITY.

SCENE—*The Church-door of a fashionable Church. Wife bidding adieu to Husband.*

Husband. Surely, now that my name and fortune are yours, you will reconsider your decision, and at least accompany me back to our wedding breakfast?

Wife (*in a firm voice*). Never! You may kill me, but I will defy you to the last!

Husband. This is rank nonsense! You must take my arm.

[*He is about to leave the Church-porch, when he is met by a Messenger from the Court of Appeal.*

Messenger. In the name of the Law, release your prisoner!

Husband. Sold! [*Joy of Wife, and tableau, as the Curtain falls.*

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE "Cony" is feeble, the Bear's a rough bore,
But CONYBEARE's both, and perhaps a bit more!

SMART NEW BOY IN CLOAK-ROOM HAS NOTED GENTLEMEN SHUTTING UP THEIR CRUSH HATS, AND PROMPTLY FLATTENS DR JONES'S BEST SILK TOPPER!

THE OTHER MAN.

MY health is good, I know no pain,
I am not married to a wife;
From all accounts I'm fairly sane,
And yet I'm sick to death of life.

The path that leads to wealth and fame
Cannot be traversed in a day;
I find it twice as hard a game,
Because a spectre bars the way.

It has no terrors such as his
Away from which the children ran;
It's not the Bogey, but it *is*
The Other Man.

I met a girl, she seemed to be
A kind of vision from above.
She wasn't—but, alas! for me,
I weakly went and fell in love.

Her father was a *millionnaire*,
Which didn't make me love her less.
I thought her quite beyond compare,
And gave long odds she'd answer "Yes."

She thrilled me with each lovely look
She gave me from behind her fan,
She took my heart, and then she took—
The Other Man.

Farewell to Love! I thought I'd try
My level best to get a post;
The salary was not too high,
Two hundred pounds a-year at most.

Committeemen in conclave sat,
Their questions all were cut and dried:
Oh, was I this? And did I that?
And twenty thousand things beside—

As did I smoke? and could I play
At golf? or did I get the gout?
And—most important—could I say
My mother knew that I was out?

Then two were chosen. Should I "do"?
Perhaps!—and, just as I began
To hope, of course they gave it to
The Other Man.

All uselessly I've learnt to swear
And use expressions that are vile;
In vain, in vain I've torn my hair
In quite the most artistic style.

Yet one thing would I gladly learn—
Yes, tell me quickly, if you can—
Shall I be also, in my turn,
The Other Man?

THE KEY TO A LOCK.

["A lock of ——'s hair, set in a small gold-rimmed case, and said to be an ancient family possession, was knocked down for forty pounds."]

TAKE yonder lock of tangled hair,
A silver seamed with sable,
Dim harbinger from dreamland fair
Of reverie and fable;

Yes, grandson mine, the treasure take,
A trinket loved, if little,
And wear it, darling, for my sake,
In yonder locket brittle;

Small, as my banker's balance, small
And faint—a touching token;
My luck, the lock, the locket, all
Seem, child, a trifle broken.

Investments, boy, are looking glum;
They flit and fade; in fine a
Not inconsiderable sum
Has gone to—Argentina.

Nay, chide me not; one day, refilled
By these, may shine your pocket,
And Fortune's resurrection gild
The lock within the locket.

Because, you see, when strong and sage
You grow, and all the serried
Lights of the great Victorian age
With me are quenched and buried;

When other men in other days
Walk paramount—then shall you
Submit the thing to such as praise
The Past, its relics value.

The curl was worn, you'll tell your friends,
By TENNYSON or BROWNING
(The detail of the name depends
On who is worth renowning).

You'll vaunt that one who knew the grand
Victorian Stars, and rather
Deserved himself to join the band
(In fact your father's father),

Who, past expression, loved whate'er
The market cottons *then* to,
Committed to your childish care
This genuine memento.

You'll catalogue it, as befalls
Your choice, my little gran'son;
You'll bear it to the deathless halls
Of CHRISTIE, WOODS, AND MANSON.

So, when the fateful hammer sounds,
And you have cashed in rhino
A cheque for, haply, forty pounds,
You'll bless your grandsire, I know;

Who, while his fortunes failed, and much
Was life's horizon o'ercast,
Created souvenirs with such
A keen, commercial forecast.

ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS—SIR WILLIAM VARIETY HARCOURT.

BACCHUS OUTWITTED; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF SOBRIETY.

(Fragment from a Romance founded upon evidence given before the Select Committee upon Dram-drinking.)

"I really think the experiment should be made," said the Professor. "Our knowledge on the subject is so imperfect, that nothing definite can be accurately pronounced."

"True enough," replied one of his friends; "but although the end to be attained is excellent, may not the means be termed by the scrupulous 'questionable?'"

"By the over-scrupulous, perhaps," returned the Professor, with a smile.

"And the expense," observed a second of his intimates, "will be no small consideration. If we put the matter to a thorough test, a large quantity—a very large quantity of the necessary liquid will have to be purchased and disposed of. Am I not right in hazarding this supposition?"

"Undoubtedly," responded the Professor, "and the cost will be enhanced by the fact that the necessary liquids will have to be of the best possible quality. As Dr. Pavey observed before the Committee 'It is not the alcohol in itself that is injurious, but the by-products.' Our aim must be to eliminate the by-products."

"I think the idea first-rate," said the third friend; and then he paused and added, seemingly as an after-thought, "Pass the bottle."

So the Professor and his three companions decided to make the investigation in the cause of scientific research. It was resolved that after a week they should meet again, and that in the meanwhile they should in their own persons carry on the experiment continuously. When this had been arranged the friends parted company.

At the appointed time the contemplated gathering became a concrete fact. The Professor's friends were the first to appear at the rendezvous. They were unsteady as to their gait, their neckties were in disorder and their hair falling carelessly over their eyes, added a fresh impediment to an eyesight that seemingly was temporarily defective. They sank into three chairs regarding one another with a smile that gradually resolved itself into a frown. Then they filled up the pause caused by the non-appearance of the Professor by weeping silently. Their emotion was not of long duration, as the originator of the experiment was soon in their midst. He seemed to be in excellent health and spirits.

"My dear friend," he said, and it was noticeable that he was prone to clip his words, and to use the singular, in lieu of the plural, when the latter would have been more conventional, "My dear friend, glad see you all. Hope you well."

His comrades received the well-meant greeting with a resentful frown, which ended in further weeping.

"This very painful," continued the Professor, resting his hand somewhat heavily on the back of a chair; "very painful indeed! Fact is, you been taking wrong things!"

His friends sorrowfully shook their heads negatively.

"Yes you have! Sure of it! You, Sir—imbibed whiskey! No harm in good whiskey—excellent thing, good whiskey! But injuriverius—should say, injurious—if has too much flavour of malt! Your whiskey too much flavour of malt! You took brandy—bad brandy—too much taste of grapes! You took rum—bad rum—too much mo—mo—molasses! Now I took all three—whiskey, brandy, rum, but pure—no by-products. No, not at all. Result! See! Sober as judge!"

And, succumbing to a sudden desire for slumber, the Professor, at this point of his discourse, joined his friends under the table!

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

March 20. "*George Hotel*," *Billsbury*.—Arrived here yesterday afternoon. Mother made up her mind to come with me, being very anxious, she said, to hear one of my splendid speeches. She brought luggage enough to last for a week, and insisted on taking her poodle *Carlo*, who was an awful nuisance, in the train. He growled horribly at old Tolland and Blissop when they came to see me at the Hotel before dinner. Very awkward. Tolland wanted to put before me the state of the case with regard to registration expenses. The upshot was that the Candidate is expected to subscribe £80 a year to the Association for this purpose, which I eventually agreed to do. Found fourteen letters waiting for me. No. 1 was from Miss Poser, the Secretary of the Billsbury Women's Suffrage League, asking me to receive a small deputation on the question, and to lay my views before them. No. 2 from the Anti-Vaccination League, stating that a deputation had been appointed to meet me, in order to learn my views, and requesting me to fix a date. No. 3 and No. 4, from two local lodges of Oddfellows, each declaring it to be of the highest importance that I should become an Oddfellow and proposing dates for my initiation. Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were from Secretaries of funds for the restoration or building of Churches and Chapels, appealing for subscriptions. Nos. 8, 9, and 10, from three more local Cricket Clubs, who have elected me an Honorary Member, and want subscriptions. No. 11 from a Children's Meat Tea Fund. No. 12 asked me to subscribe to a Bazaar, and to attend its opening in June. No. 13, from the local Fire Brigade, and No. 14 from the Secretary of the Local Society for improving the Breed of Bullfinches, recommending this "national object" to my favourable notice. Shall have to keep a Secretary, likewise a book of accounts. Where is it all going to end?

The Mass Meeting went off well enough. The Assembly Rooms were crammed. (The *Meteor* says, with its usual accuracy and *good taste*, "The attendance was small, the proceedings were dull. A wonderful amount of stale Jingoism was afterwards swept up by the caretakers from the floor. Our Conservative friends are so wasteful.") I was adopted as Candidate almost unanimously, only ten hands being held up against me. One or two questions were asked—one about local option, which rather stumped me—but I managed to express great sympathy with the Temperance party without, I hope, offending publicans.

Carlo somehow or other got out of the hotel and followed us to the meeting without being noticed. Poodles are all as cunning as Old Nick. He lay quite low in some corner or other, until Colonel Chorkle was in the middle of a tremendous appeal to "the stainless banner which 'as so often been borne to triumph by Billsbury's embattled chivalry." The Colonel thumped on the table very hard, and *Carlo*, I suppose, had his eye on him and thought he was going to thump me. At any rate he sprang out and dashed at the Colonel, barking furiously. I had to seize him and take him outside. The Colonel turned quite pale. *The Meteor* says: "The war-like ardour which burns in the breast of Colonel Chorkle was well-nigh extinguished by an intelligent dog, whose interruptions provoked immense applause." I had to apologise profusely to the Colonel afterwards. Mrs. Chorkle looked daggers at me. Mother was delighted with the meeting. She has written about it to Aunt Amelia.

CYCLING NOTES.

He. "Do you belong to the Psychical Society?"
She. "No; but I sometimes go out on my Brother's Machine!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 13.—So long since Lord Stalbridge parted company from Richard Grosvenor that he forgets manners and customs of House of Commons. Not being satisfied with choice made by Committee of Selection of certain Members on Committee dealing with Railway Rates and Charges, Stalbridge writes peremptory letter to Chairman, giving him severe wigging; correspondence gets into newspapers; House of Commons, naturally enough, very angry. Not going to stand this sort of thing from a mere Peer, even though he be Chairman of North-Western Railway. Talk of making it case of privilege. Sort of thing expected to be taken up from Front Bench, or by Whitbread, or some other Member of standing. Somehow, whilst thing being thought over and talked about, Sexton undertakes to see it through. As soon as questions over to-night, rises from below Gangway, and in his comically impressive manner, announces intention of putting certain questions to John Mowbray, Chairman of Committee of Selection. Ordinary man would have put his questions and sat down. But this a great occasion for Sexton. Domestic difficulties in Irish Party kept him away from Westminster for many weeks. No opportunity for Windbag to come into action; now is the time, as champion of privileges of House of Commons. Position one of some difficulty. Not intending to conclude with a Motion, he would be out of order in making a speech. Could only ask question. Question couldn't possibly extend over two minutes; two minutes, nothing with the Windbag full, bursting after compulsory quiescence since Parliament opened.

Sexton managed admirably; kept one eye on Speaker, who from time to time moved uneasily in chair. Whenever he looked like going to interrupt, Sexton lapsed into interrogatory, which put him in order; then went on again, patronising John Mowbray, posing as champion of privileges of House, and so thoroughly enjoying himself, that only a particularly cantankerous person could have complained. Still, it was a little long. "This isn't Sexton's funeral, is it?" Harcourt asked, in loud whisper.

"No," said Campbell-Bannerman; "it was meant to be Stalbridge's; but I fancy Sexton will save him from full inconvenience of the ceremony."

A Cameron Man.

So it turned out; House tired of business long before Windbag Sexton had blown himself out. Poor John Mowbray admittedly flabbergasted by the interminable string of questions under which Sexton had tried to disguise his speech. Stalbridge got off without direct censure, and Donald Cameron abruptly turned the conversation in the direction of Opium.

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Land Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lords met to-night after Easter Recess; come together with a feeling that since last they met a gap been made in their ranks that can never be filled. The gentle Granville's seat is occupied by another. Never more will the Peers look upon his kindly face, or hear his lisping voice uttering bright thoughts in exquisite phrase.

Kimberley sits where he was wont to lounge. K. a good safe man; one of the rare kind whose reputation stands highest with the innermost circle of those who work and live with him. To the outside world, the man in the street, Kimberley is an expression; some not quite sure whether he isn't a territory in South Africa. Known in the Lords, of course; listened to with respect, much as Hallam's *Constitutional History of England* is occasionally read. But when to-night he rises from Granville's seat and makes a speech that, with readjustment of circumstance, Granville himself would have made, an assembly not emotional feels with keen pang how much it has lost.

The Marquis should be here. Perhaps for himself it is as well he's away. To him, more than anyone else in the House, the newly filled space on the Bench opposite is of direful import. The Marquis has no peer now Granville is gone; the two were in all characteristics and mental attitudes absolutely opposed, and yet, like oil and vinegar, the mixing perfected the salad of debate. The lumbering figure of the black-visaged Marquis at one side of the table talking at large to the House, but with his eye fixed on Granville; at the other, the dapper figure, with its indescribable air of old-fashioned gentlemanhood, the light of his smile shed impartially on the benches opposite, but his slight bow reserved for the Marquis, as, leaning across the table, he pinked him under the fifth rib with glittering rapier—this is a sight that will never more gladden the eye in the House of Lords. Granville was the complement of the Marquis; the Marquis was to Granville an incentive to his bitter-sweetness. Never again will they meet to touch shield with lance across the table in the Lords. Lycidas is dead, not ere his prime, it is true;

> "But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
> Now thou art gone, and never must return!"

It seemed in stumbling inadequate phrase that Cranbrook, Kimberley, Derby, and Selborne strummed their lament. But, speaking from different points of view, without pre-concert, they struck the same chord in recognising the ever unruffled gentleness of the nature of Lycidas—a gentleness not born of weakness, a sweetness of disposition that did not unwholesomely cloy. Only Mr. G. could have fitly spoken the eulogy of Granville. After him, the task belonged to the Marquis, and it was a pity that circumstances prevented his undertaking it. *Business done.*—Irish Land Bill in Commons.

Wednesday.—Brer Fox turned up today, unexpectedly. So did Maurice Healy, even more unexpectedly. Irish Sunday Closing Bill under discussion. Great bulk of Irish Members in favour of it. First note of discord introduced by Windbag Sexton. Belfast Publicans, who find their business threatened, insist that he shall oppose the Bill; does so accordingly, separating himself from his party. Brer Fox quickly seized the opportunity; he, too, on the side of the Publicans, who hold the purse, and, money (like some of their customers) is tight. So Parnell lavishly compliments Windbag Sexton on his "large and patriotic view"; hisses out his scorn for the Liberal Party; declares that Ireland abhors the measure, which he calls a New Coercion Bill.

"The mildest-mannered Man."

Then, from bench below him, uprises a bent, slight figure, looking less like a man of war than most things. A low, quiet voice, sounds clearly through the House, and Mr. Maurice Healy is discovered denying Brer Fox's right to speak on this or any other public question for the constituency of Cork.

"If he has any doubt on this subject," the mild-looking young man continued, "let him keep the promise he made to me about contesting the seat."

That was all; only two sentences; but the thundering cheers that rang through House told how they had gone home.

Business done.—Irish Sunday Closing Bill read Second Time.

Dropping into Poetry.

Friday.—Grandolph looked in for few minutes before dinner. A little difficulty with doorkeeper. So disguised under beard, that failed to recognise him; thought he was a stranger, bound for the Gallery. But when Grandolph turned, and glared on him, saw his mistake as in a flash of lightning.

"Same eyes, anyhow," said Mr. Jarratt, getting back to the safety of his chair with alacrity.

Grandolph sat awhile in corner seat, stroking his beard, to the manifest chagrin of his jilted moustache.

"Awfully dull," he said. "Glad I'm off to other climes; don't know whether I shall come back at all. If Mashonaland wants a King, and insists upon my accepting the Crown, not sure I shall refuse."

"Grandolph seems hipped," said Waring, watching him as he swung through the Lobby. "It's the beard. Never been the same man since he grew it.

> "There was a Young Man with a beard,
> Who said, 'It is just as I feared!
> Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
> Have all built their nests in my beard.'"

Business done.—Committee on Irish Land Bill again.

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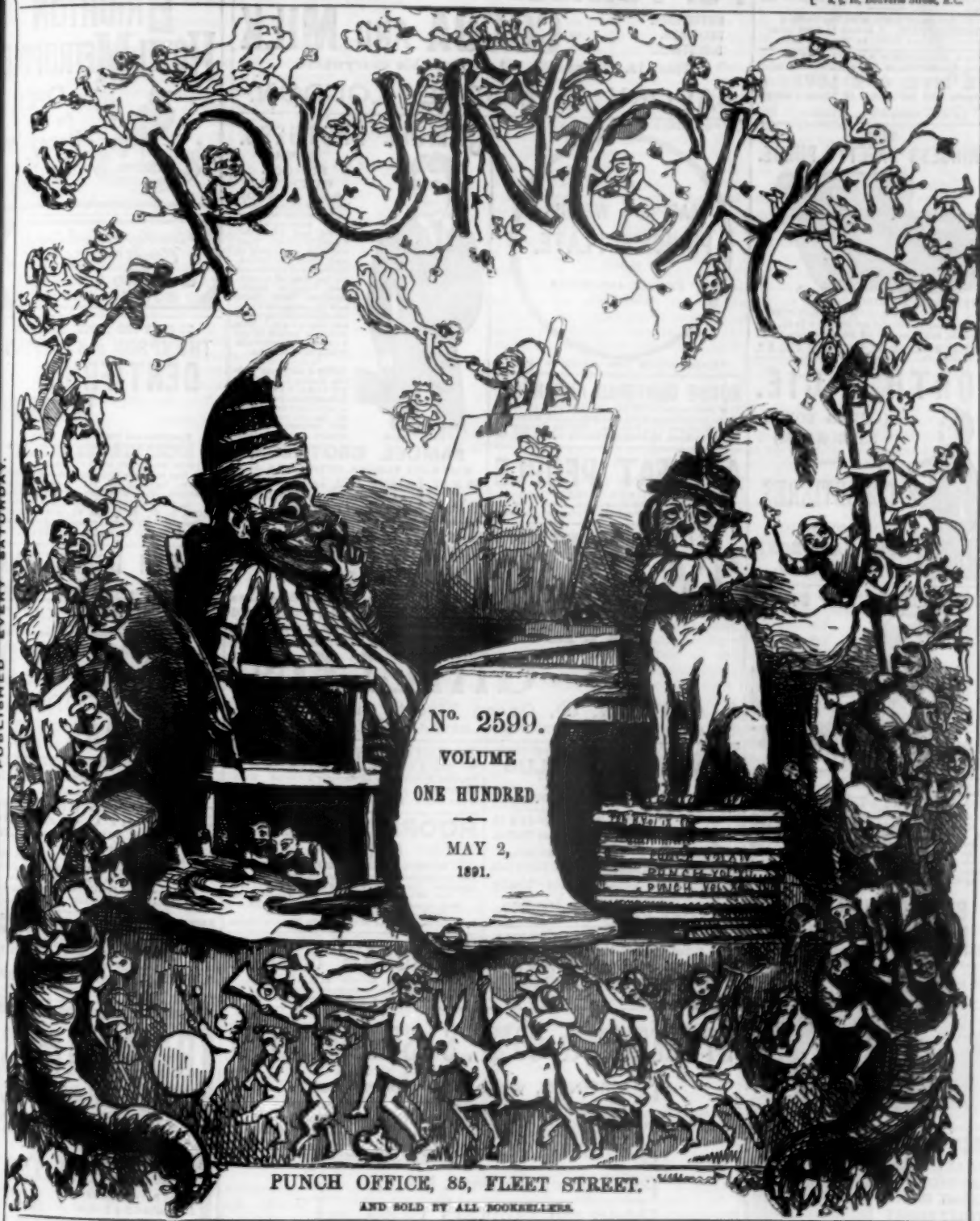

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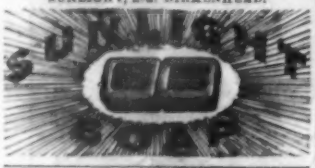

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ODONTO Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Sold everywhere.

SONGS OF THE UN-SENTIMENTALIST.

A DUSTMAN'S SILENT TEAR.

I KNOW not how that Dustman stirred my ire:
He may have failed to call when due: but he—
My breast being charged with economic fire,—
Was mulcted of his customary fee.
I was informed, at first he did not seem
To grasp the cruel sense of what he heard,
But asked, "Wot 's this 'ere game?" as if some dream
Of evil portents all his pulses stirred;
Then, muttering, he turned, and went his way,
Dejected, broken! I had stopped his beer!
Ah! from that Dustman who, alas! can say
I did not wring a sad and silent tear!

I thought the matter o'er. I vowed no more,
That I with grief would moisten any eye;
Henceforth, whene'er that Dustman passed my door,
Upon his beer he knew he could rely!
Nay more! For never heeding if my bin
Were full or empty, I that Dustman hailed;
His grateful smile my one desire to win;
I felt I could not help it if I failed.
Twice every week he came,—his twopence drew:
That Dustman seemed to brighten with his beer.
And, if he wept, thank Heaven, at least I knew
With joy, not grief, *he shed his silent tear!*

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

[CONTINUED.]

Thursday, April 16.—On looking through my book I find that I am now a member of ten Billsbury Cricket Clubs, to most of which I am a Vice-President. Not bad, considering that my average in my last year at school was four, and that I didn't play more than half-a-dozen times at Oxford. TOLLAND says there are many more Foot-ball Clubs than Cricket Clubs—a pleasant prospect for me in the Autumn. Have also had to subscribe to six Missions of various kinds, four Easter Monday *Fêtes*, six Friendly Societies, three Literary and Scientific Institutes, five Temperance Associations, four Quoit Clubs, two Swimming Clubs, seven Sunday Schools, five Church or Chapel Building Funds, three Ornithological Societies, two Christian Young Men's Associations, three Children's Free Dinner Funds, one Angling Association, not to speak of Fire Brigade, Dispensaries, and Brass Bands. Have also given a Prize to be shot for by Volunteers, as CHUBSON gives one every year. What with £80 subscription to the Registration Fund, things are beginning to mount up pretty considerably.

Have spoken at three meetings since the Mass Meeting. TOLLAND said, "You needn't refer to Sir THOMAS CHUBSON yourself. Leave our people to do that. They enjoy that kind of thing, and know how to do it." They do, indeed. At our last meeting, HOLLEBONE, the Secretary of the Junior Conservative Club, went on at him for twenty minutes in proposing resolution of confidence in me. "Sir THOMAS," he said, "talks of his pledges. The less Sir THOMAS says about them the better. I can't walk out anywhere in Billsbury for two minutes without tripping over the broken fragments of some of Sir THOMAS's pledges. It's getting quite dangerous. Sir THOMAS, they say, made himself. It's a pity he couldn't put in a little consistency when he was engaged on the job. We don't want any purse-proud Radical knights to represent us. We want a straightforward man, who says what he means; and you'll agree with me, fellow-townsmen, that we've got one in our eloquent and popular young Candidate."

This went down very well. Next day, however, the *Meteor* "parallel-columned" Sir THOMAS CHUBSON'S career and mine. Mine occupied six lines; Sir THOMAS'S "Life of honourable and self-sacrificing industry" ran to nearly a column. "It will be observed," said the *Meteor*, "that there is a good deal of blank space in Mr. PATTLE'S comparative career; but this no doubt recommends him to his Conservative friends, who are quite equal to filling it brilliantly with their imaginative rhetoric about his chances of success."

Primrose Day, the day after to-morrow. We're going to have a great demonstration at Billsbury. Mother is going down with me to-morrow.

April 20th, "George Hotel," Billsbury.—The Demonstration yesterday was a splendid success. At ten o'clock in the morning the Conservative Band marched up to the Hotel, and played patriotic airs under the window. Mother and I drove to the Beaconsfield Club in an open carriage and pair, escorted by the band. Mother's bonnet was all primroses, and she carried an immense bouquet of them. *Carlo* came with us and sat on the back-seat. His collar was stuck full of primroses, and small bunches were tied on to the tufts on his back and at the end of his tail. I wore a buttonhole of primroses, and carried a huge primrose wreath to be placed round the bust of LORD BEACONSFIELD, which stands in the hall of the Club. The coachman and horses too were all tricked out with bunches. TOLLAND and CHORKLE, and all the leaders of the Party, met us at the entrance of the Club, and the ceremony of depositing the flowers all round the bust began. CHORKLE, who once shook hands with DIZZY in the lobby of the House, made a great speech, mostly composed of personal reminiscences of our great departed leader. (By the way CHORKLE has six children, five of them being sons, whose names are BENJAMIN DISRAELI CHORKLE, CECIL SALISBURY CHORKLE, STRAFFORD THOROUGH CHORKLE, HOBBES LEVIATHAN CHORKLE, and RANDOLPH CHURCHILL CHORKLE.) The sixth, eighteen months old, is a girl. Her name is WILLIAMINA HENRIETTA SMITH CHORKLE. They were all present, covered with primroses. I added a few words about the inspiring effect that the contemplation of LORD BEACONSFIELD'S career must have upon the youth of the country. Mother's bouquet kept falling off the place she had put it on, and two or three enthusiasts always dashed forward to pick it up, causing a good many collisions. In the middle of my speech, *Carlo* walked into the centre of the hall, sat down and proceeded to gnaw off the primroses which had been tied to his tail. He then ate them all solemnly, and after that rolled over on his back with his paws stuck straight out, pretending he was dead. I must tell Mother not to bring that dog again. There was a great banquet in the evening. VULLIAMY came down for it and spoke very kindly about me in his speech. Said he had followed my career with profound interest and pleasure from my earliest years. I've only known him a year.

NOTHING LIKE DISCIPLINE!

(*Extract from the Diary of* PRIVATE ATKINS, *Prince's Company, 4th Battalion, H.M.'s Guzzlebeer Guards.*)

Monday.—Joined the Regiment. Appeared on Parade, and was requested to come to "attention," although the Sergeant *must* have seen that I was "standing at ease." Expressed a desire that the Commanding-officer should rectify the mistake, when all ended amicably. Sergeant apologised, and promised that it should not occur again. Satisfied. Both Sergeant and Commanding-officer well up in their duties!

Tuesday.—Bugle sounded too early for Assembly. Sent a message to the Adjutant by his orderly (with my compliments) saying that I would feel much obliged if the Parade were postponed an hour. Adjutant returned *his* compliments, with a request that I would give in writing my reason for desiring a delay. Explained (by word of mouth) that I wanted to read the newspapers. Parade consequently postponed, as requested. Obliging chap the Adjutant!

Wednesday.—Warned for Guard. Sent for the Major of my half-battalion (don't like bothering the Commanding-officer about every trifle), and explained that, although the Surgeon had seen me, and reported me fit, I had a presentiment that the easterly winds would play the very mischief with me if I went "Sentry Go." Major thought, perhaps it would be better if I were struck off duty. Excused Guard in consequence. Good sort Major of my half-battalion!

Thursday.—Sorry to find rations very unsatisfactory. Complained to the Officer of the day, who reported the matter to the Captain. Captain said he would have asked the entire company to dine with him at his Club had he not been engaged. He then passed us on to his Subs. The latter most obligingly gave us some food at a Restaurant. *Châteaubriand* excellent, *Sole à la Normande* decent, but *Potage à la bisque* too rich. Mistake to order the latter, as one can never get it *really* good, except on the Continent. Wine tol-lol. Pol Royer of '84. However, spent a very pleasant evening. Both Subs, when you know them, not half bad fellows!

Friday.—Rather a head, and felt generally out of sorts. Warned for Kit-inspection. Couldn't stand this, so called upon General Commanding District. Not at home, but was asked would I see his *locum tenens?* Replied in the negative, as I don't believe in go-betweens. Didn't return to barracks, as I thought I might get a breath of sea-air at Southend.

Saturday.—Arrested and conveyed to the Guard-room. Suppose I shall be released with a caution. At any rate, for the present, diary confiscated.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP;

OR, "PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT!"

Miss India. "EVICT ME! WITH PLEASURE, SAHIB. BUT HOW ABOUT 'COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE!'"

IN the heart of fair Ind, which JOHN BULL hopes to keep,
Trade planted a Garden—a Garden of Sleep;
'Neath the hot Eastern sky—in the place of good corn—
It is there that the baneful white Poppy is born,—
Chinese Johnny's desire, lending dreams of delight,
Which are his when the poppy-juice cometh in sight.
Oh! the Mart hath no heart, and Trade laugheth to scorn
The plea of friend PEASE, where the Poppies are born.

In this Garden of Sleep, where white Poppies are spread,
Fair INDIA plucketh the opiate head.
JOHN BULL says, "My dear, PEASE's tales make me creep.
"He swears it, fills graves with 'pigtails,' who seek sleep!"
Fair INDIA replies, "That may possibly be;
But they Revenue bring, some Six Millions, you see!
Turn me out if you will, smash the Trade if you must;
But—you 'll make up the money somehow, Sir, I trust!"

WANTED—A LOCAL HABITATION.

(Commended by Mr. Punch to the Patrons of British Art.)

English Art (to Sir James L-nt-n, Messrs. T-te and Agn-w). "NOW, GENTLEMEN, THE GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN THE SITE FOR MY HOUSE,—IT ONLY REMAINS FOR YOU TO BUILD IT."

[The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announced that the Government had assigned a site for the new Gallery of Modern Art, as he thought it would be unwise to risk the failure of the gift of £80,000 which had been offered to erect a building.]

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

IN view of the intense public excitement aroused by the statement that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, in his expedition to Mashonaland, is only going to take two books with him—SHAKSPEARE and MOLIÈRE—an Inquiring Correspondent has recently written to several eminent persons on this subject, and has received—so he says—the following replies:—

SIR,—You ask me what books I should take if I were contemplating a visit to the Dark Continent, like Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The question, in the abstract, and without reference to my own personality, is an interesting one, and no doubt human fallibility would, in the case you suppose, induce me to take several volumes of my own *Gleanings* with me,—not so much for their intrinsic merits, as because perhaps they might form a new kind of literature for native African potentates. HOMER, too, *of course*. At my time of life, however, I must be excused from grappling with any new Continents, dark or otherwise. I find that Ireland is quite dark enough for me just now. Excuse a card. Yours, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

SIR,—As I am not "contemplating an expedition to the Dark Continent," and have no sympathy with Hottentots, there seems to be no sufficient reason for my answering your questions, or for your asking them. S-L-SB-RY.

SIR,—Your question is ridiculous. The only books worth taking to Africa, or anywhere else, would be a bound copy of last year's *Review of Reviews*, GENERAL BOOTH's epoch-making volume, and—this is indispensable—SIR C. D-LKE's invaluable *Problems of Greater Britain*. When I went to Rome, I naturally took with me the "hundred best books in the world." They were a little heavy, but I thought the POPE would like to see them. However, circumstances prevented my presenting them to His Holiness. Yours, W. T. ST-D.

SIR,—I don't know much about books. I've just written rather a good one on *Cricket*, and I think if I were going to Africa I should take a supply. From all I've heard of TIPPOO TIB, I should think he would enjoy the game; at any rate TIPPOO ought to be able to master tip and run without much difficulty. W. G. GR-CE.

SIR,—Having consulted my relatives—also CAPTAIN M-L-SW-RTH—as to whether there would be any impropriety in giving a reply to your questions, I am happy to say that they seem to think there would be none, but that on the contrary it might even assist the takings at the Aquarium. I may therefore mention that if I were proceeding to Central Africa there is *only one book* I should dream of taking with me. That would be a copy of the Proceedings of the London County Council, since the joyful date of its advent on this planet. Yours obediently, Z-O.

SIR,—The one book I should take with me to Africa would be DR. PETERS' recent valuable work—*More Light on Dark Africa*. I should give it to the Dwarfs. It would make capital poisoned arrows. H. M. ST-NL-Y.

SIR,—The only book worth thinking about for such an expedition as you mention would be STANLEY'S *In Darkest Africa*. Its Maps would be invaluable,—as presents for a rival explorer, whom one might desire to mislead as to his route. CARL P-T-RS.

Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Pennell.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER defends the use of Photography for the engraver's purposes, and clearly thinks that what TENNYSON ought to have written, in *Locksley Hall*, was—

"And the thoughts of men are widened by a Process of the Sun's."

He also comforts himself with the reflection that being called over the coals in the *National Observer*, is one of the PENNEL-ties of success.

MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. III.—HEDDA GABLER.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The cheerful dark Drawing-room. It is afternoon.* HEDDA *stands loading a revolver in the back Drawing-room.*

Hedda (looking out, and shouting). How do you do, Judge? (*Aims at him.*) Mind yourself! [*She fires.*

Brack (entering). What the devil! Do you usually take pot-shots at casual visitors? [*Annoyed.*

Hedda. Invariably, when they come by the back-garden. It is my unconventional way of intimating that I am at home. One does do these things in realistic dramas, you know. And I was only aiming at the blue sky.

Brack. Which accounts for the condition of my hat. (*Exhibiting it.*) Look here—*riddled!*

Hedda. Couldn't help myself. I am so horribly bored with TESMAN. Everlastingly to be with a professional person!

Brack (sympathetically). Our excellent TESMAN is certainly a bit of a bore. (*Looks searchingly at her.*) What on earth made you marry him?

Hedda. Tired of dancing, my dear, that's all. And then I used TESMAN to take me home from parties; and we saw this villa; and I said I liked it, and so did he; and so we found some common ground, and here we are, do you see! And I loathe TESMAN, and I don't even like the villa now; and I do feel the want of an entertaining companion so!

Brack. Try me. Just the kind of three-cornered arrangement that I like. Let me be the third person in the compartment—(*confidentially*)—the tried friend, and, generally speaking, cock of the walk!

Hedda (audibly drawing in her breath). I cannot resist your polished way of putting things. We will conclude a triple alliance. But hush!—here comes TESMAN.

[*Enter* GEORGE, *with a number of books under his arm.*

George. Puff! I *am* hot, HEDDA. I've been looking into LÖVBORG's new book. Wonderfully thoughtful—confound him! But I must go and dress for your party, Judge. [*He goes out.*

Hedda. I wish I could get TESMAN to take to politics, Judge. Couldn't he be a Cabinet Minister, or something?

Brack. H'm!

[*A short pause; both look at one another, without speaking. Enter* GEORGE, *in evening dress, with gloves.*

George. It is afternoon, and your party is at half-past seven—but I like to dress early. Fancy that! And I am expecting LÖVBORG.

[EJLERT LÖVBORG *comes in from the hall; he is worn and pale, with red patches on his cheek-bones, and wears an elegant perfectly new visiting-suit, and black gloves.*

George. Welcome! (*Introduces him to* BRACK.) Listen—I have got your new book, but I haven't read it through yet.

"I am a Norwegian literary man, and peculiar."

Lövborg. You needn't—it's rubbish. (*Takes a packet of MSS. out.*) This *isn't.* It's in three parts; the first about the civilising forces of the future, the second about the future of the civilising forces, and the third about the forces of the future civilisation. I thought I'd read you a little of it this evening?

Brack and George (hastily). Awfully nice of you—but there's a little party this evening—so sorry we can't stop! Won't you come too?

Hedda. No, he must stop and read it to me and Mrs. ELVSTED instead.

George. It would never have occurred to me to think of such clever things! Are you going to oppose me for the Professorship, eh?

Lövborg (modestly). No; I shall only triumph over you in the popular judgment—that's all!

George. Oh, is that all? Fancy! Let us go into the back drawing-room and drink cold punch.

Lövborg. Thanks—but I am a reformed character, and have renounced cold punch—it is poison.

[GEORGE *and* BRACK *go into the back-room and drink punch, whilst* HEDDA *shows* LÖVBORG *a photograph album in the front.*

Lövborg (slowly, in a low tone). HEDDA GABLER! how *could* you throw yourself away like this!——Oh, is *that* the ORTLER Group? Beautiful!——Have you forgotten how we used to sit on the settee together behind an illustrated paper, and—yes, very picturesque peaks——I told you all about how I had been on the loose?

Hedda. Now, none of that, here! These are the Dolomites.—Yes, I remember; it was a beautiful fascinating Norwegian intimacy—but it's over now. See, we spent a night in that little mountain village, TESMAN and I!

Lövborg. Did you, indeed? Do you remember that delicious moment when you threatened to shoot me down—(*tenderly*)—I do!

Hedda (carelessly). Did I? I have done that to so many people. But now all that is past, and you have found the loveliest consolation in dear, good, little Mrs. ELVSTED—ah, here she is! (*Enter* Mrs. ELVSTED.) Now, THEA, sit down and drink up a good glass of cold punch. Mr. LÖVBORG is going to have some. If you don't, Mr. LÖVBORG, GEORGE and the Judge will think you are afraid of taking too much if you once begin.

Mrs. E. Oh, please, HEDDA! When I've inspired Mr. LÖVBORG so—good gracious! *don't* make him drink cold punch!

Hedda. You see, Mr. LÖVBORG, our dear little friend can't *trust* you!

Lövborg. So *that* is my comrade's faith in me! (*Gloomily.*) *I'll* show her if I am to be trusted or not. (*He drinks a glass of punch.*) Now I'll go to the Judge's party. I'll have another glass first. Your health, THEA! So you came up to spy on me, eh? I'll drink the Sheriff's health—*everybody's* health!

[*He tries to get more punch.*

Hedda (stopping him). No more now. You are going to a party, remember. [GEORGE *and* TESMAN *come in from back-room.*

Lövborg. Don't be angry, THEA. I was fallen for a moment. Now I'm up again! (Mrs. E. *beams with delight*). Judge, I'll come to your party, as you *are* so pressing, and I'll read GEORGE my manuscript all the evening. I'll do all in *my* power to make that party go!

George. No? fancy! that *will* be amusing!

Hedda. There, go away, you wild rollicking creatures! But Mr. LÖVBORG must be back at ten, to take dear THEA home!

Mrs. E. Oh, goodness, yes! (*In concealed agony.*) Mr. LÖVBORG, I shan't go away till you do!

[*The three men go out laughing merrily; the Act-drop is lowered for a minute; when it is raised, it is* 7 A.M., *and* Mrs. ELVSTED *and* HEDDA *are discovered sitting up, with rugs around them.*

Mrs. E. (wearily). Seven in the morning, and Mr. LÖVBORG not here to take me home *yet!* what *can* he be doing?

Hedda (yawning). Reading to TESMAN, with vine-leaves in his hair, I suppose. Perhaps he has got to the third part.

Mrs. E. Oh, do you *really* think so, HEDDA? Oh, if I could but hope he was doing that!

Hedda. You silly little ninny! I should like to scorch your hair off. Go to bed! [Mrs. E. *goes. Enter* GEORGE.

George. I'm a little late, eh? But we made *such* a night of it. Fancy! It was most amusing. EJLERT read his book to me—think of that! Astonishing book! Oh, we really had great fun! I wish *I'd* written it. Pity he's so irreclaimable.

Hedda. I suppose you mean he has more of the courage of life than most people?

George. Good Lord! He had the courage to get more drunk than most people. But, altogether, it was what you might almost call a Bacchanalian orgy. We finished up by going to have early coffee with some of these jolly chaps, and poor old LÖVBORG dropped his precious manuscript in the mud, and I picked it up—and here it is! Fancy if anything were to happen to it! He never could write it again. *Wouldn't* it be sad, eh? Don't tell anyone about it.

[*He leaves the packet of MSS. on a chair, and rushes out;* HEDDA *hides the packet as* BRACK *enters.*

Brack. *Another* early call, you see! My party was such a singularly animated *soirée* that I haven't undressed all night. Oh, it was the liveliest affair conceivable! And, like a true Norwegian host, I tracked LÖVBORG home; and it is only my duty, as a friend of the house, and cock of the walk, to take the first opportunity of telling you that he finished up the evening by coming to mere loggerheads with a red-haired opera-singer, and being taken off to the police-station! You mustn't have him here any more. Remember our little triple alliance!

Hedda (her smile fading away). You are certainly a dangerous person—but you must not get a hold over me!

Brack (ambiguously). What an idea! But I might—I am an insinuating dog. Good morning! [*Goes out.*

Lövborg (bursting in, confused and excited). I suppose you've heard where *I've* been?

Hedda (evasively). I heard you had a very jolly party at Judge BRACK'S. [Mrs. ELVSTED *comes in.*

Lövborg. It's all over. I don't mean to do any more work. I've no use for a companion now, THEA. Go home to your Sheriff!

Mrs. E. (agitated). Never! I want to be with you when your book comes out!

Lövborg. It won't *come* out—I've torn it up! (*Mrs. E. rushes out, wringing her hands.*) Mrs. TESMAN, I told her a lie—but no

matter. I haven't torn my book up—I've done worse! I've taken it about to several parties, and it's been through a police-row with me—now I've lost it. Even if I found it again, it wouldn't be the same—not to me! I am a Norwegian literary man, and peculiar. So I must make an end of it altogether!

Hedda. Quite so—but look here, you must do it beautifully. I don't insist on your putting vine-leaves in your hair—but do it beautifully. (*Fetches pistol.*) See, here is one of General Gabler's pistols—do it with *that!*

Lövborg. Thanks!

[*He takes the pistol, and goes out through the hall-door; as soon as he has gone,* Hedda *brings out the manuscript, and puts it on the fire, whispering to herself, as Curtain falls.*

CAN A MAN IMPRISON HIS WIFE?

(*An Autobiographical Consideration of the Question, by an Eminent Legal Authority.*)

It may be remembered that (I trust) in deserved acknowledgment of my professional pre-eminence, I received, some little while ago, the appointment of a Deputy-Assistant-Revising-Barristership. In performing the duties of this important office, I sometimes have to incur bodily risk—the more especially when I have to distinguish between the rival claims of the political parties that I am sorry to say have made Lambville-cum-Minton the antithesis of heaven upon earth. On the occasion to which I particularly wish to refer, I was accompanied by my Wife, to my secret annoyance, as I am afraid the Lady who does me the honour to share my name is unduly apprehensive of my safety, and, besides this general plea, I had yet another special reason for desiring her absence. To tell the truth, I had been greatly moved by a decision given in the Court of Appeal, whereby it seemed to me (and no doubt to many of my learned friends) the custody of a wife by her husband had become an empty phrase, signifying nothing. I felt that if, by any means, I could get this judgment set aside, I would not only confer upon myself, as a married man, a signal benefit, but, moreover, as a Counsel, obtain increased professional distinction. However, I was embarrassed by the presence of my Wife, when I came to consider the best mode in which marital authority might be assumed to raise the question of the right of *habeas corpus*. I had returned to my room before the opening of the Registration Court at Lambville-cum-Minton, in rather a disturbed frame of mind. Truth to tell, my Wife, having learned that political feeling was rising so high in the town that it was possible that the Deputy-Assistant-Revising-Barrister might be assaulted by either or both of the rival factions, had done her best to dissuade me from taking my customary seat.

Summing Up.

"What shall I do, to say nothing of the darling children, if you are brought home on a hurdle?" she sobbed out.

I assured her that there was a very remote risk of my succumbing to such a fate, as the conveyance home on a hurdle raised the presumption that the victim had been hunting, a sport in which I seldom, I may say, never indulged. But this explanation did not reassure her, and she left me in tears. Her emotion caused me much pain, the more especially as my proposed task seemed to me, under the circumstances, a species of domestic treason. However, I hardened my heart, and sat down to consider the facts of the case. To allow the right of seizure to be argued, it would be necessary to take my Wife out of the custody of someone other than myself. Her mother, a most estimable old lady, with whom I have had many a pleasant and exciting game of backgammon, seemed a right and proper person to assist me in carrying out my project. But the objection immediately occurred to me that it would be an exceedingly difficult matter to induce her to hold my Wife from me unless I desired her to take such a course. But if I made this request, would not the proceeding savour of collusion? To meet this obstacle I came to the conclusion that I might get my Wife to pay a visit to her mother, and then, appropriately disguised, seize and carry her off. By locking her in the conveyance and riding on the box, I could preserve my incognito until reaching home, and then I might confine her in her own room with assumed harshness, and possibly (of this I had some doubt) get her to complain of her imprisonment. By keeping my Wife's domicile a close secret, her mother would be induced to visit me to ask my professional assistance in recovering her daughter. Thus approached it would be possible to so advise the old lady that in the result she would demand my Wife's presence in Court under a writ of *habeas corpus*. Then would come my opportunity. Of course I would produce my Wife, and having carefully prepared my arguments, would deliver an oration that would fill columns of the newspapers, and hand down my name to generations to come as *the* authority on marital rights. I saw in the near future wealth and restored domestic happiness. But the first thing to do was to look up my Wife. And at this point it occurred to me that it was time for me to walk over to the Revision Court. I hastily gathered certain necessary articles into my brief-bag, and putting on my hat, grasped the handle of the door. To my surprise I found that I could obtain no egress. I rang the bell—and instead of a servant my Wife answered the summons. "The door is locked, dear," I observed, "and as the key seems to be on the other side, will you kindly open it, as I am in a hurry to be off."

"You will stay where you are," was the reply. "You are not going to get killed by attending a nonsensical Revision Court."

"But I must go," I explained; and then assuming a tone of authority I rarely adopt, I added, "and you will be good enough to open the door at once."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," replied my Wife, calmly. "I locked you in, and I shan't let you out."

"What, Madam," I exclaimed; "do you defy my authority?"

"Certainly!" was the immediate response. "You may say or think what you like, but you don't leave this house to-day as sure as I am your lawfully wedded Wife."

And as a matter of fact I didn't!

Pump-handle Court. (*Signed.*) A. Briefless, Junior.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—To see Madame Albani as *Violetta* the consumptive heroine of "*La Traviata.*" Charmingly sung and admirably, nay, most touchingly, acted. Maurel excellent as *Germont Senior*, and Montariol quite the weak-minded masher *Alfredo*. What a different turn the story might have taken had it occurred to *Violetta* to have a flirtation with the handsome middle-aged *père noble!* At one time it almost seemed as if there had been some change in motive of the Opera since I last saw it, and that the above original idea was about to be carried out. But no; in another second *Germont-Maurel* as "Old Maurelity" (by kind permission of Toby, M.P.) had pulled himself together, and *Albani-Violetta* was in the depths of remorseful sorrow. In that gay and festive supper scene, where a physician, unostentatiously styled *Il Dottore* (he would probably be *Ill* Dottore the morning after) is present to look after the health of the guests, and perhaps to "propose" it, I noticed with pleasure that, on the tables, Deuriolanus Aldermanicus, mindful of civic feasts, had placed bottles of real champagne, or at least real champagne-bottles. This interested the audience muchly, and numerous were the glasses turned in the direction of the bottles—of course 'tis opera-glasses I mean, yer honour,—in order to ascertain what particular wanity was *La Traviata's* favourite; but the bottles were so placed that only one unimportant word on the label was visible. Was it Pommery '80 *très sec?*—Or what was it? Impossible to see: it was not mentioned in the dialogue, so "Mumm" might have been the word. But at all events, if the wine is one which requires advertisement, the guests should be told to be very careful to leave the bottles in the same position as in the old prefatial stage-directions "the reader of the play" is supposed to be; *i.e.*, "*on the stage, facing the audience.*"

Wednesday.—*Rigoletto.* M. Maurel as the Jester; acting good, voice too loud. Albani, as *Gilda*, overwhelmed with encores. M. Montariol's *Il Duca* is *Alfredo* over again, only confirmed in a vicious career. To obtain an encore for the great but now hackneyed song, "*La Donna e mobile,*" a wonderful rendering is absolutely essential, and somehow something seems wanting to the success of *Rigoletto* when this song goes for nothing and is passed without a rapturous "*bis, bis!*" which makes a Manager rub his hands and smilingly say to himself, "Good bis-ness.

Thursday.—*Lohengrin* I believe, but wasn't there. Hope the Opera went all right without me. Can't be in more places than one at the same moment. Same remarks apply to Friday and Saturday.

TO MISS ALICE ATHERTON AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

To see her in *Our Daughters!* worth the money!
She 'Ath er "ton" so genuinely funny!
Yes, Alice, in such acting, dance, or song,
We recognise thy talent *et ton* "*ton.*"

Of the Modern Bill of Costs, the Ancient "Bill of the Play," Shakspeare, and the present representative of the Ancient Mariner, L.C.J. Coleridge, both observe, "Oh, reform it altogether!"

WHAT OUR FIN-DE-SIECLISTS ARE GROWING TO.

"Oh, oh, oh! Confound it!" "What *is* the Matter, Algy?"
"I just let my Foot out of the Stirrup, and this Beast of a Pony's Trod on my Toe!"

HYMEN AND CUPID.

(*Fin-de-Siècle Version, some way after Moore.*)

Hymen, late, his love-knots selling,
Called at many a maiden's dwelling;
But he found too well they knew him;
None were prompter to pooh-pooh him.
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that old cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maidens mocked, with laughter dying,
Those fool-knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who once with him had sided,
Openly his wares derided.
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?"
All at that old cry came flocking,
Mocking in a style quite shocking.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose nooses of Law's making.
"Pooh!" the nymphs cried. "Who can trust 'em?
We have changed your queer old custom.
Who'll buy your love-knots?
Who'll buy your love-knots?
Women they bind not, nor tie men.
You're a helpless gaoler, Hymen!

"When the bargain is completed,
We have but to cry, 'We're cheated!'
And you'll find you're sold most sadly.
Love-knots? Fools'-knots! They tie badly.
Who'll buy *your* love-knots?
Who'll buy *your* love-knots?
Burdens you would lay our backs on—
Our reply is—Tolstoi! Jackson!"

Hymen dropped his torch; its splutter
Was extinguished in the gutter.
"At my torch and crown of roses
These young minxes cock their noses.
Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?
What's the use? 'Twixt Law and Passion,
Hymen's plainly out of fashion!

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laughed but for good breeding.
"Best join *me*," he cried, "Old Chappie!
Ibsen read, be free, and happy!
Who'll buy your love-knots?
Who'll buy your love-knots?
Have a spree—all shackles scorning,
Come! 'We won't go home till morning!'"

A BACONIAN THEORY;

Or, Trying it On.

Solomon isn't in it with Judge Bacon. The point was whether Mrs. Manley had made Miss Dorothy Dene's dresses to fit or not. "To fit or not to fit, that was the question." The Judge gave his decision after a fair trial of the two costumes—this might be remembered on both sides as "the trying-on case,"—that, according to the evidence of unimpeachable witnesses represented by the Judge's own common-sense and artistic eye for effect, two of the dresses and a cloak didn't fit, and that so far, the Defendant, Miss Dorothy, must consider herself, in a dress-making sense, "non-suited." Mrs. Manley had, of course, undertaken to provide fits for her customers, and for having partially failed, her customers determined to return the compliment, by "giving *her* fits" if possible. So the parties came before Judge Bacon, and appealed to His Honour. And the learned Judge mindful of ancestral Baconian wisdom, "*Cast a severe eye upon the example*,"—that is, he examined the dresses most critically,—"*but a merciful eye upon the person*," —for the fair Plaintiff and fair Defendant His Honour showed himself a most fair Judge, unwilling, as Bacon, "to give beans" to either party, and so dismissing them with his beany-diction. But, *paucis verba*,—and may we always have nothing but praise to bestow on *Bacon's Essays*.

A DISCLAIMER.

(*By an Unionist.*)

I "prefer Parnell"? Oh dear, no!
There is no man I've hated so.
But, since he turned a fierce derider
Of him he calls the "Grand Old Spider;"
Since he has "blown" the Home-Rule "gaff,"
And whelmed the Gladstone gang with chaff;
Since he has almost wiped out Pigott,
Half justified the Orange bigot;
Proved part of the *Times'* charge at least,
And won the "Hill-men," lost the Priest;—
Since then—why, hang it, 'tis such fun,
I half forgive him all he's done;
I'll back him, bet on him, and grin;
Give him my vote, and hope he'll win.
But I *prefer* him? Goodness gracious!
Why *can't* Gladstonians be veracious?

Sir Henry Loch's "Straight Tip" to the intrusive Boers in Mashonaland.—"Play us none of your 'treks'!"

HYMEN, FIN DE SIÈCLE.

"MAIDENS MOCKED, WITH LAUGHTER DYING,
THOSE FOOL-KNOTS OF HYMEN'S TYING."

Moltke.

HELMUTH KARL BERNHARD VON MOLTKE.

Born, October 26th, 1803. *Died, April 24th*, 1891.

STRONG, silent Soldier, whom the unmarked years
Shaped to such service of the Fatherland
As seldom to one firm, unfailing hand,
A State hath owed; to-day a People's tears
Bedew the most illustrious of biers!
The waning century hastening to its close
Hath scarce a greater on its glory-roll,
Hope of thy land, and terror of its foes;
Of foresight keen, and long-enduring soul!
War's greatness is not greatest; there are heights
Of splendour pure mere warriors scarce may scale,
But thou wert more than battle's scourge and flail,
Calm-souled controller of such Titan fights
As mould man's after-history. When thy star
Shone clear at Koniggrätz, men gazed and knew
The light that heralds the great Lords of War;
And when o'er Sedan thy black Eagles flew
And the bold Frank, betrayed and broken, drew
One shuddering gasp of agony and sank,
When thy long-mustered legions rank on rank
Hemmed the fair, fated City of men's love,
Then thy star culminated, shone above
All but the few fixed beacon-lights, which owned
A new compeer. Long steadfastly enthroned
In German hearts, and all men's reverence,
Suddenly, softly thou art summoned hence,
To the great muster, full of years and fame!
How thinks *he*, lord of a co-equal name,
Thine ancient comrade in war's iron lists,
Just left, and lone, of the Titanic Three
Who led the Eagles on to victory?
Calmest of Captains, first of Strategists.
BISMARCK must bend o'er thy belaurelled bier
With more than common grief in the unbidden tear!

JOKIM AND JOHN.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is following Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S example. The latter started "No fees" for Play-time, and the former advocates "No fees" for School-time.

A PROP OF THE DRAMA.

"WHAT, BACK ALREADY, ARCHIE! WAS IT A DULL PIECE, THEN?"
"DON'T KNOW. DIDN'T STOP TO SEE. JUST LOOKED ROUND STALLS AND BOXES, AND DIDN'T SEE A SOUL I KNEW!—SO I CAME AWAY."

ROBERT AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY BALL.

WELL, I've said it afore, and now I says it agane, as I don't bleeve as sich another both bewtifool and elligant site is to be seen in all the world, as is to be seen at these anniwersary yearly festivals in our nobel Egipshun All at the honoured Manshun House.

Of course I don't no what sort of intertainement was held there when the aincient Egipshuns had it, or weather they ewer was there at all—for I ain't much of a hantiquery; but, from what I've seen of some on 'em at the British Mewseum, I should think as there werry peculyar style of dress was not much sooted to such occashuns.

I thinks, upon the hole, as the children's dresses on this speshal ocashun "beat the record," as the runners and jumpers says, both for illigance and wariety, and, shoud I atemt to describe 'em, where on airth shoud I begin! But, as I must begin sumwheres, I hopes as I shan't awake the biling jealousy of all the other mothers present when I says as I gives the Parm Tree to the two rayther youthfool Beef Eaters. As for the number of Angels and Fairys, with most lovly wings, they was so numerus, and so bewtifool, that ewen I, a pore Hed Waiter, coudn't help the thort, that they was a giving me my first glimpse of Pairodice. Then again I noticed as the grashus and hansum LADY MARRES—who I should ha liked to ha seen putting herself at the hed of them all, and leading em all round the bewtifool All—had most kindly inwited a few poor creetures, such as nusses, and charity Gals, and plow boys, and setterer, just to let 'em see what they may sum day cum to be, if so be as they is all good.

There was a lot of Hartists a going about makin skitches of the werry prettiest dresses insted of the werry prettiest faces, as I shood most suttenly have done. One of 'em wanted for to take my picter, but as I coudn't bleeve it was for my bewty, and was quite sure it wasn't for my full heavening dress, and coud therefore ony be for fun, I respekfully declined.

It is roomered among us Hed Waiters, that the QUEEN's own Daughter, which she's a Hempress, has told her son, which he's the HEMPEROR of GERMANY, and is a comin here next July, that the werry loveliest site as the Grand Old Copperashun can posserbly show him, will be a reppytishun of the glorious seen as I seed with my own delited eyes on Wensdy last. ROBERT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"OH WILLOW! WILLOW!" Mr. GRACE's memories of Forty years of Cricket are full of interest, of enthusiasm, and of good stories. "My Early Cricket Days" will hugely interest young would-be Willow-wielders. "Cricketers I have Met" is excellent reading, the Champion being as generous in appreciation as keen in judgment. On the science of the game he, of course, speaks as one having authority. THACKERAY said he never saw a boy without wishing to give him a sovereign. The "Co." for some time to come will not look on an athletic lad without longing to give him a copy of "Cricket; by W. G. GRACE." He hopes that lots of other "dasters" will feel the same yearning, and act upon it.

One of the "Co." reports that he has been reading a work on *Decorative Electricity*, by Mrs. J. S. H. GORDON, and a very pretty and original little book he found it, full of suggestions, ingenious, fanciful, and practical, all at once—a rare combination. "Those about to" instal—and most of us will find ourselves in that position, sooner or later—will gain some invaluable hints and ideas from this volume, which, in addition to its other merits, is charmingly illustrated. Before very long we shall all be modern Aladdins, and summon our Slave of the Lamp as a matter of course. But there is plenty of scope for imagination in devising the form of his appearance, notwithstanding, and Mrs. GORDON's book shows us how the Genius may be compelled to present himself in a variety of pleasing and fantastic shapes.

The Baron is of opinion that *The Seal of Fate*, by Lady POLLOCK and W. H. POLLOCK, is an interesting but somewhat discursive novel. Will it be followed by *The Fate of the Seal*, a tale of the Fishery Question? BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

LORD RANDOLPH—PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME—BACK.

UPON AFRIC'S SHORE;

OR, THE BATTLE OF THE HEROES.

(*Not by the Author of "The Battle of Limerick."*)

YE lovers of the nation,
Who burn with indignation,
And England's obfuscation perpetually deplore;
Ye flouters of our factions,
And partisan distractions,
How like ye the transactions upon Afric's shore?

Ye've all heard of the Lion
Who a rival cast his eye on,
(You'll find him in *Bombastes*) and thought the brute a bore.
Such rival Leos flourish,
And mutual hatred nourish,
With a snapping almost currish, upon Afric's shore.

Faith their manes are *always* waving,
And their claws for contest craving,
And their forms are always rampant, and they're ever at full roar,
And in book and morning paper,
They still clapperclaw and caper,
And they worry, snarl and vapour about Afric's shore.

There was EMIN, sage pacific,
The serene and scientific,
Who a wondrous reputation in a hero-patriot bore,
Until "rescued" by brave STANLEY,
Who declared him weak, unmanly.
Oh! 'tis strange how heroes *can* lie about Afric's shore.

Then BARTTELOT and TROUP,
JEPHSON, JAMESON—a group
Who each of each "made soup"—off each other tried to score;
And in many a verjuiced "vollum"
STANLEY's jovial "Rear Column"
Was discussed in manner solemn, anent Afric's shore.

Then the "foreign element"
To it tooth and nail *they* went,
And the Battle of the Heroes it grew livelier than before.
Now that man, and now this man,
Now DE BRAZZA and now WISSMANN,
Made it hot for poor Old England upon Afric's shore.

Now comes PETERS! He has slanged
STANLEY awfully, and banged
The "Rescue" party badly. It is getting a big bore,
When, with tempers hot as Indies,
Heroes smash each other's windies,
Pursuing of their shindies about Afric's shore.

It is doubtless "moighty fine,"
Being what *Titmarsh* called "a line,"
And it does Society's "sowl" good (no doubt) to hear him roar;
But 'tis folly to suppose
He *must* rush upon his foes,
And hit them on the nose, upon Afric's shore.

EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—When Mr. SMITH proposed shutting up shop early on Tuesdays and Fridays, Sir ROBERT FOWLER was all for singing, "We won't go home till morning (*three times*), Till daylight doth appear." But, as *Falstaff* asks, "What doth gravity out of bed after midnight?" No, Sir ROBERT, doughty knight, take good advice, and hie thee, armed *Night-cap-à-pie*, to thy couch. "Don't get up till morning, Till (long after) daylight doth appear!"

IBSEN IN BRIXTON.

Mrs. Harris. "YES, WILLIAM, I 've THOUGHT A DEAL ABOUT IT, AND I FIND I 'M NOTHING BUT YOUR DOLL AND DICKEY-BIRD, AND SO I 'M GOING!"

THE PARTY PETER BELL.

A POTTERER, Sir, he was by trade,
A Party Potterer, much respected,
And every year, when Spring appeared,
The yellow blooms, to bards endeared,
In swarms by PETER were collected.

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell,
And, upon April's nineteenth day,
Big buttonholers made display
Upon the heart of PETER BELL.

In vain through each succeeding year
Did Nature mourn her lessening store.
A Primrose on the river's brim
A Party emblem was to him,
And it was nothing more!

DISINFECTING THE WIGS.—"*L'Enfant Prodigue*," which is filling the Prince of Wales's Theatre day and night, has much in it that is delightful. Perhaps there is nothing quite excels the subtle touch in the programme where it is written: "The theatre is disinfected by the Sanitas Company, Limited. *The Wigs by Clarkson.*"

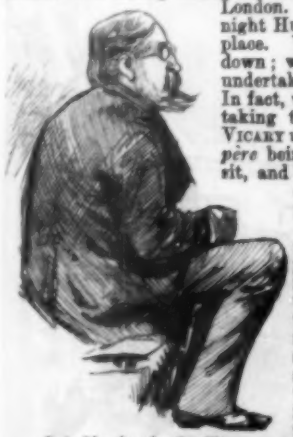
CURIOUS, AND "MORE ANON!"—The *Evelyn* v. *Hurlbert* trial was as full of literary interest as a sale of old books and manuscripts. Specially valuable were copies of *Evelyn's Diary*; while, in spite of the pressing demand, *Murray's Memoirs* were uncommonly scarce. Victorious Mr. HURLBERT! Yet for all his triumph, he will be, for some time, a "very much Murray'd man."

A SAVOY QUESTION.—The general idea of the forthcoming new Opera at the Savoy appears to be "all Dance to SOLOMON's music." Is it to be a pantomime-drama, like *L'Enfant Prodigue*, or simply a ballet? If neither, where do song-words and dialogue come in?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 20.—The other week T. C. BARING was sitting among us, one of the Members for the City of London. Now BARING is no more, and to-night HUCKS GIBBS comes in to take his place. VICARY G. brought his father down; watched him take oath and has undertaken generally to see him through. In fact, when GIBBS *père* hesitated about taking the proffered seat for the City, VICARY undertook to fill it; finally, GIBBS *père* being warmly pressed, consented to sit, and VICARY stood aside. But he will come in by-and-by, when he has given his father a turn.



Late Member for the City.

"Age before honesty, is my motto," said VICARY, when I complimented him upon the fine feeling he has shown throughout these negotiations. "I always think that we young fellows lose nothing by giving our elders a start. My father, you know, sometime ago wanted to change the name of our firm. Suggested it should be called SONS & ANTONY GIBBS. There's something in it; but on the whole, better leave things as they are. ANTONY GIBBS & SONS known all over the world; always embarrassing to change style of an old firm; so, for the present, at least, we leave things alone. Come along, *Pater;* think I'll take you home now. Never rush wildly into new engagements; you've had the excitement of being sworn in, and signing the roll of Parliament. You hadn't been in the place ten minutes before TIM HEALY gave you a chance of voting on a London City Bill, and that's enough for one night. By-and-by you shall stay all night and enjoy yourself in Committee on Irish Land Bill."

So ANTONY GIBBS AND SON went off before dinner. Didn't miss much; grinding away at Irish Land Bill; most soul-depressing experience of modern life; no heart in it; no reality; SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate brings up amendment after amendment, and makes successive speeches; SEYMOUR KEAY does ditto; SHAW-LEFEVRE adds new terror to situation by taking voluminous notes which promise illimitable succession of orations; House empty; PRINCE ARTHUR has the full length of Treasury Bench on which to lounge. Occasionally Division-bell rings; Members troop in by the hundred; follow their leaders into Lobby right or left, deciding question they haven't heard debated, and mere drift of which two-thirds don't understand.

BRER FOX absent to-night, which precludes possibility of flare-up in Irish Camp. TIM faithful to his post, but lacks inspiration of contiguity to BRER FOX.

"PARNELL's played out," said TIM, referring in course of evening to BRER FOX's reception in his latest run through Ireland. "He may ramp and roar here, but his game's up in Ireland."

"And is he resigned to the situation?" I asked.

TIM looked at me, half winking his miraculously preserved right eye.

"Did you ever hear, TOBY, what the weeping widow said to the parson, who asked, 'Was your husband resigned to die?' 'He had ter be,' she said, choking a sob."

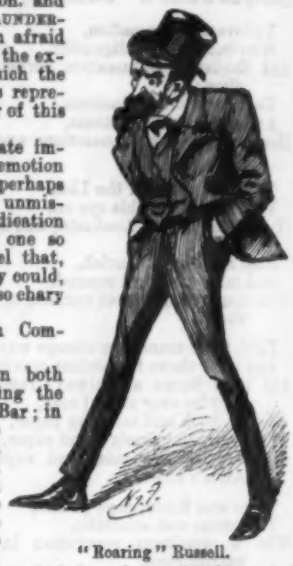
Business done.—Very little in the Irish Land Bill.

Tuesday.—Mr. G.'s presence at Morning Sitting gave only possible fillip to interminable Debate on Land Purchase Bill. BRER FOX still away, so comparative peace reigns in Irish Camp. TIM HEALY no one to butt his head against; COLONEL NOLAN too busy deploying his army of five men; showing them how to retreat in good order when Division-bell rings, and how, when it is decided to vote, they shall pass out through one door, march in at the other, cross the floor, and look as much as possible as if they were ten instead of five. T. W. RUSSELL—"Roaring" RUSSELL, as his old colleague in Temperance fights, WILFRID LAWSON, calls him—frequently on his legs. At sound of his voice, Mr. G. gets his back up; interposes interjections and corrections; and presently, when he can stand it no longer, plunges into a speech.

Another time SAUNDERSON draws him. "I am very sorry," said Mr. G., who has been itching to speak for last half-hour, "that the hon. and gallant Gentleman has dragged me into debate by gross misstatements."

Being there, however, Mr. G. enjoys himself passably well, grinding SAUNDERSON to powder, and hewing RUSSELL to pieces before the Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, who are sleeping peacefully together in the Gallery. "Like the Babes in the Wood," said PLUNKET, looking up smilingly at the face in the Gallery, which looks twice as wise when asleep as the ordinary man does in full possession of his senses.

"I know," Mr. G. continued, in measured accents of polite scorn, "that the eloquence of the hon. and gallant Gentleman (meaning SAUNDERSON) is as ungovernable as I am afraid it is sometimes unprofitable. In the exercise of the understanding which the Almighty has given him, he has represented me as being a supporter of this Bill."



"Roaring" Russell.

Words cannot convey adequate impression of the subtlety of emotion conveyed by this unwonted, perhaps unprecedented, invocation. An unmistakeable, though unspoken, indication of mingled feeling—pity for one so meagrely endowed, and marvel that, out of boundless stores, the Deity could, even in this instance, have been so chary of gifts.

Business done.—Still less in Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—Rival shows in both Houses to-night. Lords running the Newfoundland Delegates at the Bar; in the Commons Budget on. On the whole, Commons drew the fullest House, to which JOKIM descanted for nearly three hours. If he'd taken two, the speech would have been a third less long, and three times as successful. Still the Budget comes but once a year, and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER feels bound to make the most of opportunity. Pretty plain sailing for first two hours. Then JOKIM ran aground. It was General STAMPS that did it all. Appeared unexpectedly in long list of details setting forth Estimates for Revenue in coming year. Nobody ever heard before of the General; thought, at least, he must belong to the Army Estimates. But JOKIM would have him in, spurs and epaulettes, and all.

"General STAMPS," he said, regardless of grammar, "have fallen off." JOKIM, in his loose way, omitted to say off what; presumed to be his horse. House not sorry to hear it; had enough of the mysterious warrior. But he was up again a few minutes' later. "General STAMPS," JOKIM continued, in his airy fashion, "apart from the Death Duties, I reduce from £6,700,000 to £5,900,000."

"Better reduce him to the ranks at once," said Admiral FIELD, who is a terrible martinet.

But JOKIM took no notice of the suggestion; floundered along, bungling terribly. Committtee tried to help him out; that didn't help matters much. To have a Member in one part of the House filling up an awkward pause by suggesting "dried fruit," another "coffee," a third "rum," and a fourth "probate duty," when after all, JOKIM was thinking of the Income Tax or General STAMPS, evidently not designed to advance matters.

"The Committee knows what I mean," JOKIM said, piteously, looking round out of a morass a little deeper than he'd been in lately. But that is exactly what the Committee didn't do.

"Then," said JOKIM, "you'll understand the figures when you read them in the papers to-morrow." Something in that; House mollified; still can't help thinking that if it is to wait till next morning to read report of Chancellor's Budget Speech in order to understand his statements, some preliminary time might be saved in the evening.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Friday Night.—Missed OLD MORALITY from Treasury Bench; looked in his room; found him in arm-chair, collapsed, by fire-place, with copy of *Morning Advertiser* in his hand.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Surely you've not been reading JOKIM's Budget Speech right through!" He certainly looked as if he had.

"No, TOBY," he said; "it's not that; it's the Leader. Haven't you seen what the *Morning Advertiser* says about me? 'For the first time in our recollection he (that's me) bears on his political escutcheon a deep smudge of dishonour': and that's all because JOKIM wouldn't take a penny off a barrel of beer, and twopence off a gallon of spirits. It's the injustice I feel most acutely. It doesn't seem fair that Mr. BUNG should try to intimidate JOKIM by abusing me."

"It *is* hard," I said; "but it's no use sitting moping here. Come along into House; they're in Committee on the Land Bill an hour or two of that'll freshen you up." And it did.

Business done.—In Committee on the Irish Land Bill.

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Thoughts, like Snowflakes on some far-off Mountain Side, go on Accumulating till some great Truth is loosened, and Falls like an Avalanche on the Waiting World.

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AT PRESENT OUR LAWGIVERS DO NOT SEE THAT THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THOROUGHLY QUALIFIED PLUMBERS ARE FREQUENTLY MORE IMPORTANT THAN A MEDICAL PRACTITIONER'S.

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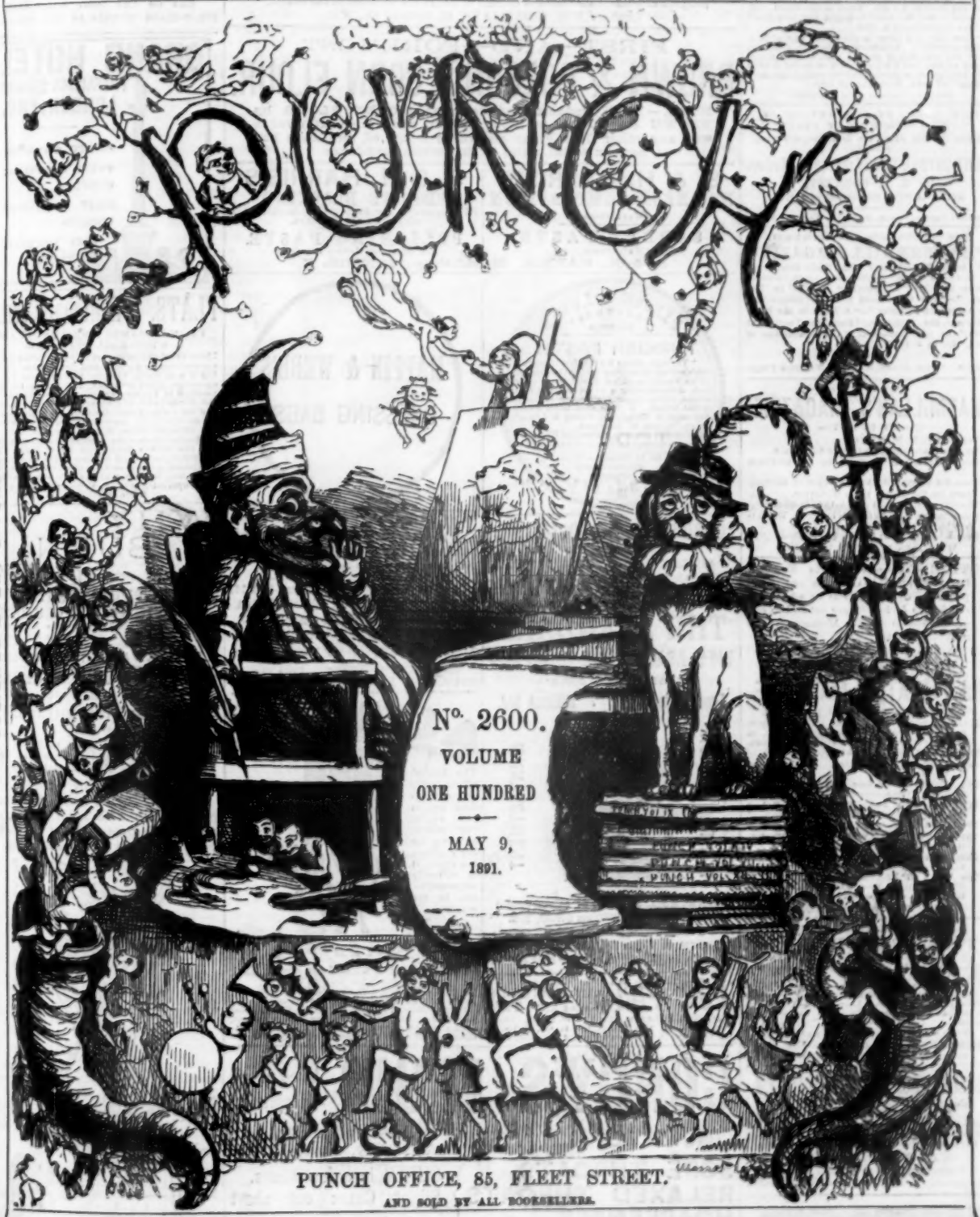

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And with these strictly nautical expressions, two of *Mr. Punch's* Own entered the Royal Naval Exhibition, which now occupies the larger portion of the grounds of the Military Hospital, Chelsea. That so popular a show should be allowed to occupy so large a site speaks wonders for the amiability of the British Public. When the Sodgeries appeared last year, it was, so to speak, with fear and trembling that "the powers that were" appropriated a little of the ground usually over-run by the Nobility and Gentry of the Pimlico Road and its vicinity; or, rather, by their haughty offspring. This year the tough old sea-dogs of the Admiralty have had no hesitation in taking what they required, apparently without causing comment, much less objection. And the result? In lieu of the dusty arena of 1890, scarcely large enough for a ladies' cricket-match, there appears in 1891 an enclosure containing lakes and lighthouses, panoramas, and full-size models of men-of-war! And the Public take their exclusion philosophically, either paying their shillings at the door, or attempting to get a view of the hoofs of the nautical horses through the gaps in the surrounding hoardings.

Mr. Punch's Representatives, after partaking of Chelsea Hospitality (*a purely fancy sketch*).

The Scribe and the Artist, having been ordered by He Who Must Be Obeyed in the world generally, and at 85, Fleet Street, in particular, to make a sort of preliminary cruise through the wonders of the (Admiralty) Deep, hastened from the inviting grounds into the main building, with its pictures, its plans, and last, but (it is only just to say) least, its pickles. The first object that attracted their favourable attention was a trophy of arms, representing the fashions of the past and the present. On one side were shrapnel and magazine rifles, on the other flint-locks and the ordnance of an age long gone by. Next they passed through the Arctic section, wherein they found dummies drawing a sledge through the canvas snow of a corded-off North Pole. Then they entered the Picture Galleries called after NELSON and BENBOW, wherein magnificent paintings by POWELL, full of smoke and action, served as an appropriate background to the collection of plate, lent by that gallant sailor-warrior and industrious collector of well-considered trifles, H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH. They glanced at the relics of Trafalgar, and then hurried away to the HOWE Gallery, which, containing as it did specimens of the implements used in the game of golf, might have as appropriately been christened the WHEREFORE. Next they skirted a corridor full of plans, and here they discovered that the Committee of the Exhibition must be wags, every Jack Tar of them! This corridor was close to the Dining-rooms, and the Committee (ha! ha! ha!) had called it (ho! ho! ho!) after COOK! (Ho! ho! ho!) Oh, the wit of it! How the Members of the Executive must have nudged one another in the ribs as the quaint idea dawned upon them! And how they must have laughed, too, on the Opening Day, when the Guard of Honour, presenting arms, and the "Greenwich Boys" singing "*Ye Mariners of England*," were drenched in the rain! And what a capital notion it was on that occasion to put "the Representatives of the Fourth Estate" (no doubt called by *them*, with many a sly twinkle of the eye, "the Press Gang") into a pen that soon, thanks to a series of water-spouts, assumed the appearance of a tank!

After leaving the Galleries, the Scribe and the Artist looked up at the model of Eddystone Lighthouse, and entered a shed declared to be an "Arctic Scene." Here they were reminded by the introduced ship of those happy days of their boyhood spent in the toy-shops of the Lowther Arcade. Next they visited the Panorama of Trafalgar, and revelled in the carnage of a sea-fight that only required Margate in the distance to be entirely convincing. They glanced at the arena, and gazed with awe at the lake which is to be devoted to the manœuvring of miniature ironclads. It will be interesting to note whether these mimic combats will hold their own in the coming season against the introduction of capsized clowns, drenched old women, and comic police. Keeping the best for the last, the Scribe and the Artist now entered the model of the *Victory*—a really admirable exhibition. There they saw before them the old battle-ship with its full equipment, as it was in the days of NELSON—when that deathless hero expected every Englishman (not excluding even those passing the Custom House—as the Committee would say) "to *do* his duty." To make the illusion complete, the great sea-captain was observed dying in the cock-pit in the agonies of WAX. And to think that this work was executed by a firm of house-decorators! Why, who would not, after this, have his back drawing-room converted into the quarter-deck of the *Shannon*, and his spare bed-room into a tiny reproduction of the Battle of Copenhagen!

The Scribe and the Artist, on their visit, were invited by all sorts and conditions of men to partake of champagne. The moment it was discovered that they were "connected with the Press," the offerers of hospitality were absolutely overwhelming. But, obeying the best traditions of their order, they sternly, but courteously, refused all refreshment. It is fortunate they pursued this course, for had they received the entirely disinterested kindness of their would-be hosts, their recollections of the marvels of the Royal Naval Exhibition would no doubt have been of the haziest character imaginable. As it was, they were able to take their departure through the main entrance with some show of dignity, and not in a less imposing manner (as the Committee—*Cook's* Gallery near the Dining-rooms—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!—would probably and amusingly suggest), by Tite Street.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS.

MR. PUNCH would be failing in his duty to Art and the British Public if he did not place on imperishable record his notes of the exceptionally brilliant Royal Academy Banquet of last Saturday. H.R.H. the Prince of WALES made one of his best and briefest speeches, in which he feelingly alluded to the late Sir EDGAR BOEHM, R.A. Never was the President, Sir FREDERICK, more eloquent, or his themes more varied; for this occasion is noteworthy as being the first time in the history of this great annual representative gathering that the toast of Music and the Drama has been duly honoured. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN responded for the first, and HENRY IRVING for the second. Both made excellent speeches. Sir ARTHUR'S solo was most effective; his notes were in his head; he gave us several variations on the original theme, and cleverly played upon one word in saying that music had been "instrumental" on various historical occasions. HENRY IRVING followed suit; he spoke of MRS. SIDDONS, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and of a professional gentleman, one ROSCIUS, mentioned, we believe, by *Hamlet* as having been, some considerable time ago, "a man of parts," that is an Actor, in Rome. It was a great success. Sir FREDERICK then proposed the LORD MAYOR, which may be briefly expressed as "a toast with a Savory to follow." For "The Visitors," Lord Justice BOWEN, catching sight of the President's classical picture (No. 232), made a happy hit about the delights of a honeymoon in the Infernal Regions, ending in the return of Proserpine to her mother Ceres by order of the Court above. Finally, the President, in summing up the losses to Art during the past year, paid a graceful tribute to the memory of CHARLES KEENE, who, but a short while ago, was our fellow-worker on the staff of *Mr. Punch*. With a hopeful allusion to the Storage of Artistic Force in the near future, the President concluded; but this Banquet of 1891 will long live in the recollection of all whose privilege it was to be present on so memorable an occasion.

MUSICAL NOTES.

I SAY! YSAYE! *Why say?* Why *not* say that YSAYE is a grand Yolinist, since he is this; and, as 'ARRY would observe, "No error!" and whoever says the contrary, is not speaking the absolute truth, but "*Ysays Worsay*." The Yolinist had the advantage of the co-operation of a fine Orchestra, under the Magic Wand of Conductor COWEN.

On the 27th, Heard young JEAN GERARDY, Little boy, but player hardy, Not the slightest Lardy-Dardy, Not yet out of care of "Guardy," Heard him *Lundi*, not on *Mardi*. But, whene'er he plays, your Bardy, Always spry, and never tardy, Will again hear JEAN GERARDY.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF CARICATURES OF MR. GLADSTONE.—"Collarable Imitations."

FASHION'S FLORALIA: OR, THE URBAN QUEEN OF THE MAY.

FASHION'S FLORALIA;

Or, The Urban Queen of the May.

(*A Song of the Season, a very long way after Herrick.*)

"London town is another affair
Since Herrick wrote his perfect rhymes."
Mortimer Collins.

True, sadly true, shaper of rattling rhymes,
London hath changed with process of the times.
Aurora now may "throw her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire,"
But our conditions atmospheric
Are not as in the days of Herrick.
Nathless the Muse to-day may see
Flora at urban revelry.
See how the goddess trippeth from the West,
Fragrant, though something fashionably [dress;
The Season waketh at her tread,
Art lifteth a long-drooping head;
Music doth make a merry din.
'Tis profanation, keeping in,
Whenas a hundred Shows upon this day
Spring, lightly as the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, Nymph, put on fresh finery, and be seen, [and green!
To come forth like the Spring-time, fresh
And gay as Flora. Art is there,
With flowing hyacinthine hair.
Fear not, the throng will strew
Largess abundant upon *you*, [kept.
When Burlington's great Opening Day is
Gone is thy Grosvenor rival, not unwept;
But a New Nymph, with footing light,
Trips it beside thee, nor hath night
Shadowed sweet "Aquarelle" whose skill,
As of a Water-Nymph, is still [paying,
Well to the fore. Pipe up! playing means
When Fashion's Urban Flora goes a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each street turns a grove, each square a park, [how
Made green and trimmed with trees: see
The pinky hawthorn decks the bough!
Each Bond Street porch, or door, ere this
Of Art a Tabernacle is;
Nor Art alone. With May is interwove
Seaweed, which Neptune's favourites love.
Swinburne should sing in stanzas fleet,
How Nelson may, at Chelsea, meet
Armstrong! Sound conch-shell! Let's obey
Thy Proclamation made for May.
Wild marine whiffs from the salt sea are straying,
And the brine greets us as we go a-Maying.

There's not a London-Teuton but this day
Hath a new welcome for the English May.
Germania from her distant home
In Flora's train this year doth come.
She hath despatched her country's cream
Of things, to make the Cockney dream.
Neptune and she have wooed and plighted troth,
And her we give May-welcome, nothing loth,
As many a welcome we have given
To France, Spain, Italy! War hath riven
Many true hearts, but we're content
Of Peace to make experiment.
Blow Teuton horn—(not like "*Hernani's*" braying!)—
It makes new music as we go a-Maying!

Come, let us go, while May is in its prime,
And make the best of the brief Season's time.
Herrick's Corinna might not see
An Urban May Queen such as we
Behold disport in our rare sun.
Rouse, Nymph! The Season is begun!
We'll trust no blizzard, and no boreal rain
May mar "Our Opening Day." Sound flutes again!
Pipe, Sir Frederick! Ah, well played!
Tootle thy new strains, fair Maid.
Blow, oh Briny One, with might!
Teuton Brunehild, glad our sight!
Fashion's Floralia, Nymph, invite our straying;
Come, my Corinna, come; let's go a-Maying!

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Painter. "Would you believe it! This is the Picture they've thought proper to Reject! I'll be so bold as to say, there are not Twenty better in the whole Exhibition!" *Friend.* "Dear me! Is it such a Poor Academy as that!"

THE HUMOUR O'T!

(*Namely of Parliament, as seen through Harry Furniss's fancy.*)

Air—"*The Wooing o't.*"

Lika Joko makes us laugh,
Ha! ha! the humour o't!
With caricature and caustic chaff;
He! he! the humour o't!
Parliament strikes some as slow,
Lika Joko deems not so;
Visit *his* St. Stephen's Show!
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

Gladstone stern and Gladstone staid,
Ha! ha! the humour o't!
Gladstone in war-paint arrayed,
He! he! the humour o't!
Gladstone "Out" and Gladstone "In,"
Gladstone with colossal chin,
Giant collars plunged within,
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

Smith with bland perennial smile,
Ha! ha! the humour o't!
Balfour, pet of the Green Isle,
He! he! the humour o't!
Harcourt, big as Babel's tower,
Goschen, with myopic glower,
Joseph of the orchid-flower.
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

How they muster, how they "tell,"
Ha! ha! the humour o't!
Woes of the Division Bell,
He! he! the humour o't!
All—from Prayers to "Who goes Home?"
O'er St. Stephens you may roam;
Lika Joko bids you. Come!
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

Lika Joko is a wag,
Ha! ha! the humour o't!
All the tricks are in his bag,
He! he! the humour o't!
He can mimic, he can mime,
Draw, and act, and—what is prime—
Keep you laughing all the time.
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

Why doesn't some Musical Photographic Artist of Scotch Nationality compose a March for his fellow Professors and Practisers, and call it "*The March of the Camera Men*"? Sure to be popular.

An Un-"Common" Good Horse.—The Winner of this Year's Two Thousand.

MR. PUNCH'S POCKET IBSEN.

(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.'s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)

No. III.—HEDDA GABLER.

ACT. III.

SCENE.—*The same Room, but—it being evening—darker than ever—The crape curtains are drawn. A Servant, with black ribbons in her cap, and red eyes, comes in and lights the gas quietly and carefully. Chords are heard on the piano in the back Drawing-room. Presently* HEDDA *comes in and looks out into the darkness. A short pause. Enter* GEORGE TESMAN.

George. I am so uneasy about poor LÖVBORG. Fancy! he is not at home. Mrs. ELVSTED told me he had been here early this morning, so I suppose you gave him back his manuscript, eh?

Hedda (cold and immovable, supported by arm-chair). No, I put it on the fire instead.

George. On the fire! LÖVBORG's wonderful new book that he read to me at BRACK's party, when we had that wild revelry last night! Fancy *that!* But, I say, HEDDA—isn't that *rather*—eh? *Too* bad, you know—really. A great work like that. How on earth did you come to think of it?

Hedda (suppressing an almost imperceptible smile). Well, dear GEORGE, you gave me a tolerably strong hint.

George. Me? Well, to be sure—that *is* a joke! Why, I only said that I envied him for writing such a book, and it would put me entirely in the shade if it came out, and if anything was to happen to it, I should never forgive myself, as poor LÖVBORG couldn't write it all over again, and so we must take the greatest care of it! And then I left it on a chair and went away—that was all! And you went and burnt the book all up! Bless me, who *would* have expected it?

Hedda. Nobody, you dear simple old soul! But I did it for your sake—it was *love*, GEORGE!

George (in an outburst between doubt and joy). HEDDA, you don't mean that! Your love takes such queer forms sometimes. Yes, but yes—*(laughing in excess of joy)*, why, you *must* be fond of me! Just think of that now! Well, you *are* fun, HEDDA! Look here, I must just run and tell the housemaid that—she will enjoy the joke so, eh?

Hedda (coldly, in self-command). It is surely not necessary, even for a clever Norwegian man of letters in a realistic social drama, to make quite such a fool of himself as all that?

George. No, that's true too. Perhaps we'd better keep it quiet—though I *must* tell Aunt JULIE—it will make her so happy to hear that you burnt a manuscript on my account! And, besides, I should like to ask her whether that's a usual thing with young wives. *(Looks uneasy and pensive again.)* But poor old EJLERT's manuscript! Oh Lor, you know! Well, well! [Mrs. ELVSTED *comes in.*

Mrs. E. Oh, please, I'm so uneasy about dear Mr. LÖVBORG. Something has happened to him, I'm sure!

Judge Brack (comes in from the hall, with a new hat in his hand). You have guessed it, first time. Something *has!*

Mrs. E. Oh, dear, good gracious! What is it? Something distressing, I'm certain of it! [*Shrieks aloud.*

Brack (pleasantly). That depends on how one takes it. He has shot himself, and is in a hospital now, that's all!

George (sympathetically). That's sad, eh? poor old LÖVBORG! Well, I *am* cut up to hear that. Fancy, though, eh?

Hedda. Was it through the temple, or through the breast? The breast? Well, one can do it beautifully through the breast, too. Do you know, as an advanced woman, I like an act of that sort—it's so positive, to have the courage to settle the account with himself—it's beautiful, really!

Mrs. E. Oh, HEDDA, what an odd way to look at it! But never mind poor dear Mr. LÖVBORG now. What *we've* got to do is to see if we can't put his wonderful manuscript, that he said he had torn to pieces, together again. *(Takes a bundle of small pages out of the pocket of her mantle.)* There are the loose scraps he dictated it to me from. I hid them on the chance of some such emergency. And if dear Mr. TESMAN and I were to put our heads together, I do think something might come of it.

George. Fancy! I will dedicate my life—or all I can spare of it—to the task. I seem to feel I owe him some slight amends, perhaps. No use crying over spilt milk, eh, Mrs. ELVSTED? We'll sit down—just you and I—in the back drawing-room, and see if you can't inspire me as you did him, eh?

Mrs. E. Oh, goodness, yes! I should like it—if it only might be possible!

[GEORGE *and* Mrs. E. *go into the back Drawing-room and become absorbed in eager conversation;* HEDDA *sits in a chair in the front room, and a little later* BRACK *crosses over to her.*

Hedda (in a low tone). Oh, Judge, *what* a relief to know that everything—including LÖVBORG's pistol—went off so well! In the breast! Isn't there a veil of unintentional beauty in that? Such an act of voluntary courage, too!

Brack (smiles). Hm!—perhaps, dear Mrs. HEDDA——

Hedda (enthusiastically). But *wasn't* it sweet of him! To have the courage to live his own life after his own fashion—to break away from the banquet of life—*so* early and *so* drunk! A beautiful act like that *does* appeal to a superior woman's imagination!

Brack. Sorry to shatter your poetical illusions, little Mrs. HEDDA, but, as a matter of fact, our lamented friend met his end under other circumstances. The shot did *not* strike him in the *breast*—but—— [*Pause.*

"What! the accounts of all those everlasting bores settled?"

Hedda (excitedly). General GABLER's pistols! I might have known it! Did they *ever* shoot straight? Where *was* he hit, then?

Brack (in a discreet undertone). A little lower down!

Hedda. Oh, *how* disgusting!—how vulgar!—how ridiculous!—like everything else about me!

Brack. Yes, we're realistic types of human nature, and all that—but a trifle squalid, perhaps. And why did you give LÖVBORG your pistol, when it was certain to be traced by the police? For a charming cold-blooded woman with a clear head and no scruples, wasn't it just a leetle foolish?

Hedda. Perhaps; but I wanted him to do it beautifully, and he didn't! Oh, I've just admitted that I *did* give him the pistol—how annoyingly unwise of me! Now I'm in *your* power, I suppose?

Brack. Precisely—for some reason it's not easy to understand. But it's inevitable, and you know how you dread anything approaching scandal. All your past proceedings show that. *(To* GEORGE *and* Mrs. E., *who come in together from the back-room.)* Well, how are you getting on with the reconstruction of poor LÖVBORG's great work, eh?

George. Capitally; we've made out the first two parts already. And really, HEDDA, I do believe Mrs. ELVSTED *is* inspiring me; I begin to feel it coming on. Fancy that!

Mrs. E. Yes, goodness! HEDDA, *won't* it be lovely if I can. I mean to try *so* hard!

Hedda. Do, you dear little silly rabbit; and while you are trying I will go into the back drawing-room and lie down.

[*She goes into the back-room and draws the curtains. Short pause. Suddenly she is heard playing* "The Bogie Man" *within on the piano.*

George. But, dearest HEDDA, don't play "*The Bogie Man*" this evening. As one of my aunts is dead, and poor old LÖVBORG has shot himself, it seems just a little pointed, eh?

Hedda (puts her head out between the curtains). All right! I'll be quiet after this. I'm going to practise with the late General GABLER's pistol!

[*Closes the curtains again;* GEORGE *gets behind the stove,* Judge BRACK *under the table, and* Mrs. ELVSTED *under the sofa. A shot is heard within.*

George (behind the stove). Eh, look here, I tell you what—she's hit *me!* Think of that!

[*His legs are visibly agitated for a short time. Another shot is heard.*

Mrs. E. (under the sofa). Oh, please, not me! Oh, goodness, now I can't inspire anybody any more. Oh!

[*Her feet, which can be seen under the valance, quiver a little, and then are suddenly still.*

Brack (vivaciously, from under the table). I say, Mrs. HEDDA, I'm coming in every evening—we will have great fun here togeth——

(*Another shot is heard.*) Bless me! to bring down the poor old cock-of-the-walk—it's unsportsmanlike!—it's—.

[*The table-cloth is violently agitated for a minute, and presently the curtains open, and* HEDDA *appears.*

Hedda (*clearly and firmly*). I've been trying in there to shoot myself beautifully—but with General GABLER's pistol—— (*She lifts the tablecloth, then looks behind the stove and under the sofa.*) What! the accounts of all those everlasting bores settled? Then my suicide becomes unnecessary. Yes, I feel the courage of life once more!

[*She goes into the back-room and plays* "The Funeral March of a Marionette" *as the Curtain falls.*

THE END (*with the usual apologies*).

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Le Prophète.—Notable performance. Profit to those who were there; loss to those who weren't. The two Poles, NED and JOHN DE RESZKÉ, excellent as the Tipster, or Prophet, and the Chief Anabaptist Swindler. Madame RICHARD—"*O Richard, O ma Reine!*" repeated her grand impersonation of *Fides*, but being a trifle "out of it" as to tune occasionally, I cannot be *Fidei Defensor*, and swear she was quite correct, so can only report that RICHARD was a bit "dicky"; otherwise, sings like a Dicky-Bird. Cathedral Scene magnificent. Rites are wrong, probably; but these are trifles, except to strict ritualists. Skating Scene not up to date; it was a novelty once upon a time, but rinks have done for it. There was an unrehearsed effect in the Prison Scene, when the walls collapsed—the imprisoned Madame RICHARD escaped, and the Curtain descended. Nobody hurt. The walls, which had fallen, like those of Jericho, to the sound of the trumpet, were put away carefully, for alteration and repairs. The prisoner, issuing from her narrow fire-escape, was recaptured, and the Opera ended with the Drinking Scene, the Prophet among the Peris, a peri-lous situation, which makes the Opera go, at the climax, "like a house-a-fire." Burns' Justice is done to the Impostor, and, at a late hour, we call our cabs, and return to hum "*béviam*" over "a modest quencher."

"J'y suis."
Pro Arris et focus.

Saturday.—BOÏTO's *Mefistofele.* Strong combination. Excellent. But big "waits" made it heavy.

AN AGRICULTURAL TRIPOS.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION PAPER.

1. A FIELD is ploughed three years running. Can it still have a shy at its little go? Examine this, and say all you know about "PIERS, or PEARS, the Ploughman." Did he use his own soap?
2. How do you extract the square of a Beet-root? In connection with this, say how much it will take to square a "Swede?"
3. Explain the use of the "Sewing-machine" for agricultural purposes. What do you mean by "going against the grain?"
4. You plant a field of corn. What plaster do you adopt when it begins to shoot? Also give the best remedy you know for *corn in the ear.*
5. Write a Sentimental History of the Harvest Moon. Is it really twice as big as any other moon, or does it only look so, after drinking the landlord's health several times over?
6. To what *gourmet* giving a dinner-party in January is attributed the historical saying, "*Peas* at any price"?
7. How many black beans will make five white ones? Given the number, explain the process, and solve the equation.
8. What pomade do you recommend for "top-dressing"?
9. What would be an M.P.'s first step towards squaring a circle of Agricultural Voters?

SAD STORY.—A painter, who had on several occasions aspired to a place in the Chantrey Collection, and invariably been refused, on being encouraged to launch a fresh venture, and spread his canvas, which would be soon filled, for a sale, replied dejectedly, "Chantrey be blowed; I *shan't try* any more!" Poor fellow! He must indeed have been bad. He has not been heard of since. The Serpentine has been dragged.

THE HANSOM CAB STRIKE!—Remarkable Conversion!! Not yet concluded! Last week another lot of Hansoms became Growlers.

REPARTEE TO A SPOUSE.

BOTH parties in the recent extraordinary abduction case, where a Mrs. JONES was carried off down a rope-ladder at midnight by her own husband, Mr. JONES, have published statements defending their own line of conduct. The following is Mrs. JONES's version:—

"As public opinion appears to have erroneously taken my—so-called—husband's side, as far as I can gather from my having been twice chased through the streets by an infuriated mob, and four separate attempts having been made to blow up my house with nitro-glycerine, I feel compelled to explain—with much reluctance—why it was that I declined to live with Mr. JONES.

"To begin with, it was only under *the most awful threats* that Mr. JONES prevailed on me to become his wife. His words—I remember them well—were, 'My darling, you know how tenderly I adore you; if you don't marry me *at once* I'll break every bone in your body!' He then snatched my bonnet, a *new one*, from my head, and so acted on my *nerves* that I went off to the Registry Office and was married. That he was actuated by merely mercenary motives is proved by the fact that the gratuity (of half-a-crown), which he presented to the Registry Clerk, he actually *borrowed from me!*, I knew him already to be unprincipled; but never until that moment had it flashed upon me that he was a *fortune-hunter!* However, as he had the drawing-room poker with him—he kept it concealed up his back during the ceremony at the Registry Office—I did not at that time say anything, but handed him the coin. I do not know if I should have left him at once, had he not aggravated the baseness of his conduct by using the vulgar expression, 'Fork it out quick!' But I regret to say that his origin is painfully *low*. Whereas, anybody who consults *my* relatives will hear from them that they belong to the very highest County Families. Indeed, he would hear it all day long if he lived with them, as I do!

"On the day of the abduction, I was treated *barbarously!* Even the cab in which I was taken off was, so the coachman informed me, 'put down to my account.' Oh, had I but guessed the truth about Mr. JONES when I went to the Altar—I mean the Registry Office! Supper consisted of *cold mutton and pickles* (!) which latter he upset, and I had a dress *ruined.*"

On perusing the above, Mr. JONES decided that he could no longer keep silence, and has made public the subjoined explanation:—

"When I first saw Mrs. JONES—then Miss THOMPSON—her youthful grace quite captivated me. Her age was under fifty-six, and mine was just sixty. She was, in fact, as I told her at the time, almost old enough to know her own mind. It is true that she was wealthy, but that had no influence on my conduct. On the contrary I felt it as a positive drawback, as my domestic ideal has always been Love in a Cottage! But as she was bent upon our marrying, I agreed to waive this objection.

"In proof of this assertion I need only say that on the *very day after* our first meeting, I received the following letter:—

"'PRICKLIES AND ADORABLE PET,—How *are* your little tootsy-wootsicums? *Did* they get wet in conducting me home after that *delicious* interview? If so, and you were to catch cold in your precious head, I should never forgive myself. Oh, come and see me *soon!* Your Own, till Death, ANGELINA.'

"Possibly I may be blamed for publishing this letter. I do it for *her* sake, not for mine. Even now I believe that, were I left alone with her for an hour, with none of her relatives nor a policeman near, I could persuade her to retract her calumnious statement about the poker. I conclude by saying that it is my belief that her relatives, who are all of them powerful mesmerists, have *hypnotised her!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Face is My Fortune, by Messrs. PHILIPS and FENDALL. Why don't they agree to spell both names with an "F," and make it FILLIPS and FENDALL. I fancy that FENDALL couldn't do without the sensational fillips. This story excites curiosity throughout the first volume, and then, in the other volume, satisfies it in so disappointing and commonplace a fashion as to suggest the idea that one of the authors, becoming weary of his share in the work, suddenly chucked it up, and said, "Oh, bother! let's finish anyhow;" and then the other *collaborateur*, whichever it was, did finish it as best and as quickly as he could. There is evidence of laziness or of lack of invention in the story. If it were for the first time in fiction that a secret is learnt by some one hiding behind some pantomime plants in a conservatory, then too much praise could not be bestowed on the ingenious devisers of so strong and original a situation. But as "we know that situation,—he comes from Sheffield," and as it has done duty some scores of times before, on or off the stage, why, the thoroughgoing novel-reader shakes his head and asks, "Couldn't they have devised something better than this between them?" "I expected much from this combination in Authorship, and am disappointed," says the candid BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE NEWLY-MARRIED ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Artist. "Just look, Darling! I was short of Canvasses, so I've stretched a clean Pocket-Handkerchief!—see how splendidly it takes the Paint!"

His Prudent Little Wife. "Oh, John dear, how Extravagant of you! *It'll never come out!*"

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Last year the Chancellor of the Exchequer frittered away his resources in a number of small remissions, for which hardly anyone was grateful. This year he squanders the greater part of his surplus in providing for Free, or—as the phrase is—Assisted Education—an innovation for which there is hardly any genuine demand, and which a very large class of the community, including many of the most loyal supporters of the Government, view with rooted distrust."—*The Standard.*

Mrs. Gamp (*the "Old Regular") loquitur* :—

"More changes, too, to come afore we have done with changes!"
Ah! I said that to good Mister Mould years agone; which 'ow memory ranges
All over them dear "Good Old Times," as I wish them wos back agen, bless 'em!
Which the new ones ain't much to *my* mind; there's too many fresh "monthlies" to mess 'em.
No; monthlying ain't wot it were; the perfession' s too open, a lump.
Nusses now ain't no more like old Sairey, no not than the old Aldgit Pump
Like the Cristial Palluses fountings. A Pilgjian's Projiss is life,
And a Nuss ain't no more *like* a Nuss than a Wife now resembles a Wife.

Heigho! Which it's no use a frettin'. But *Fondlings!* Ah, well, I *did* think
Our respectable fam'lies, *though* mixed, from sich ojus demeaning would shrink,
Which no greater hinsult to *me*, the old reglar, could well be deviged;
And though I've to live and to learn, I confess as this turn I'm serpriged.
A Fondling!!! Turned up unbeknownst on a doorstep permiskus, no doubt.
And then to *adopt* him! Oh dear, wot the plague is our Party about?
Wich to monthly to *it* were my pride; its legitermit offspring I've nussed
Many years with the greatest success, but to-day I feels flurried and fussed,
And my eyes is Saint Polge's fontin with tears, and this brat is their source;
As it isn't no offspring of *ourn*—of the fam'ly I mean, Ma'am, in course;
But a Brummagem bantling, picked hup, as were not worth its swaddlin' and food,
And I never yet knowed any brat from *that* source as turned out any good.
Missis G., Mum, it's all a mistake, as you know in your 'art all the same,
For you turned up your nose at the child when Joe Chamberling give him a name,
Afore we was thick with his set, when you snubbed him, and laughed him to scorn,
And heaped naughty names on this kid, as you swore was his nat'ral fust-born.
And now you come dandling, and doddling, and patting the brat on the 'ed,
And forgetting the things as you promiged, and backing on all as you said.
Missis G., you do raly amaze me! This comes of our precious mix-up;
Which the child's no more like one of ourn than a pug's like a tarrier-pup.
In the best-regulated o' fam'lies things will go askew, I'm aweer;
As I says to my friend Mrs. Harris, as says to me, "Sairey, my dear,
You looks dragged, my sweet creetur," she says. "Missis Harris," I makes 'er reply,
"When the 'art in one's buzzum beats 'ot, there's excuge for the tear in one's heye.
Which wales isn't in it for worrit, my love, with your poor old pal, Sairey,
Along o' the Fam'ly," I says; "as things *do* seem to go that contrairey,
My services now ain't required, with 'adoptions' all over the shop,
From Brummagem, yus, and elsewheres; and I ast 'Where is this thing to stop?'
Ritchie's 'pick-up' was tryin', most tryin'; and as to those bad Irish brats,
As Balfour interjuced—dear! jest fancy our Party adopting small Pats!
And now this here Brummagem babby! You say he's a promising cheild,
Missis G., and 'you're learning to love him!' All this makes old Sairey feel wild.
It's wus than kidnapping, this bizness of picking up 'Fondlings' all round.
You're nussing a wiper, *I* say, and you'll soon feel 'is bite, *I'll* be bound.
Who arsked for 'im, Betsy—I mean Missis G.—who demanded the brat?
You've altered your mind, and you pet him; you'd much better mind what you're at.
Drat the boy's bragian imperence! *I* says. He's a halien, a fondling, a waif,
And *I* never knew, for my part, *any* Brummagem goods as wos *safe!*"

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

Mother Goschen. "FOUND 'IM IN BIRMINGHAM, MY DEAR! DIDN'T LIKE 'IM AT FIRST,—BUT, SOMEHOW, I'VE QUITE TOOK A FANCY TO 'IM!!"

Mrs. Gamp. "A FONDLING INDEED!—WHICH ALL I CAN SAY IS I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF 'IM!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—"Well, I never!" said GEORGE ELLIOT, beaming on House from back bench; "have known HARCOURT man and boy for forty years; seen him in divers moods; watched him through various occupations. These have been so many that I have had time to forget he was once Chancellor of the Exchequer; but he was, and upon my word, listening to him to-night, and knowing something about figures myself, I believe he would have made a splash at the Treasury."

Genial George.

JOKIM doesn't enjoy performance quite so much as GENIAL GEORGE. Oddly enough, Budget Night, which ought to be the apex of comfort and glory for CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, is with him ever the season of tribulation. House of Commons is, regarded as audience, always at its best on Budget Night. Will laugh immoderately at feeblest joke uttered by CHANCELLOR; cheers to the echo his moral sentiments; sits enraptured when he soars into eloquence; and is undisguisedly grateful when he has completed his peroration. JOKIM's muddle of Thursday night made the best of. Opposition silenced by promised legislation establishing Free Education. Everything in sunshine-glow of prosperity. Thought JOKIM might keep some of the sunbeams for himself. Then comes HARCOURT with the abhorrëd shears of facts and figures, and slits the thin-spun web of JOKIM's ingenious fancy; shows that, instead of a surplus, he has, when honest arithmetic is set to work, a deficit; instead of increasing the rate of reduction of National Debt, he has done less in that direction than his predecessors; and that whilst expenditure on Army and Navy has exceeded any figures reached by former Chancellors of the Exchequer, the floating debt is ever growing.

JOKIM sits on Treasury Bench affecting the virtue of a smile though he has it not. Wriggles like a snail under dispensation of salt. When HARCOURT finished, HENRY FOWLER stepped in, and with fresh array of figures and new marshalling of argument, completed the demolition of JOKIM's system of finance. Mr. G. looked smilingly on, delighting in the energy and aptitude of his Young Men. JOKIM, anxious to change the subject on any terms, tried to draw Mr. G. into the controversy. "I think not," said Mr. G., with a smile of ineffable sweetness. "Right Hon. Gentleman need not go so far afield: will have pretty tough job in answering HARCOURT."

A pretty scene; admirable Parliamentary play. Oddly enough boxes empty; stalls a wilderness; pit only half full. Energies of House so sapped with dreary flood of talk on Irish Land Bill cannot be reanimated even for a brisk battle over the Budget.

Business done.—JOKIM pummelled to pulp.

Tuesday.—OLD MORALITY walked out of House just now, his back suffused with sense of duty done, alike to QUEEN and Country. Irish Land Bill, which, as CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN says, makes a Moated Grange of House of Commons, on again all day. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE and his Party active as usual. The PARTY a little doubtful of the SAGE. Sometimes, in blessed intervals of silence, is discovered gazing on a bald space on back of SAGE's head, striving, as it were, to pierce through this weak spot, and discover what is in the SAGE's mind. The SAGE in outward manner most deferential and encouraging. Misses no opportunity of publicly applauding him. It is true that when the SAGE has got him on his legs, starting afresh on new Amendment, he seizes the opportunity to slink out of the House, and take another cigarette, quite certain that the PARTY is good for half-an-hour. This, and one or two other little things, create a suspicion in the mind of the PARTY, who was not brought up in India for nothing. WILFRID LAWSON, who sits close by, and keenly watches progress of events, says he has no doubt the time will come when the PARTY will revolt.

"KEAY," says WILFRID, "occupies a strategical position, which gives him a great pull over LABBY. His respected Leader sits on the bench immediately below him. Some day SEYMOUR KEAY's wild Mahratta blood may boil over, an unsuspected scimitar may flash forth from his trouser pocket, and the SAGE's head, falling gory on the floor of the House, may gently, from mere force of habit, roll in the direction of Queen Anne's Gate."

"For a real sanguinary-minded man, said RITCHIE, to whom I told this story, "give me a teetotaller."

The PARTY, with some assistance from Windbag SEXTON, wasted sitting till quarter to seven. By this time, all Amendments to Clause 3 being wearily worn off, opportunity just left to pass Clause before Sitting adjourned. Question put that Clause 3 pass. Then SAGE, smelling obtrusively of cigarettes, interposed, and declared it "would be indecent" to accept the Clause without further discussion. Nothing House shrinks from just now more abjectly than from charge of indecency. Accordingly debate stood over, and Thursday may, if the SAGE and his Party please, and the Closure is not invoked, be appropriated for further discussion of Clause 3.

OLD MORALITY might have moved Closure at twelve minutes to seven, and carried Clause 3. Committee naturally expected he would. But OLD MORALITY had another card up his sleeve. At very last moment, whilst Members trooped out, and it was thought all was over, OLD MORALITY gave notice of motion to take the whole time of House, including Tuesday and Friday nights' evening sittings.

"I think you had them there," I said, as we walked across to Grosvenor Place.

"Yes, TOBY," he said, a little flush mantling his modest face; "we've given them rope enough, and now we'll hang them. They've had their run, now we'll take ours. It's the main thing I always look to. Never forget when I was still in the seminary writing out copy of verses about a shipwreck. A graphic scene; the riven vessel, the raging seas, the panic-stricken crowd on deck, and then this little self-drawn picture of the sole survivor, the one man left to tell the story:

Some fell upon their bended knees And others fell down fainting,	But I fell to on bread and cheese; For that, Sir, was the main thing.

It's the bread and cheese I look to, TOBY, dear boy. For others the glory of debate, the prize of Parliamentary oratory. Give me the bread and cheese of seeing business advancing, and I'm content."

Business done.—Once more Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—A pretty little game on to-night. OLD MORALITY moved his Resolution taking power to appropriate Tuesdays and Fridays evening sittings, and all Wednesdays for Irish Land Bill. In ordinary circumstances there would have been stormy protest led from Front Opposition Bench against this inroad on time of private Members. Other fish to fry to-night. Wednesday week assigned for Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill; if Government take that day for Irish Land Bill, obviously can't be utilised for furtherance of Woman's Rights. This an awkward question for some Members; don't like it, but daren't vote against it. Here's opportunity of getting rid of it by side-wind. Not necessary in arranging proceedings to mention Suffrage Bill, or even Wednesday, 13th of May. It was principle for which Members struggled; "the principle of uniformity," as Mr. G. beautifully put it. "Let us," he said, though perhaps not quite in this phrase, "go the whole hog or none; take all the Wednesdays, or leave them."

Pretty to see OLD MORALITY protesting against this unprecedented access of generosity. The very picture, as MCEWAN said, of a good man struggling with the adversity of overwhelming good fortune. Was prepared to take a Wednesday here and there; but, really, too much to appropriate every one. "Not at all—not at all," said Mr. G.

But it was only under compulsion of a Division that he consented to accept the endowment. In meanwhile, the Woman's Suffrage Debate on Wednesday week snuffed out, and final opportunity of Session lost.

"I'm inclined," said WM. WOODALL, "as a rule, to take kindly views of my fellow men, to put the best construction upon their actions; but, upon my word, I'm not satisfied in my own mind that we advocates of Woman's Rights have not been made the victims of deep and dastardly design."

"Order! Order!" said COURTNEY; "no more am I."

Business done.—Woman's Rights men dished.

Friday.—Brer FOX looked in to-night, and, finding Brer RABBIT absent, undertook charge of Irish affairs. Desirous of introducing novelty into situation, began by patronising Prince ARTHUR. "So conciliatory, you know; so anxious to meet the views of Irish Members; really, they ought to meet him half-way, and refrain from annoying him by unnecessary Amendments."

Brer FOX's voice faltered as he spoke, and, bringing round his tail, he gently brushed away a falling tear. Unfortunately for him, TIM HEALY present. TIM jumped up, and fell upon his ancient chief, flouting his counsel, and repudiating his right to leadership. Effect upon Brer FOX something like that which followed on the flight of the piece of old red sandstone which struck in the abdomen a gentleman who chanced to be standing round. The subsequent proceedings interested him no more. He walked out, and was not seen again. "Exceedingly rude man," he said; "never come near TIM HEALY but I feel an infinite yearning for a fire-escape." *Business done.*—Land Bill again.

"MORE FREE THAN WELCOME."—MR. GOSCHEN's Education Scheme, to the Tories.

A REGIMENT OF "THE LINE."—The Royal Academicians.

GRANDOLPH THE PRODIGAL.

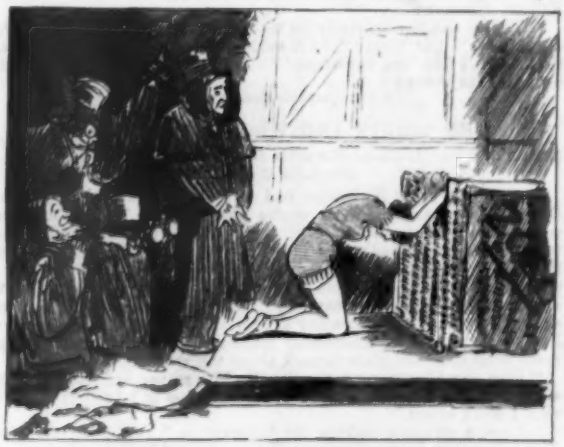
(A Parliamentary Drama too good for words, after "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.)

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES. (AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)

No. 199. Dreter Dubitans. "I'm afraid I've given him the wrong stuff."
Luke Fildes, R.A.

No. 742. "He 's got 'em on!" or, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me in that new suit and those tight boots?
By Phil. R. Morris, A.

Grand Combination Picture, "Liddell and Scott!" [Liddell (289) by H. Herkomer, R.A., and Scott (281) by G(ee) W(oa) Joy! "Joy and Woe!" Comedy and Tragedy.]



No. 226. The Penance of Zæo in the presence of some Members of the County Council. P. H. Calderon, R.A.

No. 5. "*Long Ago.*" Long (Edwin, R.A.) and more or less of "a go." Instead of "*Long Ago,*" which is egotistical, why not *Long Egit* or *Long Fecit?*

Nos. 21, 22, 23. "*The Lyons Mail*" (and Female). Briton Rivière, R.A. [N.B.—"R.A.," *i.e.*, "Royal Academician" and "Royal Animal-painter."]

No. 27. The Viscount Cross looking quite Viscount Cheerful. "*Painted for the Grand Jury Room, Lancaster Castle,*" the Catalogue informs us. Suggestive of their arguing among themselves "at cross purposes." Painted by Sydney Hodges.

No. 77. "*On Strike.*" Very striking. Who could have painted this? Ah! *Who but* Herkomer, R.A.

No. 82. Apparently this must have been intended for a portrait of the late Mr. Dion Boucicault, but subsequently adapted to represent Walter Gilbey, Esq. Looks quite the Gilbey's "fine, old, dry," but not "crusted." No doubt whatever of its being the excellent work of W(erry) Q(uaint) Orchardson, R.A.

No. 112. "*Hanson is as Hanson does.*" By J. Hanson Walker. Naturally pleased with "the promise of May," and

No. 118. Another Young Lady only Younger. By the same Artist.

No. 143. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., as seen by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. Taken while considering

No. 147. The Irish Question as represented by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.'s "*Perseus and Andromeda.*" Allegory. *Andromeda*, Ireland. *The Monster*, "Parnellism and Crime;" and *Perseus*, Balfour. Marvellous Monster! Drumiolanus should at once order a dozen of 'em, hot and strong, for next Christmas Pantomime. Poor Miss Anne Dromeda,—"a dainty morsel *à croquer*," quoth the Monster.

No. 148. No possible doubt whatever about this being A. Bertie Freeman-Mitford, C.B., painted by the President of the Painters, who has hit him off to the life. B. M. is taken at the moment when, as a spectator of the Perseus and Andromeda *ballet d'action*, he remembers having seen something like it in "Old Japan."

No. 201. "*Poor Tom's a Cold!*" Laurence Scott. Picture illustrating the shortest and easiest way of catching his death of cold.

No. 206. "*Two's company, Three's none,*" observed the Sun, as blushing deeply, he sank away in the far distance. By Maurice Greiffen Lagen.

No. 209. The original Pieman met by Simon going to the fair in very full dress. Arthur S. Cope.

No. 220. "*A Student*" of ALMA-TADEMA's style. THOMAS R. SPENCE.

No. 231. "Is it one o'clock?" she said to herself, anxiously. "I hope luncheon will be punctual." The picture will be known as "*Grace before Meals*," delightfully (of course) painted by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS.

No. 232. By the P.R.A. "What's that?" said one well-educated clerical visitor to his matronly wife. She read it out, pronouncing it thusly, "*Return of Percy Fone.*" "What!" exclaimed the Clergyman. Then, taking the Catalogue into his own hands, he read "*Return of Persephone.*" "It's pronounced," he informed his help-mate, "Pĕr-sĕph-ō-nē." "Is it?" she returned, in a tone expressive of unmitigated incredulity. "Then," she asked suddenly, as a brilliant idea struck her, "why isn't 'telephone' pronounced 'tel-ĕph-ō-nē'?" And turning her back on him, would not hear another word on the subject.

No. 283. *Not Crossley, but Kindly.* CLAUDE CALTHROP.

No. 333. *Professor Huxley.* By Hon. JOHN COLLIER. When it isn't the Professor, it might serve for Sir GEORGE GROVE. Bravo, Honourable JOHN! "Hang him, JOHN COLLIER!" (SHAKESPEARE adapted.)

No. 390. A Boy to the very life, or a Life Boy. JAMES SANT, R.A. It's a picture of Master HUGH BURDETT MONEY COUTTS. How well this name will look on a cheque for a cool thousand or so! But to see the *Hue* of health on his cheek is better than seeing the colour of that HUGH's money.

No. 414. Portrait of Author W. PINERO, Esq. Painted by JOSEPH MORDECAI, who has done to Author PINERO what HAMAN would have done to MORDECAI, *i.e.*, hung him.

No. 439. Sitting for Don Quixote. WILLIAM E. LOCKHART.

No. 459. *Stiff Collar Day; or, Just Back from the Wash,* "And, confound it! she's been washing my shirt and tie together, and spoilt 'em both. Wish I had another lot ready, but haven't, so must go to Academy as I am," said WALTER S-WASH-BUCKLER LETHBRIDGE, and finished up with an impetuous and irrepressible "Hang it!" "I will," replied the Artist, JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

No. 544. *Josephine Grimaldina; or, Female Clown,* the next novelty in Pantomime, dedicated to the author and composer of *L'Enfant Prodigue.* JOHN S. SARGENT.

No. 667. *Feeling his Bumps; or, Phrenology in the Olden Time.*" ERNEST NORMAND.

No. 651. Gentleman ready for riding, but no spurs. "Where the deuce have I put them?" he is evidently saying. "All ready but that. Can't find 'em anywhere!" A picture which quite tells its own (JULIAN) STORY.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOUR.

(*At the service of the Ch-nc-ll-r of the Exch-qu-r, if he purposes writing a Prophetic Romance.*)

MACAULAY's New Zealander had arrived prematurely. London Bridge was not reduced to its centre pier, and St. Paul's Cathedral was certainly not in ruins. Still there was an uncanny look about town. On the Embankment electric tram-cars were running, but they seemed to be little patronised. Here and there he noticed a pedestrian leisurely going his way, but the side-walks appeared, to all intents and purposes, abandoned. At length he reached a garden-seat, upon which was sprawling a Typical Working Man. The New Zealander gave this interesting individual "Good morning," and made some common-place remark about the weather.

"Fine day!" returned the T. W. M., rather surlily. "Well, what does it matter to me? If it rains, I stay at home; if it don't, why I don't either."

"I am a stranger seeking for information," explained the New Zealander; "so I am sure you will excuse me if I ask you how much do you pay for your house?"

"Pay for my house!" ejaculated the T. W. M. "Why, nothing of course! And I pay nothing too for my sons at Oxford, and the girls at Cambridge. And I get my clothes free, and my food comes in gratuitously. Why, you must be a stranger if you don't know that! Why everything and anything is paid by the Government—out of the Income Tax."

"And don't you ever work?"

"Work! bless you, no. I can't afford to work! If I did, I should have to pay the Income Tax myself!" returned the T. W. M., with a grin.

"Then who does contribute to this evidently highly-important source of revenue?"

"Why, the professional men, under Schedule D!" cried the hardy son of toil. "The authors with families, and the City clerks. All *that* set, you know. They pay the Income Tax, sure enough. It's as much as they can do to keep bodies and souls together. But *somebody* must pay—why not they?—pay for themselves—and for me!"

THE DUMB SHOW.—It sounds odd that the serious pantomime, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, the play without words, should be "the talk of London."

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

"*George Hotel,*" *Billsbury, Friday, April 25th.*—Arrived this morning in order to attend a "Monstre Open Air Conservative Fête," which was held in the grounds of the Billsbury Summer Palace. The programme was a very attractive one. First, there was a "reception of town and county delegates and their ladies" by the Earl and Countess of ROCHEVIEILLE. The Earl is a scrubby little fellow of about sixty, who looks more like an old-clothes-man than anything else. Norman noses—at least their descendants in this generation—are curiously like the Semitic variety sometimes. The name is pronounced "Rovail," and both the Earl and Countess get blue with rage if anybody makes a mistake about it, as nearly all the delegates did. They stood on a raised daïs, and received delegates' addresses to the number of about thirty. Lady ROCHEVIEILLE is a stout lady—very. It was a blazing hot day, and she was "overcome" just as she was shaking hands with Colonel and Mrs. CHORKLE, who were accompanied by BENJAMIN DISRAELI CHORKLE. The rest of the CHORKLE family, including WILLIAMINA HENRIETTA SMITH CHORKLE, who was in a nurse's arms, were somewhere about, the grounds looking for the "Magic Haunts of the Fairy Bulbul," and eating enormous quantities of macaroons, which I had given them. Colonel CHORKLE rather lost his head when Lady R. collapsed. He made an effort to pick her up, but had to drop her heavily on the boards of the daïs. Eventually, however, she was carried away and revived, and the proceedings went on. There were Conservative merry-go-rounds, Conservative negro-minstrels, Conservative acrobats and Conservative dancing bears, distributed about the grounds. I was taken about by Alderman MOFFAT and HOLLEBONE, who introduced me right and left to hundreds of my supporters and their wives and daughters. At the end of it all I felt as if I had got a heavy sort of how-do-you-do smile regularly glued on my face. One of my chief supporters is an undertaker named JOBSON. HOLLEBONE brought him up to me and said, "Mr. JOBSON, permit me to introduce you to our popular young Candidate, Mr. PATTLE. Mr. PATTLE let me have the honour of introducing you to our popular young undertaker, Mr. JOBSON." Gave me rather a shock, but JOBSON seemed quite a pleasant man. His wife was there too, gorgeously dressed in red plush with an Indian shawl on her shoulders, and a sealskin muff. She must have felt the heat horribly.

Canvas and Scrutiny.

Later in the afternoon there was a political meeting, at which we all spoke, but we had to make it short, as everybody was anxious to get away to the "Refined Musical *Mélange* (with incidental dances) of the Sisters WILKINS," which was held in a specially erected tent. Fireworks, illuminations, and dancing, ended the affair.

April 26.—Was made an Oddfellow to-day. Initiation didn't last long. CHORKLE and JERRAM were initiated with me, and we all had to make speeches afterwards, declaring our devotion to the great cause of Oddfellowship. Afterwards sentiments were called for. The only one I remember was given by a man called TABSEY, a tailor, who seems to be rather famous for this kind of thing. After holding his hand to his head for some time, and knitting his brows, he cleared his throat, and said, in a loud voice,—"May the tear of true sympathy crystallise as it falls, and be worn as a radiant jewel upon the finger of affliction." This was vociferously applauded. I congratulated TABSEY afterwards, and paid him a compliment about it. He told me he found it a great relief, after a hard day's work in the shop, to throw off a sentiment or two. He's going to publish a book of them, and I've had to subscribe for six copies, at half a guinea each.

FROM A WATCHFUL OBSERVER.—SIR,—The other day I saw advertised in a shop-window, "The Invisible Trouser Stretcher." Who wears "Invisible Trousers"? Do you remember the story of *The Emperor of China's Clothes?*—when they all cried, "He's got 'em on," and he hadn't. That Invisible Trousers should exist is quite enough stretch of imagination without any further stretcher.—Yours, THE DAY WATCHMAN.

MRS. R. AT THE OPERA.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM Junior went to hear *La Traviata.* She expressed her sympathy with *Violetta* between two *Gourmands.* Remarking on the touching finish to the converted *Traviata's* career, Mrs. R. observed that it reminded her of the poet's line about "She who stopped to cough, remained to pray."

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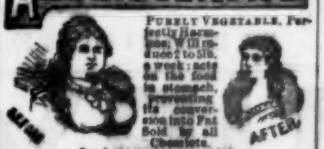

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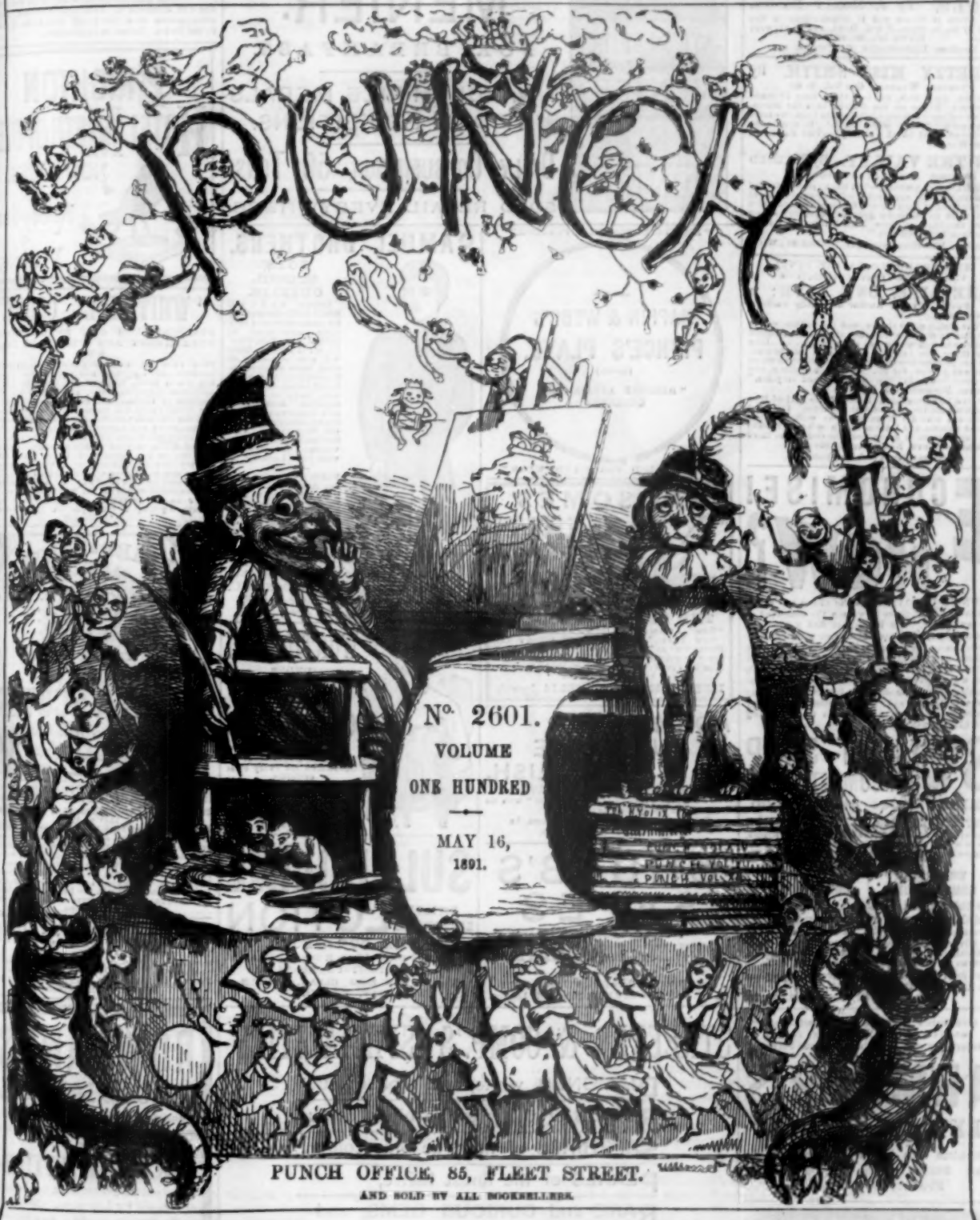

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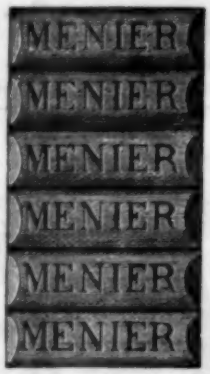

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No. XVII.—GASPS.

(*By* OLIPH SCHREION, *Author of "Screams," "The Allegory of an Asian Ranche."*)

["You will perceive," writes the Author of the following story, "that this is allegorical, but it is not by any means necessary that you should understand it. The chief charm of allegorical writing is its absolute freedom from the trammels of convention. You write something large and vague, with any amount of symbols thrown in. The words flow quite easily; you cover scores of pages. Then you read it over again next morning. If you understand it so little as to think some other fellow must have written it, you may be quite certain it is an allegory. When you print it, your public reads into it all kinds of mysterious and morbid religious emotions, and confused misinterpretations of life-problems, and everybody tacks on his own special explanation. That being so, it is quite unnecessary for you to explain things—which saves a great deal of trouble. The plan is an excellent one. Try it.—Yours, allegorically, O. S."]

CHAPTER I.

TANT' SANNIE was stewing *kraut* in the old Dutch saucepan. The scorching rays of the African sun were beating down upon BONAPARTE BLENKINS who was doing his best to be sun-like by beating WALDO. His nose was red and disagreeable. He was something like HUCKLEBERRY FINN's Dauphin, an amusing, callous, cruel rogue, but less resourceful. TANT' SANNIE laughed; it was so pleasant to see a German boy beaten black and blue. But the Hottentot servants merely gaped. It was their custom.

But in the middle distance Life was playing marbles with the Unknown. And the Unknown said unto Life, "Give me an alley-tor." But Life replied, "Nay, for the commoneys are lying well, and the thumb of him that aimeth is seasoned unto the stroke." And the Unknown beat his sable wings together, and one black feather flitted far into the breast of the day and fell to earth. And there came a fair-haired Child plucking flowers in the desert with brows bent in thought.

And Life said unto the Child, "Play with me."

And the Unknown said, "Play with me."

But the Child raised its soft hand slowly and the tender fingers grew apart, and its thumb was poised in thought upon its nose, and it spake not at all. And the feather flitted far, far over the waste, and men came forth and gazed upon it, but it heeded them not.

Then said Life, "I am strong. Kings have need of me and earth is my dominion." But the Unknown gathered up the scattered marbles, concealing them gently, and answered only this—"I am a greater than Life."

And the Child strayed onwards and the feather flitted, and TANT' SANNIE still stewed *kraut* in the old Dutch saucepan. And BONAPARTE BLENKINS was glad.

CHAPTER II.

CRUELTY, cruelty, cruelty—all' is 'cruelty! Boys are beaten; oxen are stabbed till the blood bursts forth; happy, industrious, dung-collecting beetles are bitten in two by careless, happy, beetle-collecting dogs—everything is wicked and cruel. The Kaffir has beautiful legs, but he will kick his wife, and TANT' SANNIE, alas! will not be there to drop a pickle-tub on his head. And over everything hangs that inscrutable charm which hovers for ever for the human intellect over the incomprehensible and shadowy. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*, I might say, but I prefer the longer phrase.

And I stood at the gate of Heaven, I and TANT' SANNIE; and we spoke to everybody quite affably; and they all had time to listen to what we said, and to make suitable replies.

And I said, "Are we all here?"

And she said, "Not all."

And I said, "The absent are always in the wrong."

And she said, "I have heard that in French."

And I said, "Is not that impertinent?"

And she said, "No."

And a great Light fell across her face, as though a palm had smitten it, and the name of the palm was Hand, and its fruits were fingers five.

And again I addressed myself in terms of familiarity to the Everlasting, and I planted a book upon the clouds, where eight children lay prone with bees flying about their childish bonnets.

And there came a knock at my door.

"Eight o'clock!" said One. "Arise!"

"Nay," I answered; "it cannot be."

"But the water is hot within the can, and the table will be spread for them that break their fast."

"So be it. I rise." And behold it was a dream!

CHAPTER III.

FAR away the mother of the little nigger stood churning. Where is the mother of the little black nigger? She is churning slowly in the garden. But cannot the aunt of the good gardener churn herself? No; for she is in the orchard, plucking the apples, peaches, apricots, pears (*Birnen*), to give to the butler's grandmother.

And there came Life and The Ideal walking hand in hand. And behind them came Wealth and Vastness singing together. And Infinity was there, and Health, and Wisdom, and Love. And Reflection was mounted on a steed with Joy. And many other shapes followed, delicately arrayed in fine linen. And helmet-wearing Men in Blue marshalled the procession. And they spake roughly, saying, "Pass away there, pass away there!"

And I said, "Is this the Lord Mayor's Show?"

And One said, "No."

And I said, "Is it the Salvation Army?"

And again One said, "No."

And I said, "Is it SEQUAH?"

And One said again, "No."

And I said, "I have guessed enough."

And One said, "Yes."

But The Real was not there, and they passed away.

And One said, "I am Wealth," which was absurd, but No-one laughed. And they all danced a fandango on the points of their toes. And a shaft of light lay over them. And they wandered on. At last they came to a bad, wicked naughty, brimstone place. And I said to Some-one, "I like this. It seems a good place." And still No-one laughed. And Wealth touched me, and I was glad. And I said, "Give me millions, or buy a box of matches," and Law seized me and took me to the Cell. Then I said to the Beak, "Your Worship." And the Beak said unto me, "Begging again. Forty shillings." And again I woke. And it was all a striving and a striving and an ending in Nothing.

THE END.

TO MLLE. JANE MAY.

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami PIERROT,
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot."

PRÊTE-MOI ta plume! Could wit borrow a feather
From Cupid's own pinion, 'tis doubtfullish whether
A "*mot*" might be made which should happily hit
The "gold" of desert; and Love, aided by Wit,
Though equal to eloquent passion's fine glow,
Might both be struck mute by the Muse of Dumb-Show.
That "actions speak louder than words" we all knew;
But now we may add, "and more gracefully, too."
Performances fine *Punch* has praised in his day,
But how few take the *pas* of the *Promise*—of MAY!

"NATIVE RACES AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC."—An important subject strangely omitted at the recent meeting of this Society was "The Consumption of Champagne on the Derby and Oaks Days." The Duke of WESTMINSTER will take the earliest opportunity of rectifying this error.

A BLEND.

The Wine Merchant (G-sch-n). "I'm afraid some of our Old Customers won't like it at First; but, with a little Persuasion, I think I can get 'em to take to it kindly."

JOKIM THE CELLARER; OR, THE BLEND.

AIR.—"*Simon the Cellarer.*"

'CUTE JOKIM the Cellarer keeps a large store
Of choice Party Spirits, d'ye see;
Scotch, Irish, and who can say how many more?
An eclectic old soul is he.
But mainly in "Blends" he is good, dark or pale,
For he knows without them his best bottlings may fail;
But he never faileth, he archly doth say,
For he well knows what tap suits the taste of the day.
And ho! ho! ho! his books will show
He oft taps the barrels of Brummagem JOE!

JOE sits all the time in his own still-room,
And a taster clever is he.
'Tis in vain that his enemies kick up a fume,
And swear he is half a Torie.
But there are sly meetings upon the backstair,
And watchers say JOE is oft gossiping there.
Now JOE distrusts someone who's Grand, and who's Old,
And says that he *must* be kept "out in the cold."
And ho! ho! ho! old JOKIM doth know
That many a flask of his best comes from JOE.

'Cute JOKIM keeps blending JOE's taps and his own;
Though knowing harsh rumours are rife;
And Brummagem JOE is oft heard to declare,
Their partnership *may* last for life.
And JOKIM says, "some call Brum JOE a bad chap,
But they'll soon learn to relish the taste of his tap,
And while I may Brummagem JOE call my friend,
I *think* I shall customers find for our 'Blend.'"
While ho! ho! ho! he'll chuckle and crow;
"What, turn up Brum JOE, my boys? No! no! no!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 4.—ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN'S *Carmen* is about the best when all the other dear charmers are away, and in the character she will probably remain in possession of the field, or, rather, "the Garden," till the end of the season. The remainder as before, with DEVOYOD as *Escamillo*. But what has become of the "go" in the *Toréador's* great song? Where are the double *encores?* Where, indeed, the hearty applause? Surely it has gone the way of the March in *Faust*, once so enthusiastically received and cheered to the echo; and now—"March off!" It is true that, once let a "tuney tune" become vulgarised by street-musicians, and organic disease would be sufficient to kill it were it not tortured and ground to death by remorseless hands. But the *Toréador's* song and the March have not been the victims of an organised opposition. Perhaps, though, they may have been, only 'tis so long ago as not to be within the ken of the present deponent. Anyhow, the *Toréador's* song goes for nothing nowadays, and yet 'tis as good as ever.

Thursday.—We welcomed *The Don*. Not the Academic Don once so popularly represented by Mr. J. L. TOOLE, but MOZART'S Italianised Spanish Don. *A propos* of Mr. TOOLE, it has always been the wonder of his friends, to whom the quality of his vocal powers is so well known, that he has never been tempted to renounce the simple histrionic for the lyric Drama. It is said, and "greatly to his credit," that, had it not been for his unwillingness to rob his friend SIMS REEVES of the laurel-crown he wears as first English Tenor of his age, he would long ago have set up a most dangerous opposition to that sweet singer, and have ridden off victoriously with "*My Pretty Jane*" seated up behind him, pillion-wise, on the noble steed known as "*The Bay of Biscay O!*"

But the above is an *entr'acte*, shorter than those at Covent Garden, by the way. M. MAUREL first-rate as the *Don*, both in acting and singing, even better in former than latter; but the dear old serenade, which never can be vulgarised, in spite of its popularity, was encored, and the encore was gracefully accepted, Signor BEVIGNANI being in the chair, and willing to tap the desk and announce, "Gentlemen! Monsieur MAUREL will oblige again!" Applause.

If all the village maidens could dress in a costume such as Miss ZÉLIE-ZERLINA wears, then, to take the best and nicest view of it, that village must be uncommonly prosperous. Probably tourists' visits are not few and far between: but anyhow, even the most unsuspicious bumpkin of a lover, would be inclined to ask a few questions about this finery. However, her performance was as fine as the dress, and she looked quite the ZÉLIE-ZERLINA, so fascinating to the Lord and the Lout.

Saturday.—*Roméo et Juliette*, that is, M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ and Mlle. EAMES. A nearly perfect performance. JEAN a trifle too stout for an ideal *Romeo*, but of course he couldn't go into training for the part at short notice. The spirit with which he played the part far outweighed the error of the flesh. Miss EAMES a charming *Juliet* in every way, though her singing of the Waltz was not of dazzling firework brilliancy. Brother NED was the *Frère Laurent*. Excellent. The name Anglo-Frenchified, suggests a reverend gentleman who would meddle with legal marriages and perform private ceremonies without leave or licence from his Ordinary. Might be known as Brother Law-wrong, an Extra-Ordinary Friar. The House crammed full with an audience as brilliant as the performance.

THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

Son of the House. "YOU'RE NOT DANCING, MR. LAMBERT! DON'T YOU WISH TO!"

Mr. Lambert (*who is not so slim as he used to be*). "CERTAINLY—IF YOU CAN FIND ME A *CONCAVE PARTNER!*"

THE LAST SONG.

[Mr. SIMS REEVES was announced to sing "*Total Eclipse*" at his Farewell Concert on Monday.]

FAREWELL! A most unwelcome word to all
Whom fifty years of charm have held in thrall:
Total eclipse—of pleasure on their part
Who love pure melody and polished Art.
Memory will echo long the silvery chime
Of such a voice as even ruthless Time
Might stay his stride to listen to, and spare
From the corroding touch. Some scarce will care
To hear "*Tom Bowling*" sung by other lips,
And when in tenor strains "*Total Eclipse*"
Sounds next upon our ears, SIMS REEVES will seem
To sing again to us as in a pleasant dream.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—Windbag SEXTON had fine opportunity to-night; made the most of it. SEYMOUR KEAY absent through greater part of sitting. Various rumours current in explanation of the happy accident. Influenza hinted at; but Grand Young GARDNER, who is familiar with both, says *Grippe* much too knowing to link itself with Member for Elgin and Nairn. Towards Eleven o'Clock, rumour set at rest by appearance of KEAY. Simple explanation of temporary absence is, that he has been at home, drawing up a few more Amendments.

Mr. McEwan.

In his absence, Windbag had it all to himself. How many speeches he has made through the dreary sitting am afraid to reckon up. Members going off to write letters, smoke a cigar, read evening papers, or dine, leave him on his legs, with one hand in pocket, and smile of serene satisfaction on face, prosing on. Coming back, they find him still in same position, apparently saying same thing. Has lately developed new oratorical charm. Constantly repeats his sentences, word for word. Everybody cleared out, even Mr. G., and JOHN MORLEY. Only Prince ARTHUR left languorous on Treasury Bench.

"Drooping like a lily out of water," MCEWAN says. Not that he's given to tropes of the kind; but, being lately at a wedding feast smothered in flowers, some of them have got into his conversation.

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Land Bill, but no forrader.

Tuesday.—"Do you think I ought to wear spurs, TOBY?"

It was Old MORALITY who spoke. We were in his room at House; just torn ourselves away from Committee on Irish Land Bill, where, at the moment, oddly enough SEXTON chanced to be speaking. Old MORALITY has been made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and is trying on his uniform. Rather piratical arrangement; blue cloth coat with large brass buttons, red sash round his waist, with holster thrust in it, containing the horse-pistol with which PITT armed himself when he sat at the window of Walmer Castle, looking across the Channel, momentarily expecting to discover BONEY crossing in a flat-bottomed boat. The trousers are of scarlet, with broad braid of gold lace on outer seams. Finally there is a truculent cocked hat, which OLD MORALITY persists in putting on with the peak astern. The dress is picturesque, and OLD MORALITY's figure lends itself to it with peculiar grace and fitness.

W. H. Smith in his new character as Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle.

"I fancy WELLINGTON wore spurs," the Lord Warden persisted.

Yes, I point out; but PITT didn't, nor did PALMERSTON. Anyhow just as well not to begin with spurs. Might in time grow up to them, as it were.

Wanted the Lord Warden to enter House in his uniform: sadly in need of sensation. One would certainly be provided if Old MORALITY were discovered sitting on Treasury Bench in his present costume.

"No," he said, "they would think I was going to move or second the Address. Should like to get used to the clothes a little before appearing in them in public places."

So go back to House myself, leaving the Lord Warden marching up and down, making believe he is on the ramparts at Walmer. Oddly enough, when I arrive Windbag SEXTON making a speech, the few Members present talking about Old MORALITY's promotion. A dangerous epoch in a man's life. People apt just then to discover all kinds of shortcomings, and reasons why the promotion should have fallen elsewhere. But no one grudges OLD MORALITY this high and ancient honour; a fresh chapter in the pleasant story of "Mr. SMITH," a new "Part of His Life." For five years he has sat on the Treasury Bench in succession to DISRAELI and GLADSTONE; now he will answer for the safety of the Cinque Ports in succession to PITT and WELLINGTON, DALHOUSIE and PALMERSTON. *Business done.*—OLD MORALITY made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Thursday.—"TAY PAY also among the Gentlemen of England!" exclaimed SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, for once almost moved out of his customary self-possession. It certainly seems so. Came about on Second Reading of London Tramways Bill; promoters want to bring tramway over Westminster Bridge, and along Embankment. DEMOS desires to go about his business on the tramway, and does not see why he should be arbitrarily stopped before he has accomplished his journey. Carriage folk say, No; let DEMOS and his penny tram stop at other side of the water, leaving the broad thoroughfare of the Embankment for what RADCLIFFE COOKE called "the gilded chariot."

Debate gone forward for some time. No one expected to find TAY PAY in this Galley. Since his return from Ameriky hasn't opened his voice in debate; spoken in public only once. That was to his constituents in Scotland Road, Liverpool; announced with portentous blast in advance that then and there the anxious world should learn what side he took in the leadership controversy. Others had declared themselves, whether for Brer FOX or Brer RABBIT. The momentous issue of TAY PAY's decision required further deliberation. So all the world had to wait till TAY PAY came home and saw his constituents. Result not altogether satisfactory. As TIM HEALY put it, "TAY PAY showed disposition to hunt with Brer FOX and run with Brer RABBIT." If in the end Brer FOX won, nothing in TAY PAY's Scotland Road speech need prevent him returning to his allegiance. If Brer FOX remained under a cloud, he could jog along with Brer RABBIT. Been careful not to spoil the little game by taking part in debate in House.

Demos.

Now, on this London Tramways Bill, which touches neither Brer FOX nor Brer RABBIT, TAY PAY interposes. Conservatives snort impatiently when he rises; cry aloud for division; take it for granted that TAY PAY will back up DEMOS's demand for equal right of way. But TAY PAY has genuine little surprise in store; is loftily contemptuous of tramways, doncha. If they cross the bridge and approach the precincts of the West End, what is to become of carriage-folk? "A noisy and inconvenient system of locomotion," said TAY PAY, shuddering with disgust, as though he heard a coarse voice crying "Fares, please!"

House roared with laughter; RADCLIFFE COOKE talked about opposition "coming from Members who hoped to ride in gilded coaches"; CREMER rudely reminded TAY PAY that ten or fifteen years ago, he would have taken a very different view of the convenience of tramway cars. This wasn't pleasant; but when the Division bell rang, TAY PAY had the satisfaction of walking, alone amongst his Party, with the Gentlemen of England, triumphantly vindicating the rights of carriage-folk against tramway trabs. Long time since House of Commons witnessed a scene so rich as this in material for reflection. *Business done.*—TAY PAY declares against trams.

Friday.—Attendance on House gradually diminishing; what with influenza, and Irish Land Bill in Committee, Members gradually thinning off. No M.P. complete without his influenza. Barks shall not be out of anything if its humble, but conscientious Member can manage it; so I've "took" the influenza, or the influenza's "took" me. Don't exactly know how it came about. Anyhow, we're in bed together. *Business done.*—Don't know anything about it.

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

[CONTINUED.]

Wednesday, April 30th, "George Hotel," Billsbury.—Spent yesterday and the day before in chambers at the Temple. No work as usual. Think I shall give it all up, and take entirely to politics. Yesterday afternoon a Mr. RICHARDSON GROGRAM called on me by appointment. He had written me a long letter stating that he had important information to communicate to me with reference to my candidature at Billsbury, and desired a short interview in order to lay it before me. Said he was "a Billsbury man born and bred, and naturally interested in everything that concerned the welfare of the old place, though for family reasons he had found it best to make the home of his riper manhood in the Metropolis." I smelt a rat, but thought it best to give him an interview. He is a tall man, with a dark beard, straight dark hair, a sallow face and shifty eyes, and was dressed rather like a dissenting clergyman. He was immensely genial in his manner, said he had read every word of my eloquent speeches, and thoroughly agreed with all I had said, though he himself would never have been able to say it half as well. He then asked me if I had heard of his "History of the Borough of Billsbury" in four volumes. I asked him who had published it and when, but he said he had been made the victim of intrigues, and had not yet secured a publisher, though there was any amount of money to be made out of the book. Would I like to read it in MS., and give him my candid opinion of it? Excused myself on the ground of great pressure of work. He talked like this for about twenty minutes, and at last came to what he called the chief purport of his visit. He said he had in the course of his investigations, been fortunate enough to acquire important and exclusive knowledge with regard to the early life of Sir THOMAS CHUBSON and his chief supporters in Billsbury. "If it is published," he continued, "it will absolutely blast the prospects of Radicalism in Billsbury. I am not a grasping man, but I must consider my family. Still, Sir, such is my respect and liking for you, that I am willing to place a sealed packet containing all these stories in your hands on payment of £150 down." I told him that wasn't my way either of fighting a constituency or of doing business, whereupon he became more voluble than ever, and I had no end of a job to get rid of the oily beast. JERRAM tells me to-day that he was once a solicitor's clerk in Billsbury, and had to leave on account of some missing money. Since then he appears to have lived a shady life, varied by attempts at blackmail. Faugh!

Looking for a Seat.

Came down to Billsbury to-day, to attend the inaugural dinner of the season of the Billsbury Cricket Club. I am a Vice-President, and so is CHUBSON. The dinner was held in the large room of the "Blue Posts Hotel." General BANNATYNE, an old Indian, who is the President of the Club, was in the chair, having CHUBSON on his right, and me on his left. Old CHUBSON, to whom I was introduced, seems not half a bad old fellow, but he can't speak a bit. The dinner was awful, everything as tough as leather, and the Cabinet Pudding more beastly than any Cabinet Pudding I ever tasted—which is saying a good deal. CHUBSON proposed, "Prosperity to the Billsbury C. C." "Politics," he said, "are like Cricket. We spend our time in bowling overs." At this point a young Conservative, who had drunk too much, shouted, "Ah, and you mostly change sides, too"—an allusion to the fact that CHUBSON is believed to have started in politics as a Tory. Somebody removed the interrupter, and CHUBSON finished his speech all right, but the incident must have annoyed him. I proposed "The Town and Trade of Billsbury," and started by saying what pleasure it gave anybody occupied in politics to take a part in a non-political celebration like this. "My friend, Sir THOMAS CHUBSON," I said, "and I have not met before, and I congratulate myself, therefore, on having been introduced to him to-day. We shall do our level best to bowl one another out, but I know we shall play the game according to the rules, and in that spirit of fair-play for which Englishmen in general, and Billsbury cricketers in particular, are celebrated."

This was rather mixed, but it went very well. I think I took the shine out of CHUBSON. Later on there was a shocking row between two of the town-councillors, who got to loggerheads over the question of the Billsbury Waterworks. It was smoothed over, however, after everybody had shouted "No politics!" for about ten minutes.

TOLLAND says we must begin to canvas a little soon. Horrible work, but absolutely necessary.

BOWLS.

(BY A BUFFER.)

"Unfortunately (at bowls) one had to stoop to conquer: it is that stooping which (except in politics) plays the deuce with us after fifty."
James Payn's Plea for Bowls.

YES, PAYN, you are right—as you commonly are—
The vertebræ creak and the ribs seem to jar,
When a man bends his back—after fifty—
If only to pull off his boots; he at length
Finds that curve in his spine is a strain on the strength
Of which middle-age must be thrifty.

But Bowls! Yes, my boy, it's a jolly old game,
Though athletic fanatics might vote it too tame,
But sense is not baffled by bogies.
The Emerald Green and the "bowls" and the "jack,"
Are beautiful—but for that bend in the back—
To those the young furies call "fogies."

You have not to "sprint" o'er some acres of grass,
To "slog" or to scamper, to "scrummage" or "pass,"
At the risk of your ribs, or "rheumatics";
You have not to treat your opponents like foes,
Or "go for" your rival's shin-bone or his nose,
As do the aforesaid fanatics.

But how pleasant the "green" in the cool of the day,
The tankard of stingo, the yard of white clay,
And the play and the chaff of good fellows!
Although not a betting man howls out the odds,
And no ring of mad backers—like gallery "gods"—
About us insensately bellows.

Yes, PAYN, the "crank in," and the "kiss of the Jack,"
All—save, as you say, that darned bend in the back—
About the old game is delightful.
We thank you for "trolling the bowl" once again,
Ah! it were a pleasure to play it with PAYN—
(By Jove, though—that loin-twinge was frightful!)

A THEATRICAL PLUNGE; OR, TAKING A HEDDA.

A PLUNGE indeed! but fortunately the swimmers are strong, and able to save the suicidal Ibsenites. For my part,—that is, as one of the audience drawn by curiosity,—I should say that were it not for the excellent acting of all concerned in the piece, and especially of Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS as the Hanwellian heroine, IBSEN's *Hedda Gabler* would scarcely have been allowed a second night's existence at the Vaudeville. Miss ROBINS is so much in earnest—as a true artist should be—that she excites your curiosity to discover what on earth she is taking all this trouble about; and thus she compels your attention. That the result is eminently unsatisfactory is no fault of hers. The piece itself is stuff and nonsense; poor stuff and "pernicious nonsense." It is as if the author had studied the weakest of the Robertsonian Comedies, and had thought he could do something like it in a tragic vein.

A Powerful Cast.

In the last Act there is a situation reminding us strongly of one short scene in *Caste*; *there*—so delicately and touchingly treated by its author; *here*—so repulsively treated by IBSEN. Let it be reduced to serious burlesque, and let us have it played by PENLEY as *George Tesman*, ARTHUR ROBERTS (with a song) as *Judge Brack*, WERDON GROSSMITH as *Ejlert Lövborg*, Miss LOTTIE VENNE as *Mrs. Hedda Tesman*, Mrs. JOHN WOOD as *Aunt Juliana*, and Miss JESSIE BOND (with song and dance) as *Mrs. Elvsted*. It is announced in the bill as "IBSEN's Last Play." There's a crumb of comfort in this.

QUEER QUERIES.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Would some Scotch housewife kindly enlighten me as to the proper mode of preparing the above delicacy? I fancy there must be some mistake about the method I have hitherto adopted. Is it *really* necessary to "boil for forty-eight hours, and then mix with equal quantities of gin, Guinness's Stout, Gum Arabic, and Epsom Salts?" I have followed this recipe (given me by a young friend, who says he has often been in Scotland) faithfully, but the result is not wholly satisfactory. I doubt whether genuine porridge should be of the consistency of a brick-bat, or taste of hair-oil.—UNDAUNTED.

CLERICAL ÆSTHETICS.

Fair Parishioner. "AND DO YOU LIKE THE PULPIT, MR. AURIOL?"
The New Curate. "I DO NOT. ER—IT HIDES TOO MUCH OF THE FIGURE, AND I LIKE EVERY SHAKE OF THE SURPLICE TO TELL!"

"BLOOD" *V.* "BULLION."

"WELL then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
'SHYLOCK, we would have moneys'—you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money?'"
Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3.

"WITH bated breath and whispering humbleness?"
Not so! There comes a season when the stress
Of insolent and exacting tyranny
Makes the most patient turn.
Autocracy,
Without the despot's vaunted virtue, pride,
Shows small indeed. Can Power lay aside
Its swaggering port, and low petition make
(Driven by those Treasury thirsts which never slake)
For help from those it harries? PHARAOH'S scourge
Was the taskmaster's weapon, used to urge
The Hebrew bondsmen to their tale of toil,
But they round whom the Russian's knout thongs coil,
Are of the breed of those the Russian palm
Can make petition to. Could triumph balm
The wounds of ages, here were balm indeed;
But blood revolts.
Race of the changeless creed,
And ever-shifting sojourn, SHAKSPEARE'S type
Deep meaning hides, which, when the world is ripe
For wider wisdom, when the palsying curse
Of prejudice, the canker of the purse,
And blind blood-hatred, shall a little lift,
Will clearlier shine, like sunburst through a rift
In congregated cloud-wracks. *Shylock* stands
Badged with black shame in all the baser lands.
Use him, and—spit on him! That 's Gentile wont;
Make him gold-conduit, and befoul the font,—
That 's the true despot-plan through all the days,
And cackling *Gratianos* chorus praise.
"The Jew shall have all justice." Shall he so?
The tyrant drains his gold, then bids him—"Go!"
Shylock? The name bears insult in its sound;
But *he* was nobler than the curs who hound
The patient Hebrew from his home, and drive
Deathward the stronger souls they dread alive.
Shylock? So brand him, boors and babbling wags,
Who scorn him, yet would share his money-bags;
Who hate him, yet can stoop to such appeal!
Beneath his meekness there 's a soul of steel.
High-featured, amply-bearded, see he stands
Facing the Autocrat; those sinewy hands,
Shaped but for clutching—so his slanderers say—
The huckster bait can coldly put away
"Blood against bullion." The Jew-baiting band
Howl frantic execration o'er the land;
Malign and menace, pillage, persecute;
Though the heart 's hot, the mouth must fain be mute.
The edict fulminates, the goad pursues;
Proscription, deprivation,—ay, they use
All the old tortures, nor are then content,
But crown the work with ruthless banishment.
And then—then the proud Muscovite seeks grace,
And gold, from kinsmen of the harried race!
"He would have moneys" from the Hebrew hoard,
To swell his state, or whet his warlike sword;
Perchance buy heavier scourges for the backs
Of lesser Hebrews, whom his wolfish packs
Of salaried minions hunt.
Take back thine hand,
Imperious Autocrat, and understand
Gold buys not, rules not, serves not, salves not all.
Blood speaks—in favour of the helpless thrall
Of tyranny. Here 's no tame *Shylock*: he
Shall not bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
Make o'er his money-bags with unctuous grace
To an enthroned enslaver of his race.
"Well then, it now appears you need my help" [yelp!)
(You—whose trained curs at my poor kinsmen
"What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money?" Blood's response is—"Nay!"

A SOMEWHAT curious association of names and ideas occurs in last week's *Sporting and Dramatic*, where there is an illustration of some ceremony taking place which is described as "The RAINE'S Foundation May Day Celebration." Odd, that this particular RAINE should always fall on the First of May.

"BLOOD" *VERSUS* "BULLION."

"WELL THEN, IT NOW APPEARS YOU NEED MY HELP:
YOU THAT DID VOID YOUR RHEUM UPON MY BEARD,
AND FOOT ME, AS YOU SPURN A STRANGER CUR
OVER YOUR THRESHOLD; *MONEYS IS YOUR SUIT.*
WHAT SHOULD I SAY TO YOU?"—*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Sc. 3.

ODE TO COMPENSATION.

(*After* KIRKE WHITE.)

"That blessed word—'Compensation.'"

COME Compensation, come! [glad,
Not in thy terrors
But in thy fairest, gentlest guise,
Thy "blessed" name but terrifies
The "Templar" and the "Rad."

Thou must not come as "Right,"
That is—alas!—"too steep,"
The Law has put its foot hard down,
And "BUNG," so far, is quite done brown;
It makes the "Wittler" weep!

No, "Vested Interest,"
Whereon to found a claim? [have done
And after all that we
To keep the Tories in the run! [shame!
It is a thundering

We deemed Sir EDWARD CLARKE
Knew what he was about;
We thought good GOSCHEN, sharp and slick,
Had "gently, gently done the trick."
We have been sold, no doubt.

But FORREST FULTON comes,—
Sharp fellow that F. F.!
And in the Commons sneaks a vote
Which sticks hard in the "Temperance" throat,—
Dull churls, to justice deaf!

Come, Compensation, come! [door,
Come in by the back-
Come unawares, come *anyhow*,
Only do come to smooth the brow [and poor.
Of Wittlers weak

GOSCHEN has played us false;
It makes our bosom ache.
But to abate our indignation
If he'll secure us Compensation,
'Twill compensation make.

THE TRAINER INFORMS HIS LORDSHIP THAT HIS NEW PURCHASE "WILL TAKE A LOT OF BEATING."

AND—SO HE DID!

OVERHEARD AT EARL'S COURT.

First Citizen. And what did you see at the German Exhibition?

Second Citizen. A magnificent collection of German pictures, many German manufactures, and several German Bands.

First C. Are these the only attractions?

Second C. No, there is some cleverly painted canvas representing German scenery in the grounds.

First C. Anything else?

Second C. I enjoyed the Switchback Railway.

First C. I see—anything else?

Second C. Well, the Scenes in the Circle added to my enjoyment, but, as an enthusiastic admirer of all that is German, I do not consider them entirely necessary.

First C. Anything further? [company.

Second C. There are the lights and the

First C. But of course these are superfluous?

Second C. From a German point of view—entirely so. I consider them merely as fringe.

First C. Exactly—and, were they not there, you would extend as much patronage to the German Exhibition—you would go there as frequently?

Second C. Yes—in spirit, if not in person.

First C. And if for the German some other foreign element were substituted?

Second C. No doubt I should be present quite as much in person, but *not* in German spirit!

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES. (AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)

No. 475. A Day's Sport in the Olden Times. Ancient Mariner regrets that guns are not yet invented, wishes he'd brought a Bow and Arrow with him. J. Waterhouse, A.

No. 138. Tootsy Pootsies. "O dear, what is the matter with my poor feet!!" Edith Sprague.

No. 518. A Practical Joke. "I shall startle 'em if I go in suddenly dressed like this." J. C. Horsley, R.A.

No. 167. Pott Luck; or, the Arch Archdeacon. W. B. Richmond, A.

No. 129. "*Love in Winter.*" By G. H. BOUGHTON, A. But a poor sort of amusement for this nice young lady to be walking out all alone with a big muff! eh? Mr. BOUGHTON, eh?

No. 292. *Bar-Maids Resting.* W. R. STEPHENS.

No. 346. "*Moor and Mountain.*" By CHARLES STUART. The name CHARLES STUART suggests "restoration," but this is a brand new work. It is mostly mountain, and very little more.

No. 397. "Miss LYDIA LESLIE at her lessons" may be termed a group of One or Little Daughter and Less Sons. G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

No. 410. Two horses in a field during a Snowstorm. Good subject for a Tavern sign-board, entitled, "Two Out." EDWARD STOTT.

No. 452. "Mrs. X——," *i.e.*, a lady with a good deal of dash. HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

No. 467. "*Angela Vanbrugh*" *playing the Fiddle; or, All alone with her Beau.* EDWIN LONG, R.A.

No. 558. Lady going out for a row. Odd sort of boat: Wherry Funny. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

No. 630. "*Iona.*" By COLIN HUNTER, A. Buy it, and in *Iona* you own a good picture.

No. 664. "*La Cigale.*" A sporting subject suggestive of "Got nothing on." It is not a portrait of *La Cigale* at the Lyric. H. RAE.

No. 714. Wind Lads and Wind-Lasses. FRANK DICKSEE, A.

No. 743. "If I had a donkey what wouldn't go." ALFRED W. STRUTT.

No. 1006. A Little Duck. WILLIAM STRUTT. (Must be seen for title to be appreciated.)

No. 1106. Hares Apparent. WILLIAM FOSTER.

No. 1108. *Napoleon leaving the room where Josephine is fainting on the floor.* Short title, "Going Nap." LASLETT J. POTT.

THE A B C OF IBSENITY.

A is the ARCHER who booms in the *World*,
B is the Banner of IBSEN unfurled.
C the Commotion it makes for the minute,
D is the *Doll's House*, and all there is in it.
E is the Eagerness shown in the fray,
F the Fanatics, who will have their way.
G is a Ghost, and oh! there are lots of 'em,
H is Heredity, making pot-shots of 'em.
I is the Ibsenite so analytic,
J is the Jeer of the Philistine critic.
K is a *Kroll*, and a Pastor is he,
L is a *Lady*, who comes from the Sea.
M is the Master, speak soft as you name him,
N stands for Norway, so eager to claim him.
O his Opponents, who speak out their mind,
P stands for *Punch*, where his dramas you 'll find.
Q is the Question, should *Rosmer* have wed her?
R is *Rebecca*, who took such a header.
S is the *Speaker*, which gets quite excited,
T is the Temper, it shows uninvited.
U the Unquestioning Faith of the some,
V is the Vaudeville, where they all come.
W stands for the Worshipping Few,
X their Xtreme disproportionate view.
Y ends Ibsenity, and, as everyone knows,
Z brings an alphabet rhyme to a close.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Diary of a Pilgrimage occupies 175 pages of one of ARROWSMITH's three-and-sixpenny books, and no doubt the admirers of its author, Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, may possibly not grudge this amount when gauging its value by its attractive cover. It is "'ARRY Abroad," that's all. 'ARRY Abroad laughs and talks loudly in foreign churches, sneers and jeers at everything he does not understand—and this includes the greater portion of all he sees and hears—chaffs puzzled officials, and everywhere makes himself highly and exceptionally popular. In this *Diary* 'ARRY is occasionally rather amusing when he is endeavouring to be either serious or sentimental, or both. 'ARRY serious or 'ARRY sentimental, or 'ARRY sentimentally serious and expecting to be taken at his own valuation, is of course delightful, only a little of it goes a great way, and this Cockney pilgrim goes too far, especially when giving us his valuable opinion on the Passion Play. 'ARRY on the Passion Play, and the character of JUDAS ISCARIOT! As *Hedda Gabler's* husband observes on every possible opportunity—"Fancy *that!*" Only once the Baron finds himself in agreement with the travelling 'ARRY, and this happens when he says, "I must candidly confess that the English-speaking people one meets with on the Continent are, taken as a whole, a most disagreeable contingent." Yes, certainly, when they are all 'Arries. Set an 'ARRY to catch an 'ARRY, and of course to the regular right-down 'ARRY all other 'ARRIES, not 'appnin' to 'ave the honour of being 'is own *parties*, are detestably vulgar cads. The remainder of the book, *i.e.*, 131 pages, is padded with essays, a fact not mentioned on the outside of the work, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Whether this is quite a fair way of stating contents, is a question which the Baron supposes both Publishers and Author have thoroughly considered.

Don't skip ELLEN TERRY's Memoirs in *The New Review*. Nothing much in them, but delightfully chatty and amusing. See *Murray's Magazine* for Mr. GLADSTONE on the *Murray Memoirs*, in the number for the "Murray Month of May." When you are routing about for something short and amusing, take up the *Cornhill*, and read *A Flash in the Pan*. I have commenced, says the Baron, my friend GEORGE MEREDITH's *One of Our Conquerors*. Now G. M. is an author whose work does not admit of the healthy and graceful exercise of skipping. Here the skipper's occupation is gone. G. M.'s work should be taken away by the reader far from the madding crowd and perused and pondered over. If Ponder's End be the tranquil place its name implies, then to that secluded spot betake yourself with your GEORGE MEREDITH, O happy and studious reader, and ponder in peace.

Since the time of *Richard Feverel*, which I shall always consider his best, "of the very best" as ZERO of the Monte Carlo Bar has it, G. M. has developed into a gold-beater of epigrams. What once served him as a two-line epigram, is now spread out over a couple of pages. Two volumes instead of three would serve his turn far better, or rather the public's turn, for his own is a very peculiar one. But to my task, says the Baron, give me a slight refresher and a suck at the lemon as it were, or a sip of the lemonade, and at him again. *Festina lente*. More anon from

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ROBERT ON ENGLISH AND FOREIGN WAITERS.

WELL, things is cumming to a pretty pass, things is, when I 'm acshally told that, as it used to be said formerly, "No Hirish need apply for nothing," so now, we are told, that no English Waiters need apply at the Royal Nawal Xhibishun unless he bes a German!

"Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the Waves!
For Britons never, never, NEVER
Shall be Slaves!"

Robert the Waiter. "WHAT 'S THIS! 'NO ENGLISH NEED APPLY! GERMANS ONLY TAKEN'! THIS IS 'BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES' WITH A WENGEANCE!"

I never knowed as Jack Tars, and Powder-Munkys, and Admerals (as is so fond of Port, that they takes the werry name), was so werry parshal to Germans, that they woud sooner go without their dinners and tease, than be waited on by any other gennelmen, most suttenly not. "*O contrare*," as the French Waiters says. It 'ud be a jolly long time, I shood think, before your real British Sailers wood learn to call a Waiter a *Gasson*, tho' as it means, I 'm told, a Boy, there is sum little sense in it, coz there 's, in course, Old Boys as well as yung ones; but what on airth meaning is there in a Kelner! as I 'm acshally told all German Waiters insists on being called! Why the thing 's too absurd to tork about.

Besides the British Publick is used to our little ways, as we are quite used to theirn, and they talk to us in that nice confidenshal tone about the different wines, et setterer, as no true Born Englishman ever yet spoke to a Frenchman, much less a German. No, no, the hole thing 's a mistake, as will soon be found out. And what a gross injustice to the native article. These sollem-looking Germans, not content with pushing our poor sons from their stools in our counting-houses, as *Macbeth* says, must now cum and take the werry bread out of their poor Father's mouths. Oh pale-faced shame, where 's your blush? And think too of their himperance. Why they are acshilly a going for to have a hexibition of their own, here in Lundon, and does anyone think as they 'll write up on the gates, "Only English Waiters need apply?" Why the hidear is ridiclous, but where 's the difference I should like to kno. No, no, no one can kno better than I do, from a long and waried xperience, from the Grand old City, the ome of ospitality and turtle soup, to the "Grand" and "Metropole," the omes of lucksury and refinement, that the British Public likes his British Waiter, he likes his nice respecful ways, the helligent Bow with which he ands him his At, and the graceful hair with which he receeves his little doosure.

ROBERT.

SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S SCAMP-ALBUM.

No. IV.—THE HUSBAND'S OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW.

WE will suppose that you are a young wife, and that your husband is absent in the City during the greater part of the day. One afternoon a card is brought in bearing the inscription:—

CAPTAIN CAULKER.

United Service Club. *The Hermitage, Coventry.*

which document is followed closely by a tall, well-groomed, rather portly and florid stranger, with a military moustache, who greets you with the utmost cordiality. "I happened to find myself in this neighbourhood," he says, "and I could not—I really could *not*—resist this opportunity. My name, I venture to think, is a sufficient introduction?"

It is nothing of the sort—but you are too shy and too polite to admit it, so you merely murmur some incoherency. He detects you at once. "Ah!" he cries, in good-tempered reproach; "I see, I've been too sanguine. Now confess, my dear lady, you haven't a *notion* who I am!"

Thus brought to bay, you own that you have no clue to your visitor's identity—as yet. "Well—well," he says, tolerantly, "Time is a terrible sponge—though I had hoped that, even after all these years, your dear husband might have occasionally mentioned the name of his old school-chum! I've never forgotten *him*—no, all through the years I've been in India I've never forgotten dear old WALTER!"

"But my husband's name is *WILLIAM!*" you say here.

"He was always WALTER to *me*, Madam, or rather—WATTY. He was so like a favourite young brother of mine, who died young. That drew us together from the first. Did dear old WATTY never tell you how he saved my life once?... No? So like him!—he wouldn't. But he did, though; yes, by Gad, jumped into fifteen foot of water after me, and kept me up when I was going under for the last time. Pardon me, but I see a photograph upon your writing-table—surely, unless I am wrong, that——"

"That is a portrait of my only brother," you will say; "he is out in India with his regiment—perhaps you may have met him there?"

"Thought I knew the face—met him at Simla, several times," says the Captain; "wonderful how small the world is! But have you one of old WATTY's photos? I should so like to see whether the dear old chap has altered... Ah, I should hardly have known him—and yet, yes, the same cheery, jolly look, I can trace the boy there, I can see my old WATTY again! No friends, my dear Mrs. GOSLING, like those we make in early youth! And he never mentions me now? Ah! well, he has a very charming excuse for forgetting the past—though I shall tell him when I see him that I do think he might have remembered his old school-friend a little better than he seems to have done. Your servant informed me that he was seldom at home quite so early as this, but I thought if I could not see *him*, I would at least give myself the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his wife, so I just ventured to come in for five minutes."

"WILLIAM will be so disappointed to have missed you," you say, eagerly; "can't you wait and let me give you some tea? He may be back in half an hour."

"In half an hour? Well, 'pon my word, you tempt me very much. I shouldn't like to go away without seeing him, but I must send away my cab first—no, it's not outside, left it at the corner of the road, as I wasn't certain of the number—I s'pose I've got enough silver to—no, I haven't, by Jove! *Could* you oblige me by change for a—well, really, this is very awkward. I've positively come out with only a shilling—thought it was a sovereign! I shall have to ask dear old WATTY to accommodate me—I've lent *him* many a half-crown in the old days. Absurd predicament to be in, and if I keep my cabman waiting, I don't know what he mayn't charge me. I took him three hours ago. I tell you what, my dear Mrs. GOSLING; If you'll advance me a sovereign, I could run out and settle with the fellow, and then it won't signify *how* long I wait for WATTY. *Can* you? Too good of you, I'm sure! WATTY will chaff me when he hears I've been borrowing like this, ha, ha!" Here your ear, sharpened by affection, catches a well-known turn of the latch-key at your front-door. "Why, how fortunate!" you exclaim, "here *is* my husband already, Captain CAULKER. He will come in as soon as he has changed his shoes."

"Capital!" cries the Captain. "Look here, Mrs. GOSLING,—I've just thought of a little joke. I want to see if he'll *know* me. Now you go and talk to him a little, and—presently, you know—say there's a man in the drawing-room, who's come to wind the clocks, and then I'll come in to where you are, and make believe to wind the clock there—do you see? I'd bet anything he won't spot me at first!"

You are young enough to be delighted at the idea of such a pretty little comedy, and you trip away to the study, and archly keep dear WILLIAM in conversation until the Captain is ready to make his appearance. At last, a little impatiently, you give the cue by mentioning that there is a clock-winder in the drawing-room. WILLIAM is amusingly suspicious, and insists on seeing the man. As the scene will be just as funny in the drawing-room, you accompany him thither—but there is no gallant Captain there affecting to wind your charming little Sèvres clock (a wedding present)—he has gone, and—alas! without leaving a timepiece for anybody else to wind. And WILLIAM is *most* disagreeable and unpleasant about it!

NOTES FROM A NURSERY-GARDEN.

(*By an Awfully Clever Child.*)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a Poetess. I am told that the Age is old, and that Poetry is over. *My* age is ten, and my poetry is certainly not over. My nurse (one of those horrid critics) has ventured to suggest that I am not original. I leave you to judge. Yours impatiently, ENFANT TERRIBLE.

N.W.

ALACK! up Northern Primrose Hill
(*Sing, oh, JACK! sing, ah, GILL!*)
They climbed, and deemed it Helicon,
Those childish bards, GILLETTE and JOHN,
Their pails with Hippocrene to fill.
(*Sing, oh, JACK! sing, ah, GILL!*)

Adown that Western Hill, alack!
(*Sing, ah, GILL! sing, oh, JACK!*)
Or e'er they gained the Muses' well,
JACK kicked his bucket frail and fell,
And GILL was brought upon her back.
(*Sing, ah, GILL! sing, oh, JACK!*)

TO A SCENTY PEDE.

How doth yonder miniature featness,
Though wingless, with gossamer wit,
Foregather mellifluent sweetness,
While Fates unrelenting permit—
Wise heir of bright hours, completeness
Of blossoms that flicker and flit.

ON A JAPANESE SCREEN.

IN Yeddo, where long lilies weep,
Bo' Peep
The shepherdess hath lost her sheep.
She recks not where the sheep have strayed,
Poor maid,
Beneath the Boodha-Temple's shade.
Her solace is the Minstrel's: *I'd*
Let slide
My flocks of verse without a guide.
So will they best return without
A doubt—
Or tale that mortal can make out.

MISS MUFFET.

So sweet!
Child-Innocence, with upward-curling feet
On buffet-seat,
Resolving (as we all resolve) to eat.

So sad!
The ravening Spider from his eyrie mad
Swoops, boldly bad,
And scares (as spiders scare) the Pure and Glad.

ON A KLEPTOMANIAC.

AH, Violin Cremonian!
Ah, Pussy-cat of Ispahan!
Moo-cow that dost outmoon the moon!
Yes, dainty poodle, laugh away,
And mock the pranks poor mortals play
Who spoon the dish and dish the spoon!

TO THE QUEEN OF MAYS.

GIVE me an elfin, frolic MAY,
No Queen with hoarse cadenzas,
Who pipes a frozen roundelay
Of spiteful influenzas.
My MAY shall air no voices crude,
No chained and chilly dances—
With wordless harmonies endued
And pirouetting fancies.
She 'll draw us round no Northern Pole
With crowns of mimic roses,
That mock our sad sepulchral souls
And counterfeit our noses.
But white as hawthorn blossom, free
As air to shed her pleasures,
My mute, melodious MAY shall be
The soul of wayward measures.
To put it plainly, while the ban
Of Spring on us and gales is,
I'll bask and smile and worship JEANNE
Within the Prince of Wales's.

CONSERVATIVE COMMENT ON A RECENT ELECTION (*after Mr. Middlewick*).—"Humph! Inferior Dosset!"

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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BEST AND CHEAPEST.
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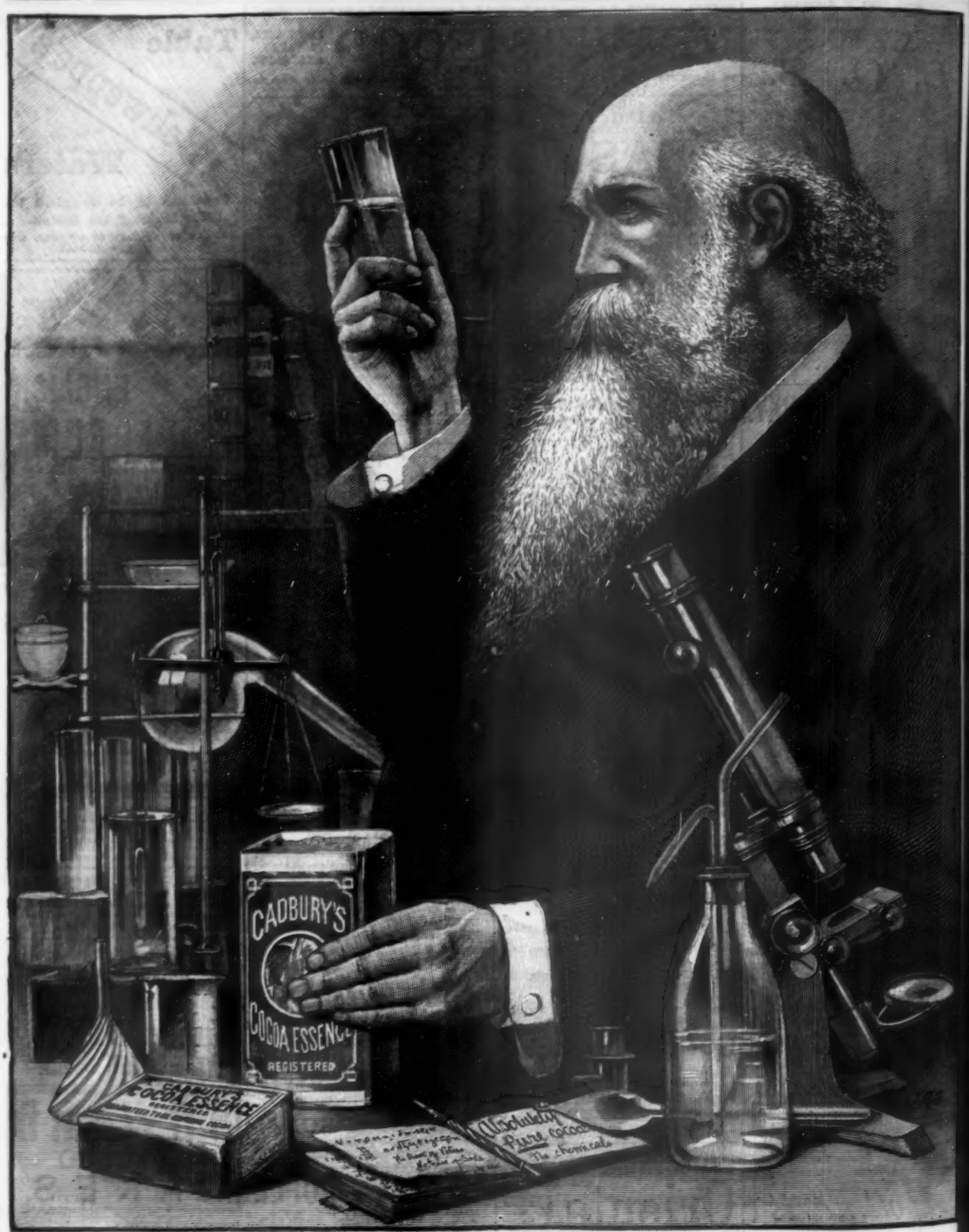

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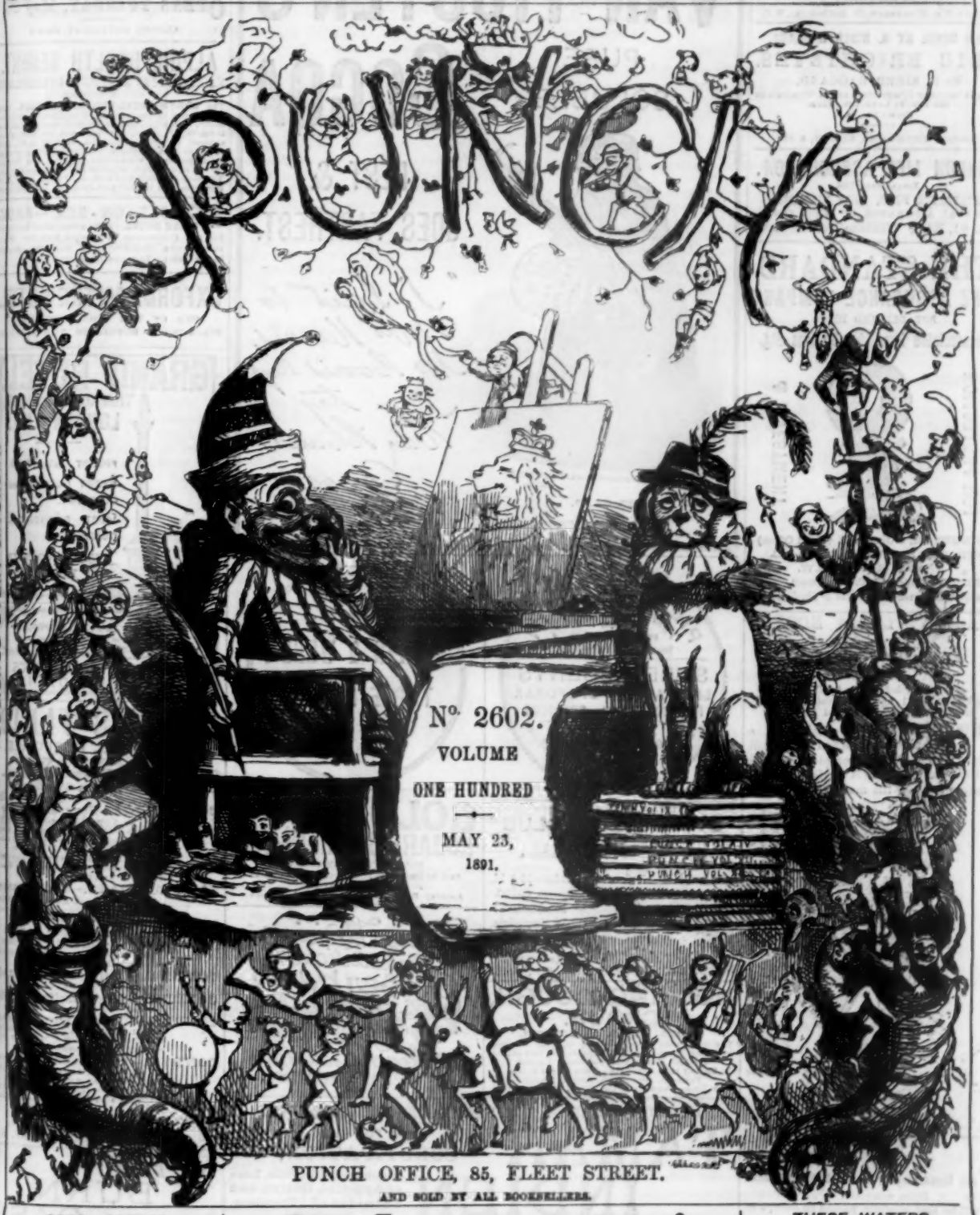

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No. IV.—THE WILD DUCK.

ACT I.

At WERLE'S *house. In front a richly-upholstered study.* (R.) *a green-baize door leading to* WERLE'S *office. At back, open folding doors, revealing an elegant dining-room, in which a brilliant Norwegian dinner-party is going on. Hired Waiters in profusion. A glass is tapped with a knife. Shouts of "Bravo!"* Old Mr. WERLE *is heard making a long speech, proposing—according to the custom of Norwegian society on such occasions—the health of his Housekeeper.* Mrs. SÖRBY. *Presently several short-sighted, flabby, and thin-haired* Chamberlains, *enter from the dining-room, with* HIALMAR EKDAL, *who writhes shyly under their remarks.*

A Chamberlain. As we are the sole surviving specimens of Norwegian nobility, suppose we sustain our reputation as aristocratic sparklers by enlarging upon the enormous amount we have eaten, and chaffing HIALMAR EKDAL, the friend of our host's son, for being a professional Photographer?

The other Chamberlains. Bravo! We will.

[*They do; delight of* HIALMAR. Old WERLE *comes in, leaning on his* Housekeeper's *arm, followed by his son,* GREGERS WERLE.

Old Werle (*dejectedly*). Thirteen at table! (*To* GREGERS, *with a meaning glance at* HIALMAR.) This is the result of inviting an old College friend who has turned Photographer! Wasting vintage wines on *him*, indeed!

[*He passes on gloomily.*

Hialmar (*to Gregers*). I am almost sorry I came. Your old min is *not* friendly. Yet he set me up as a Photographer fifteen years ago. *Now* he takes me down! But for him, I should never have married GINA, who, you may remember, was a servant in your family once.

Gregers. What? my old College friend married fifteen years ago—and to our GINA, of all people! If I had not been up at the works all these years, I suppose I should have heard something of such an event. But my father never mentioned it. Odd!

[*He ponders;* Old EKDAL *comes out through the green-baize door, bowing, and begging pardon, carrying copying work.* Old WERLE *says "Ugh" and "Pah" involuntarily.* HIALMAR *shrinks back, and looks another way. A* Chamberlain *asks him pleasantly if he knows that old man.*

Hialmar. I—oh no. Not in the least. No relation!

Gregers (*shocked*). What, HIALMAR, you, with your great soul, deny your own father!

Hialmar (*vehemently*). Of course—what else can a Photographer do with a disreputable old parent, who has been in a Penitentiary for making a fraudulent map? I shall leave this splendid banquet. The Chamberlains are not kind to me, and I feel the crushing hand of fate on my head! [*Goes out hastily, feeling it.*

Mrs. Sörby (*archly*). Any Nobleman here say "Cold Punch"?

[*Every Nobleman says "Cold Punch," and follows her out in search of it with enthusiasm.* GREGERS *approaches his father, who wishes he would go.*

Gregers. Father, a word with you in private. I loathe you. I am nothing if not candid. Old EKDAL was your partner once, and it's my firm belief you deserved a prison quite as much as he did. However, you surely need not have married our GINA to my old friend HIALMAR. You know very well she was no better than she should have been!

Old Werle. True—but then no more is Mrs. SÖRBY. And *I* am going to marry *her*—if you have no objection, that is.

Gregers. None in the world! How can I object to a stepmother who is playing Blind Man's Buff at the present moment with the Norwegian nobility? I am not so overstrained as all that. But really I cannot allow my old friend HIALMAR, with his great, confiding, childlike mind, to remain in contented ignorance of GINA's past. No, I see my mission in life at last! I shall take my hat, and inform him that his home is built upon a lie. He will be *so* much obliged to me! [*Takes his hat, and goes out.*

Old Werle. Ha!—I am a wealthy merchant, of dubious morals, and I am about to marry my housekeeper, who is on intimate terms with the Norwegian aristocracy. I have a son who loathes me, and who is either an Ibsenian satire on the Master's own ideals, or else an utterly impossible prig—I don't know or care which. Altogether, I flatter myself my household affords an accurate and realistic picture of Scandinavian Society!

"Father, a word with you in private. I loathe you!"

ACT II.

HIALMAR EKDAL'S *Photographic Studio. Cameras, neck-rests, and other instruments of torture lying about.* GINA EKDAL *and* HEDWIG, *her daughter, aged* 14, *and wearing spectacles, discovered sitting up for* HIALMAR.

Hedvig. Grandpapa is in his room with a bottle of brandy and a jug of hot water, doing some fresh copying work. Father is in society, dining out. He promised he would bring me home something nice!

Hialmar (*coming in, in evening dress*). And he has not forgotten his promise, my child. Behold! (*he presents her with the menu card;* HEDVIG *gulps down her tears;* HIALMAR *notices her disappointment, with annoyance.*) And this all the gratitude I get! After dining out and coming home in a dress-coat and boots, which are disgracefully tight! Well, well, just to show you how hurt I am, I won't have any *beer* now! What a selfish brute I am! (*Relenting.*) You may bring me just a little drop. (*He bursts into tears.*) I will play you a plaintive Bohemian dance on my flute. (*He does.*) No beer at such a sacred moment as this! (*He drinks.*) Ha, this is real domestic bliss!

[GREGERS WERLE *comes in, in a countrified suit.*

Gregers. I have left my father's home—dinner-party and all—for ever. I am coming to lodge with you.

Hialmar (*still melancholy*). Have some bread and butter. You won't? then I *will*. I want it, after your father's lavish hospitality. (HEDVIG *goes to fetch bread and butter.*) My daughter—a poor shortsighted little thing—but mine own.

Gregers. My father has had to take to strong glasses, too—he can hardly see after dinner. (*To* Old EKDAL, *who stumbles in very drunk.*) How can you, Lieutenant EKDAL, who were such a keen sportsman once, live in this poky little hole?

Old Ekdal. I am a sportsman still. The only difference is that once I shot bears in a forest, and now I pot tame rabbits in a garret. Quite as amusing—and safer.

[*He goes to sleep on a sofa.*

Hialmar (*with pride*). It is quite true. You shall see.

[*He pushes back sliding doors, and reveals a garret full of rabbits and poultry—moonlight effect.* HEDVIG *returns with bread and butter.*

Hedvig (*to* GREGERS). If you stand just there, you get the best view of our Wild Duck. We are very proud of her, because she gives the play its title, you know, and has to be brought into the dialogue a good deal. Your father peppered her out shooting, and we saved her life.

Hialmar. Yes, GREGERS, our estate is not large—but still we preserve, you see. And my poor old father and I sometimes get a day's gunning in the garret. He shoots with a pistol, which my illiterate wife here *will* call a "pigstol." He once, when he got into trouble, pointed it at himself. But the descendant of two lieutenant-colonels who had never quailed before living rabbit yet, faltered then. He *didn't* shoot. Then I put it to my own head. But at the decisive moment, I won the victory over myself. I remained in life. Now we only shoot rabbits and fowls with it. After all I am very happy and contented as I am. [*He eats some bread and butter.*

Gregers. But you ought *not* to be. You have a good deal of the Wild Duck about you. So have your wife and daughter. You are living in marsh vapours. To-morrow I will take you out for a walk and explain what I mean. It is my mission in life. Good night!

[*He goes out.*

Gina and Hedwig. What *was* the gentleman talking about, Father?

Hialmar (*eating bread and butter*). He has been dining, you know. No matter—what *we* have to do now, is to put my disreputable old whitehaired pariah of a parent to bed.

[*He and* GINA *lift old* ECCLES—*we mean old* EKDAL—*up by the legs and arms, and take him off to bed as the Curtain falls.*

COCKNEY MOTTO FOR A FEEBLE CRICKETER.—"Take 'Art of GRACE!"

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Arms.—Quarterly: 1. A female figure habited in white robes reaching to the ankles, with Arms elevated, all quite proper, for *Grace*. 2. A wildman or ratepayer rampant, for *Thrift*. 3. A bend (or bar) sinister on a chart vert, for *Bloomsbury*. 4. Three demi-councillors, wings elevated, regardant an empty seat, for *Vacancy*.

Crest.—On a beadle's hat erased, a new broom.

Supporters.—Dexter, a Paul Pry regardant, grasping an eyeglass sinister. Sinister, a Stiggins. Both gorged.

Motto.—"*Ubi nunc sumus?*"

FAMILIARITY BREEDS RESPECT.

(*A page from the Diary of a would-be but couldn't-be Duellist.*)

Monday.—Arrived on the ground ready to fight my opponent to the death. We had just measured the ground, when an agent of Police appeared upon the scene, and we had to decamp hurriedly. Duel postponed till to-morrow.

Tuesday.—New spot chosen. Pistols this time instead of rapiers. Just as we were about to fire, appearance of the agents of the law. Postponement again absolutely necessary.

Wednesday.—Once more ready to meet. Both of us rather amused at the precautions we have to take to prevent interruption. Opponent obligingly suggested a new and suitable spot for the settlement of our little differences. Found it to be a most excellent selection, but before we could fight, once more interrupted. Both of us greatly annoyed, and arranged to meet to-morrow.

Thursday.—Amused to find myself first in the field—my opponent five minutes late. Both of us had come before the seconds, and so spent the time in a pleasant little chat, and cigarettes. My opponent not half a bad fellow when you come to know him. Just as he was in the middle of a most amusing story, our seconds arrived—with the Police! Postponement once more imperative.

Friday.—Opponent turned up first, and, at my request, completed his yesterday's story—one of the best I have ever heard. Most amusing chap—should have liked to have heard another, when, finding ourselves uninterrupted, we thought we had better seize the opportunity to settle our affair of honour. Our customary luck! Seemingly had just time to kill one another, when enter the Police! Programme as before.

Saturday.—Met again. Really quite pleased to have made the acquaintance of such a nice fellow as my opponent. Full of fun and anecdote. On comparing notes, we found that we had entirely forgotten what on earth we had quarrelled about. So shook hands and arranged that if we fired at anyone, our target should be the Police.

A PLEA FOR THE CART-HORSE PARADE SOCIETY.

All who love English horses, and back English Trade,
Should welcome the annual "Cart-Horse Parade."
No function of Fashion on Racecourse or Row
Should "fetch" our equestrian enthusiast so.
First-rate English horses in holiday guise!
A sight that to please a true Britisher's eyes.
And then the Society—surely *that* will be
Supported by Britons. Ask good Walter Gilbey
(Cambridge House, Regent's Park). He will tell you no doubt
What the C.-H. P. S. have, some time, been about.
Fancy prizes to Carmen for care of their horses!
That charms a horse-lover. To plump the resources
Of such a Society—by their support
In subscriptions—all friends of the horse and of sport
Should surely be eager; so, horse-lovers willing,
Despatch the gold pound plus the odd silver shilling!

History and Art.—Doubts have been thrown on the genuineness of the story about St. Elizabeth of Hungary as illustrated by Mr. Calderon's well-known and striking picture in this year's Academy. Mr. Calderon affirms, according to the best of his high lights, that he has simply portrayed the naked truth. So far, in a certain sense, the Court is with him. Still, historians are neither unbiassed nor infallible, and painters are inclined to sacrifice much for effect. For our part, we should be inclined to refer the situation, which this picture illustrates, to some incident in the life of the celebrated Miss Elizabeth Martin, generally known as "Betty Martin." The legend may be found in some work by that voluminous writer *Finis*, or by the oft-quoted *Ibid*, under the quaint heading, *Historia Mei et Beati Martini*.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES. (AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)

No. 164. Pilling Him. Affectionate wife insisting on the invalid taking a Bolus. Sidney Paget.

No. 259. "A Select Committee." H. Stacy Marks, R.A.

No. 278. "*The Fleecy Charge.*" A title that suggests an attempt at extortion, but is here applied to *A picture in wool-work* by the veteran, T. Sydney Cooper, R.A. Of course whatever the artist may ask for it, it will always be "sheep at the price."

No. 388. "*Writing a Message to St. Helena.*" Hope St. Helena received it. Probably forwarded by a winged messenger as suggested by the name of the artist, which is Eyre Crowe, A.

No. 519. "*Gorse.*" By David Murray. Good? Why certainly, as a matter of gorse.

No. 697. Rather mixed subject, being "*Eventide*" by Knight.

No. 1161. "*A Maiden Fair.*" By G. A. Storey, A. Never heard of such a thing as "a Maiden Fair," except in Oriental countries. She seems to be having all the fun of the Fair to herself. This concludes a series of Storeys in four numbers, 356, 704, 1043 and 1161, making up his "Tale." "And now my Storey's done," that is, for this Season.

Sculpture.

No. 1962. "*Triumph*" of Adrian Jones. It is so. Quite a triumph. The Smiths, Browns and Robinsons nowhere compared with A. Jones.

No. 2001. "*H. M. Stanley—bust.*" Is he? Poor Stanley! It is to be hoped that the Emin-ent explorer will forgive the sculptor, who is C. B. Birch, A. Fancy the indomitable Stanley never yet beaten, but Birch'd at last!

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. XVIII.—MARIAN MUFFET: A ROMANCE OF BLACKMORE.

(*By* R. D. Exmoor, *Author of "Born a Spoon;" "Paddock Rowel;" "Wit and Wilty;" "Tips for Marriers;" "Scare a Fawn;" "'Brellas for Rain," &c., &c., &c.*)

["This," writes Mr. Exmoor, "is another of my simple tales. Yet I send it forth into the world thinking that haply there may be some, and they not of the baser sort, who reading therein as the humour takes them, may draw from it nurture for their minds. For truly it is in the nature of fruit-trees, whereof, without undue vaunting, I may claim to know somewhat, that the birds of the air, the tits, the wrens, ay, even unto the saucy little sparrows, whose firm spirit in warfare hath ever been one of my chiefest marvels, should gather in the branches seeking for provender. So in books, and herein too I have some small knowledge, those that are of the ripest sort are ever the first to be devoured. And if the public be pleased, how shall he that made the book feel aught but gratitude. Therefore I let it go, not being blind in truth to the faults thereof, but with humble confidence too in much compensating merit."]

Chapter I.

Fate, that makes sport alike of peasants and of kings, turning the one to honour and a high seat, and making the other to lie low in the estimation of men, though haply (as 'tis said in our parish) he think no small beer of himself, hath seemingly ordained that I, Thomas Tiddler, should set down in order some doings wherein I had a share. And herein I make no show of learning, being but an undoctrined farmer and not skilled in the tricks of style, as the word is in these parts, but trusting simply to strength and honesty (whereof, God knows, there is but little beyond the limits of our farm), and to that breezy carriage of the pen which favoureth a plain man treading sturdily the winding paths and rough places of his native tongue. Notwithstanding I take no small encouragement from this, that whereas of those that have made to my knowledge the bravest boasting and the loudest puffing (though of this I am loth to speak, never having had a stomach for the work), the writings often perish neglectfully and nothing said, some, writing afar in quiet places removed from the busy rabblement of towns, not seldom steer their course to fame and riches, whereof, thanks be to Heaven, I never yet had covetousness, deeming theirs the happier lot to whom a dry crust with haply a slice of our good country cheese and a draught of the foaming cider bring contentment. Each to his own fashion, say I, and the fashion of the Tiddlers hath always been in a manner plain and unvarnished, like to the large oak press wherein mother stores her Sunday gown and other woman's finery such as the mind of man, being at best but a coarse week-day creature, hath never fairly conceived. But lo! I am tarrying on my way, losing myself in a maze of cheap fancies, while the reader perchance yawns and stretches his limbs as though for bed. All I know is paper and ink are cheaper than when I began to write.

Chapter II.

Now it fell on a Summer morning, I being then but newly come home from the Farmers' College, in the ancient town of Cambridge, that our whole household was gathered together in our parlour. Mother sat by the head of the great table, ladling out a savoury mess of porridge, not rashly, as the custom of some is, but carefully, like a prudent housewife, guarding her own. And by her side sat Molly and Betty, her daughters, and next to them the maids, and they that pertained to the work of the house. First came old Polly Thistledew, gaunt of face, and parched of skin, the wrinkles running athwart her face, and over her hooked nose, like to the rivers drawn with much labour of meandering pen in the school-boys' maps, though for such my marks were always low, I being better skilled in the giving of raps with the closed fist than in the making of maps with inky fingers—a bootless toil, as it always hath seemed to me. Next to her sat Sally, the little milkmaid, casting coy glances at mother, who would have none of them, but with undue sternness, as I thought then, and still think, tossed them back to the shame-faced Sally. Lower down sat John Tooker, "Girt Jan Doubleface" he was ever called, not without a sly hint of increasing obesity, for John, though a mighty man of thews and sinews, was no small trencherman, and, as the phrase is, did himself right royally whenever porridge was in question. All these sat, peaceably swallowing, while I, at the table's foot, faced mother, stirring my steaming bowl with my forefinger, forgetting the heat thereof, but not daring to wince, lest Betty, whose tongue cut shrewdly when she had a mind, should make sport of me.

Chapter III.

Although I had, for the most part, so very stout an appetite that my bowl stood always first for the refilling, I had no desire for my food that day, but idly sat and stirred, and the burden of my thoughts were deeply inward with the dwelling of my mind on this view and on that of it. But, on a sudden, what a turmoil, what a rising of maids, what a jumping on chairs, what a drawing up of gowns, and what a scurrying! For, out of a corner, comes the great brown rat, gliding sedately, and never so much as asking by your leave or with your leave. Then mother's old tom-cat, *Trouncer*, slowly rising, stretches his limbs, and bares his claws, making ready for what is to come, but not, methinks, with much alacrity for the conflict, for rats have teeth, as *Trouncer* knows—ay, and can use them to much purpose. Therefore *Trouncer*, making belief to be brave, as is the custom both of cats and of others that walk on two legs, and have thumbs to their fore-paws, gathers himself to the spring, but springs not. Then comes Girt Jan's terrier, *Rouser*, at last—where hath the terrier been tarrying? Terriers should not tarry—and, with scant ceremony, leaps upon *Trouncer*. Cuff, cuff, go the claws. *Trouncer* swears roundly. Nay, *Trouncer*, 'tis a coward's part to fly beneath the chair. To him, good *Rouser*, to him, my man. But *Rouser* hath forgot the claw-bearer, though his bleeding nose for many a day shall remember. *Rouser* hath the rat in view. Round the parlour they go, helter-skelter, *Rouser* on the tracks of the life-desiring rat, while the maids upon the chairs show ankles, in proof of terror, until, lo! he hath him pinned fast, never more to stir, or clean his whiskers in rat-land.

And then all come down, and Jan boasts loudly how he all but trod him flat, ay, and could have done so had rat not fled in terror of his boot; and *Trouncer* returns, smugly purring, and mother rates the blushing maids.

And I to the fields, having work to do, but liking not the doing.

Chapter IV.

Now I with *Rouser* at my heels went manfully on my way. Gaily I went over the parched brown wastes where lately the flood had lain heavy upon the land, past the whispering copses of fir and beech and oak that top the upland, through the yellowing corn that stands waving golden promise in the valley, till I came to where the land bends suddenly with a sharp turn from the eastward whence a pearly brook, now swollen to a roaring torrent, babbles bravely over the stones. Sudden I stopped as though a palsy had gripped me, though of the Tiddlers, as is well known, none hath ever suffered of a palsy, they being for the most part a lusty race, and apt for enduring moisture both within and without. Never till my dying day shall I forget the sight that met my eyes. For there seated upon a tuffet, her beautiful blue eyes fixed in horror and despair, her jug of curds and whey scarce tasted, was my Marian, while beside her, lolling at ease with the slothful stretch of his great limbs, and the flames as of Tophet in his fierce eyes sat Spider, the great black-hatred giant Spider that would make a feast of her.

I know not how I ran, nor what mighty strength was in my limbs,

but in a moment I was with them, and his hairy throat was in my clutch. Quickly he turned upon me and fain had 'freed himself. Our breast-bones cracked in the conflict, his arms wound round and round me, and a hideous gleam of triumph was in his face. Thrice he had me off my feet, but at the fourth close I swayed him to the right, and then with one last heave I flung him on his back, and had the end of it, leaving him dead and flattened where he lay.

CHAPTER V.

THEN gently I bore my MARIAN home, and mother greeted her fondly, saying, "Miss MUFFET, I presume?" which pleased me, thinking it only right that mother should use ceremony with my love. But she, poor darling, lay quiet and pale, scarce knowing her own happiness or the issue of the fight. For 'tis the way of women ever to faint if the occasion serve and a man's arms be there to prop them. And often in the warm summer-time, when the little lads and lasses gather to the plucking of buttercups and daisies, likening them gleefully to the gold and silver of a rich man's coffers, my darling, now grown matronly, sitteth on the tuffet in their midst, and telleth the tale of giant SPIDER and his fate.—[THE END.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of our "Co."—and the Baron may observe that, when "Co." is written it is not an abbreviation of "Coves"—has been reading *Sir George* (BENTLEY), a Novel, which Mrs. HENNIKER has the courage to put forth in one volume. At the outset, the writing is a little slipshod. Mrs. HENNIKER has, moreover, a wild passion for the conjunction. When she can't summon another "which," she sticks in a "that." On one page appears the following startling announcement—"The March winds this year were unusually biting, and her nervous guardian would therefore [why therefore?] never allow her to walk out without a respirator, till they blew no longer from the East." We assume that, as soon as respirators blew from the West, this injunction would be withdrawn. But, as Mrs. HENNIKER gets forward in her story, the style improves, "which's" disappear as they did in *Macbeth's* time, and the tale is told in simple strenuous language. *Uncle George* is a character finely conceived, and admirably drawn.

The Baron returns thanks to the publisher, W. HEINEMANN, for sending a volume of DE QUINCEY's *Posthumorous Works*. A small dose of them, taken occasionally the last thing at night, may be confidently recommended to admirers of *The Opium Eater*, and will probably be found of considerable value to some who hitherto may have been the victims of *insomnia*. Highly recommended by the Faculty. (*Signed.*) BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT the Court Theatre, *Le Feu Toupinel*, adapted for the English stage as *The Late Lamented*, is decidedly funny, that is, if you can once get over the idea that all its humour depends upon the immoral vagaries of an elderly scoundrel, an habitual criminal, who has departed this life in the odour of respectability, without his immoralities ever having been discovered. Had he been found out during his lifetime, he would have been tried for bigamy, convicted, and punished accordingly. This piece has been adapted from the French for the English stage; but, query, is it adapted to an English audience? That's the point. The run must decide. If the best possible acting can carry it along, then that it has got; for, though Mrs. JOHN WOOD has frequently had better chances, yet she has never worked harder, and never has she more deserved the laughter she excites. The same may be said of Mr. STANDING and Miss FILLIPPI, and also of Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, whose make-up is perfect, especially the dressing and colouring of his hair, which is an artistic triumph. Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR'S *Mr. Fawcett*, the Solicitor, contributes much to the fun of the scenes in which he appears with Mrs. JOHN WOOD; and Mr. CAPE, as *Parker*, the Confidential Servant, is excellent. There's plenty of "go" in it, but will it "stay"?

Great attraction at the Lyceum! *The Corsican Brothers* and *Nance Oldfield!* ELLEN TERRY as *Nance* is delightful. Chorus, Gentlemen, if you please, "*For*—all our fancy, Dwells upon Nancy!" Our ELLEN is charming in this, so natural and so theatrical: herself as *Nance*, and then as *Mrs. Oldfield*, the actress, in the characters that *Nance* assumes. For 'tis ELLEN playing *Nancy*, and *Nancy* again playing Tragedy and Comedy. It is an old piece revived: there never was so old a piece, for there are only four characters in it, and they're all Old. There are two *Oldfields* and two *Oldworthys*. Mr. WENMAN as *Oldfield Senior*, or the Old Obadiah, is a trifle too blusterous, but on the other hand, I am not prepared to say that a country attorney of that period wouldn't be uncouth and blusterous. His son *Alexander*, the Young Obadiah, is prettily played by Mr. GORDON CRAIG, who is a trifle too windmilly with his hands and arms; but in the whole play nothing becomes him so well as the pathos of his broken-hearted exit. He was touching and going. Henceforth, this young actor may justly describe himself as of the "Touch-and-go" school, and be, like "the livin' skeleton" mentioned by *Sam Weller*, "proud o' the title." Miss KATE PHILLIPS as *Anne's* sister—though, as Mr. J. L. T-LE observed, as she is younger than *Anne*, she cannot well be her Anne-sister—is as bright and lively as need be, considering her menial position, which is rather odd in her sister's house. Visit Mistress NANCE TERRY; you'll find her very much "at home" in the part. After which *The Corsican Brothers* revived, Ghost and all.

When some years ago the Irvingesque version of it was produced, the twin who lived in Corsica, Brother *Fabien*, used to behave in the wildest Corsican way. Who that saw it some years ago does not remember how he used to chuck his gun up in the air, when it caught on to a hook in the wall! with what gusto he used to

The Corsican Brothers and Nance Oldfield at the Lyceum.

light a tiny cigarette from an enormous flaming brand snatched from the burning wood fire on the hearth! and how badly the starving guest from Paris fared in the Corsican household where he hadn't a chance against the appetite of Master *Fabien*, who, after a hard day's sport, came in ready for anything, and ate everything! It was the only occasion when this fearless son of destiny ever "bolted." But, my! how the food used to disappear! what a short time the supper occupied, and how very much third best the poor stranger came off under the hospitable roof of the *Dei Franchis*. Even now the supper is a brief one, but justice is done to it, *and* to the weary traveller. Never was such an unhappy tourist! He comes to a house in the wilds of Corsica; he is chokefull of Parisian gossip, he has a lot to say of course, but he never gets a chance, as *Fabien* tells him family stories one after the other, as if he hadn't had such an opportunity or so good a listener for ever so long. Then, when on the entrance of his mother *Fabien* breaks off in the middle of one of his many anecdotes, which evidently can't be told before ladies, the Parisian gent, who now sees something like an opening for some light Boulevardian chit-chat, is presented with a flat candlestick and bowed off to bed, without being allowed a word to say for himself. All this is just the same as ever; there have been no alterations nor repairs; the piece is as curiously old-fashioned as are the exquisitely correct costumes; while the Masked Ball at the Opera and the Duel in the snow are as effective as ever, and the latter, if anything, more so. They make a first-rate fight of it, do Messrs. *Irving dei Franchi* and *M. Terriss de Château Renaud*, until the latter collapses, and "subsequent proceedings interested him no more." As long as the strong right arm of the Corsican Brother can draw a good and shining rapier, he will draw as good and brilliant a house as he did on the first night of this revival. Why ought this piece to go well in the first theatre in Ireland? Why? because it's a great play for Doublin'. *Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPIDEMIC.—Up to now Members of Parliament have been generally considered as "influential personages." This year many M.P.'s will be remembered as "very influenzial personages."

THE MOST IRRESISTIBLE SIRENS ARE NOT THOSE WHO SING, BUT THOSE WHO LISTEN (OR PRETEND TO)!

Daughter of the House. "TELL ME, PROFESSOR BORAX, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE LADY MAMMA GAVE YOU TO TAKE IN TO DINNER?"
The Professor (innocently). "MY DEAR GIRL, SHE 'S SIMPLY THE MOST CHARMING WOMAN I EVER MET! *I NEVER TALKED SO MUCH IN MY LIFE!*"

IN A MAZE.

"Mr. BALFOUR brought up a new sub-section, which he admitted was so obscure that he only 'more or less' understood it himself, and which, indeed, is of '*p'usquam*-Thucydidean' dimness and involution. . . . There is no excuse, we must say, for the muddle into which the Government has got over the Bill. . . . The House of Commons has adjourned for a short holiday, but the Irish Land Purchase Bill is not yet through Committee. . . . . There still remained all the new clauses, for which no time had been found."—*Times.*

Little Bill loquitur:—

OH do, if you please, Mr. BALFOUR, Sir, if you *can*,—and who can if you can't, Sir?—
Get me out of this Maze, where for days and days I have strayed till I 'm all of a pant, Sir.
Twelve months ago we started, you know, and I've been on my feet ever since, Sir.
And oh, if you please, I feel weak at the knees, and the pains in my back make me wince, Sir.
Mister HOOD's "Lost Child" wasn't half as bad, for he only strayed in the gutter,
While this dreadful Maze is enough to craze; and *my* feeling of lostness is utter.
Oh, my poor feet! This is worse than Crete, and old Hampton Court isn't in it.
Oh stop, *do* stop! for I feel I shall drop if I don't sit down half a minute.

I really thought you knew the way out—which I own *I* 'm unable to guess, Sir—
And now 'twould appear you are far from clear, and are puzzled "more or less," Sir.
The paths are really so twirly-whirly, the hedges so jimble-jumbled;
It must be hundreds and hundreds of miles along which we have staggered and stumbled.
I thought you *were* a cool card, Mister BALFOUR, and did know your way about, Sir,
But what I should like to know at present is, when we are like to get out, Sir.
How LABBY will laugh at the Labyrinth-maker, who gets lost in his own Great Maze, Sir!
Don't say, Sir, pray, that you've lost *your* way,—you, whom people so cosset and praise, Sir.
You won't be hurried, and you can't be flurried, and you're always as cool as a cucumber.
Can a little 'un like me, your own child, don't you see, such a smart pioneer as are *you* cumber?
You, the modern Theseus? Where 's your Ariadne? Oh, I know you are cool, and clever,
Yet I feel a doubt. When *shall* we get out?—which I *can't* go on wandering for ever!

Mazemaster loquitur:—

Poor little man! Yes, I *had* a plan, and a perfectly plain one, too, boy;
But—I fear—for a moment—I've—lost the clue! Ah! I'm awfully sorry for *you*, boy!
You have been on your feet for a precious long time, and all this roundabouttation,
Is "*plusquam*-Thucydidean," perhaps, and at any rate mean aggravation.
But you'll please understand I'm a very "cool hand;" there's abundance of "humour" about me,
And though for a jiffy I *seem* at a loss, don't you come for to go for to doubt me.
'Tis most complicated, this Miz-Maze! I've stated the clue I've let slip for a moment,
And LABBY, no doubt, and his henchmen, will shout and indulge in invidious comment:
The *Times*, too, may gird, and declare 'tis absurd not to know *one's own Labyrinth* better.
The *Times* is my friend, but a trifle too fond of the goad and the scourge and the fetter;
You really can't rule the whole civilised world with the aid of the whip and the closure;
Though I *should* enjoy—but no matter, my boy, let us try to maintain our composure!
When shall we get out? That's a matter of doubt, cross-hedges my pathway still chequer,
The clue I've let slip, but you just take my tip; we'll get clear—if you keep up your pecker!

Change for Thirty-Five Shillings.

THERE is a singular directness of purpose in the following advertisement which appears in the *Daily News*:—

REPORTER (27), now on Weekly, WANTS CHANGE. 35*s*.

The advertiser not only wants change, but he mentions the exact sum. It seems odd. One often wants change for a sovereign, and even oftener wants the sovereign itself. But what precise coin a man hands you when he wants thirty-five shillings change is not quite clear.

IN A MAZE.

Master Land Bill. "OH, MR. BALFOUR, I'M *SO* TIRED!"

Mr. B. "CHEER UP, LITTLE MAN! NEXT TURN TO THE RIGHT,—AND I HOPE WE SHALL BE OUT OF IT!!"

Dealer's Man (confidentially). "NICE 'OSS, SIR. JUST SUIT YOU, SIR. NICE PERMISCUOUS 'OSS, SIR!—*YOU CAN SIT ON HIM A'MOST ANYWHERE!*"

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Billsbury, May 5.—Received the following letter from TOLLAND yesterday:—

DEAR MR. PATTLE, 45, *Main Street, Billsbury, May* 3.

A COMMITTEE Meeting of our Council has been summoned for the day after to-morrow (May 5) at eight o'clock P.M., at the Beaconsfield Club, to consider some important questions affecting your Candidature and the plan of campaign to be adopted in prosecuting it. I trust that you may be able to make it convenient to attend, and shall be glad to receive a wire from you to this effect. I may mention to you that I have lately heard, in confidence, that Sir THOMAS CHUBSON's health is causing considerable anxiety to the Radical leaders here. He has attended very few divisions lately, and has offended many of the advanced section by his conduct over the Strike Subvention Bill, which was backed by the Labour Members. Sir THOMAS, however, abstained from the division on the Second Reading. It is just possible that, under the circumstances, he may decide to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds very shortly, and we must be prepared for every emergency.

Yours faithfully, JAMES TOLLAND.

It was a confounded nuisance. I had arranged to take the BELLAMYS to the Scandinavian Exhibition this afternoon, and to dine and go to the theatre with the JACKSONS. Had to put off everything. MARY BELLAMY will be dreadfully annoyed. Wrote specially to her to apologise and explain. They're sure to get that beast POMFRET to take them instead. He's always hanging round. Last week he wrote a lot of verse in MARY's Confession Album, in this style (I copied some of it out, in order to show it to VULLIAMY, who hates him):—

Though, when he's asked his favourite name, a man is apt to stare, he
Must answer, if he knows what's what, "My favourite name is MARY."

And this:— The vice I detest and abhor above all
Is not dancing four times with *you* at a ball.

And this, in answer to the question, "What or who would you rather be, if you were not yourself?"—

I'd rather be the rosebud that nestles in your hair,
Or the aunt whose hand you took in yours and pressed upon the stair.

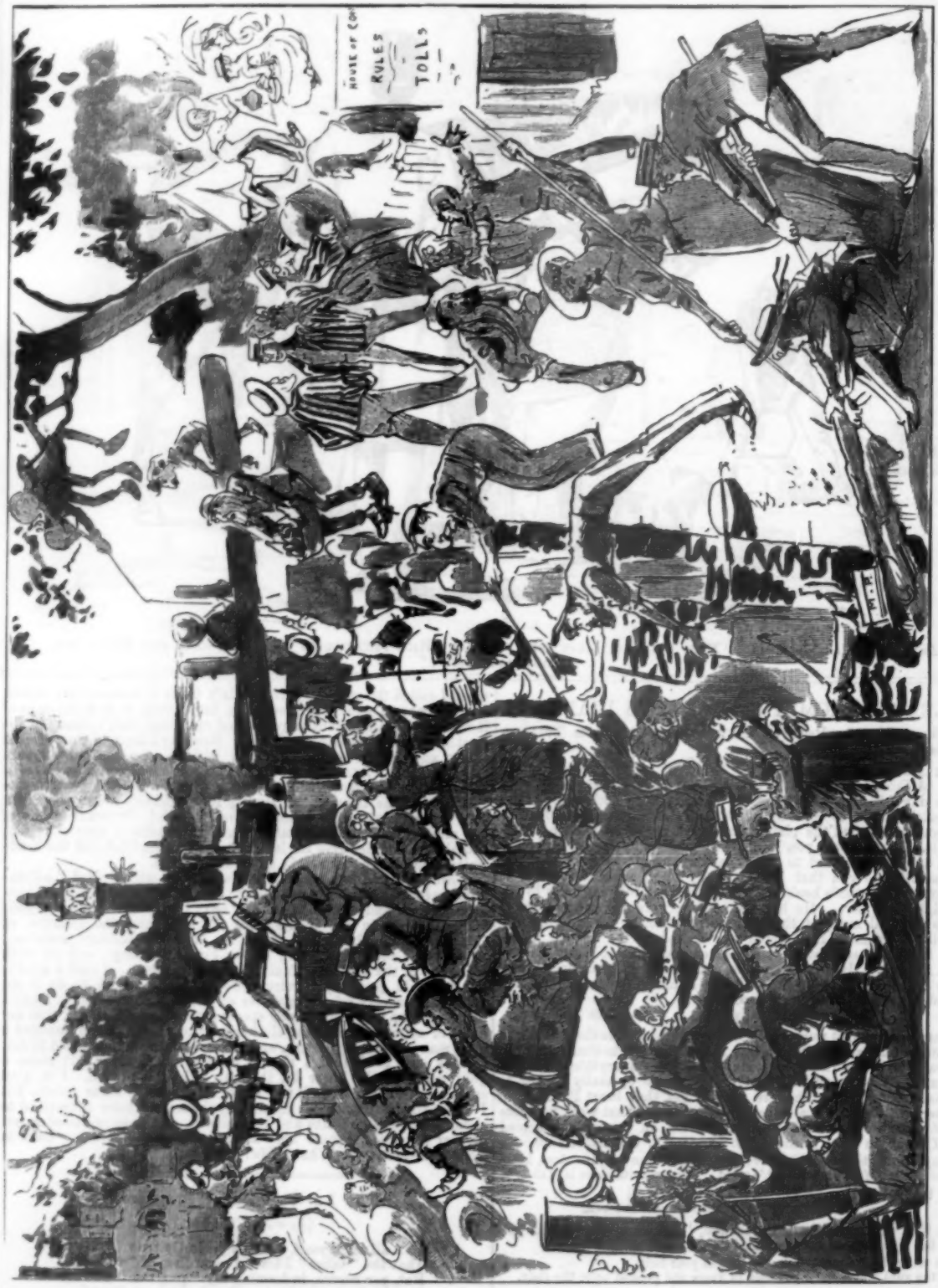
They all admired this slip-slop immensely, and MARY asked me, when I called the other day, if I didn't think it wonderfully clever. I know, when I wrote my answers in her album, it took me days of thought to get them done in prose, and even then they turned out the most ordinary, commonplace things. However I thought they pleased MARY, and now POMFRET steps in with his confounded rhymes. Mrs. BELLAMY's father once published a volume of verse, and is still talked of in the household as "your grandfather the poet." She told me that she thought "a faculty for versification was the mark of a truly refined and delicate mind." Bah! POMFRET's one of the most selfish and calculating ruffians outside a convict prison, and always haggles over his luncheon bills at the Club, till the head-waiter and all the rest nearly go off their heads.

However, I had to come to Billsbury, nilly-willy. Met the Committee after dinner. They were anxious that I should do some canvassing soon, and wanted me, when next I spoke, to explain myself more fully (1) on the Temperance Question and the question of Compensation to Publicans; (2) on the Women's Suffrage Question; (3) on the Labour Question; (4) on Foreign Policy; and (5) with reference to the Billsbury Main Drainage Scheme. I said I would, but I should probably require more than one speech to do it in. Afterwards a very solemn member of the Committee, whose name I forget, got up and made a long speech, in which he observed that my habit of appearing in dress clothes at the meetings had annoyed a good many of my supporters, and that he ventured to suggest to me, for my own good, that I should wear ordinary dress. It seems a good many of the lower lot thought it looked uppish. I'm glad enough not to have to do it any more. There were other points, but I'm too tired to remember them. By the way, I have subscribed to about a dozen more Clubs and Institutions, and have promised to get Mother to open a bazaar here at the end of the month. Back to London to-morrow. What a life!

The Latest "Labor Program."

(*By a New-Unionist.*)

I AM all for myself, and 'tis perfectly true
That the "labor" I love is regardless of "u."
But, *per contra*, in forming my "program" you see
Though I wink (with two I's), I eliminate "me."



POLITICAL BOATING-PARTY DURING THE RECESS.

(By Our Own Instantaneous Photographer.)

IN A LOCK.—A WHITSUNTIDE WARBLE.

"*Lock! Lock!*"—Shock! Rock! That's a pretty
frock bulging over the gunwale!
She looks like to choke with that horrible smoke, which
is fuming out of the Steam-Launch funnel.
Pleasant old cry! All in, and dry, though we're
awfully crowded this first Spring holiday,
Better this than St. Stephen's dead-lock! Our serious
Senators out for a jolly day
Might do worse. Who carries the purse? That ten-
foot rod with the toll-net ending it
Means a hint. They must make "a mint"; and, by
Jove, there are many worse ways of spending it,—
Money, I mean. Now were G-sch-n seen collecting cash
for his dry Exchequer [up his financial pecker
With pole and net, it were nicer, you bet, than keeping
With Spirit Duties! Those two blonde beauties in
Cambridge blue are exceeding bonny;
B-lf-r now at that same boat's bow would be quite in
his element—eh, my sonny?
And Old Morality cooling his legs in the stern-sheets
yonder would find the steering [T-m H-ly jeering.
Easier far than amidst the jar of St. Stephen's, hot with
S-l-sb-ry, too, with a well-trained crew, would put his
back—that broad back of his!—in it.
Don't be in a hurry, my nautical friend! we shall all
get out in another minute.
Just like life! Such fidgety strife to be first to the
front when the lock-gates sever.
What does it matter, friends, after all? The slow, the
skilful, the dull, the clever,
The snake-swift "swell" and the splashing 'Arry, the
puffing launch, and the trim outrigger,
The calm canoest who hugs the timbers, the fussy punter
who toils like a nigger,
All will anon be well out in the cutting, the old gates
shutting slowly behind them,
And where are those who so shoved to the front? At
the tail of the race you may presently find them.
The G. O. M. (with his collars for sails), that jaunty
skiff might be handling. Bless us!
Can he take holiday, he whom toil seems to encoil like
a shirt of Nessus? [C-nn-ngh-m Gr-h-m,
Well, Unionist or Separatist, or chap with a twist like
Or howling Pat, or Aristocrat with manners like Brummel and voice like Braham,
Peppery G-sch-n, or pompous H-rc-rt, or genial
Sm-th, the new-made Warden,
All, all, to-day, when the world is gay, the stream like
silver, the banks a garden,
Much worse might do than tog up in blue and join a
crew on the rolling river, [personal, leaving "liver,"
"Beyond the tide," dropping all their "side," party or
And Influenza, and other "Obstructions," all party-jobbers, all jibbers and jolters,
In sunny weather to crowd together in Moulsey Lock, or
it might be Boulter's!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

The Kennel, Barks, Friday, May 15.—This entry in Diary is dated from my ancestral home, pleasantly situated in the County I have the honour to represent. Haven't been to Westminster this week. Hear, through usual channels of information, that House adjourns to-day for Whitsun Recess. When I say House, I mean fragment that remains; a few doors and chimneys, with here and there a ruined wing. Fact is, majority absent with influenza. Some seventy or eighty of us have formed House of our own; meet regularly at usual hour; get through business in a way that would astonish the residuum left at Westminster; and jog off comfortably for dinner. All Parties and all sections of Party represented. Speaker and Chairman of Committees still stick to Westminster. But we have Gorst, one of the Deputy-Speakers, who presides with dignity and despatch. Jackson looks after arrangement of business. Akers-Douglas whips up the Conservatives, assisted by Sydney Herbert and Arthur Hill. Thomas Esmonde brings up to the scratch Tanner, Swift MacNeill, and Pierce Mahony. On Treasury Bench Michael Beach sits in place of Old Morality, being supported by Georgie Hamilton, Stuart Wortley, and James Ferguson, whilst Knutsford and Derby look down from Peers' Gallery. On Front Opposition Bench Mr. G., just arrived; finds John Morley, Osborne ap Morgan, Kay-Shuttleworth, and Mundella. Wolmer not yet arrived, but daily expected. Meanwhile John Lubbock, Munz, T. W. Russell, and the Wiwacious Wiggin here, ready to obey the Whip, when issued.

Charles Forster looks after petitions for us; Frank Lockwood draws us out (or in, as the case may be); Algernon Borthwick throws an air of fashionable society around us; the Reverberating Colonel lifts his tall head in our midst; Isaac Holden never tires of telling the fascinating story of how he discovered the lucifer-match; Henniker Heaton passes the time writing letters to Raikes, and complains that the Postmaster-General has his communications ostentatiously fumigated before opening them; Seymour Keay says he must get back to Westminster (nobody says him nay), or Land Bill would be getting passed through Committee; and here is the Grand Young Gardner *and* his wife—Lady Winifred, of course, looking down on us from Ladies' Gallery.

Have on the whole a very good time. Looked after by Rustem Roose, whose cure is as alluring as it is infallible. "Eat, drink and sleep," he says. "Lie on your back and sedulously do nothing." So whilst they storm and fret at Westminster, here, in hollow Lotos Land we live and lie reclining. Pleasant to hear Rustem Roose's voice as he goes his morning rounds, stethoscope in hand. "A long breath, dear friend: say '74; Pommery, certainly if you like; a pint at luncheon and a roast chicken. Turn over, dear friend; another long breath; say '80; de Lanson, of course, if you prefer it; a pint at dinner with a fried sole and a porterhouse steak; or, if you are tired of champagne, take a pint of claret with a glass or two of port. A long breath, dear friend; say '50; three glasses of '50 port won't do you any harm."

Worst of it is we're all getting better, and shall be back to the grind at Westminster after Whitsuntide. *Business done.*—All taking long breaths.

The Dis-Order of the Day.—In the House of Commons on the Motion of the First Lord of the Treasury, it was resolved that Influenza, M.P., be expelled. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Leader of the Opposition, *pro tem.*, moved to amend the Resolution by adding "at once." This was agreed to *nem. con.* The Serjeant-at-Arms was thereupon ordered to remove Influenza. He declined on the ground that if he did he might catch it. After some conversation the debate was adjourned. Influenza left sitting on Members generally.—*Extract from the Fifteenth of May's Parliamentary Report.*

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN COOKERY.

Young Lady. "And now, Jane, what's the *next* Thing to do, after putting the Meat and Potatoes in the Stewpan?"
Village Girl. "Please, Miss, wash the Baby!"

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS!

(By a Perplexed Reader of the Penny Papers.)

WHEN you're lying awake, with a horrid headache (to adopt a suggestion of GILBERT'S),
When too freely you've dined, or too heavily wined, or munched too many walnuts or filberts;
When your brain is a maze, and creation a haze, then each queer social craze—there are many!—
Gets your wits in a spool, and there isn't a fool for your thoughts would advance you a penny.

You can't sleep a wink, so the question of Drink, though you timidly shrink from it, harries you.
Your wit's in a whirl, as you think, if some girl with a *penchant* for you, ups and marries you.
And ties you for life to the thing called a Wife,—that figment, that fraud, that illusion,
Where, *what* will you be? And you can't find a key to the epoch's chaotic confusion. [majority
It seems Local Option is sure of adoption, and what a tyrannic
May "opt" for one day, you're unable to say, and in vain you appeal to Authority.
The Law of the Land is a labyrinth grand, which you can't understand, nor can anyone,
And *that* is a thought, with delirium fraught, an appalling, if 'tis not a penny one.

Now Law, the Old Antic, seems utterly frantic, absurdly romantic and maundering; [Sentiment wandering.
And Cool Common Sense has gone dotty and dense, in dim deserts of
Now Reason and Right, hydrocephalous quite, are both Della-Cruscan and drivelling,
Life (barring the fun) like "The Mulberry One," seems a mixture of diddling and snivelling.
There's LAWSON who jaws on the Abstinence Cause on, and would lay his claws on the Nation, [compensation;
And put sudden stopper on all that's improper (as *he* thinks) without
And then there's Sir EDWARD, who, when he goes bedward, must have *his* reflections nightmarish!
It seems, from such rigs, that our biggest Big Wigs are scarce fit to govern a parish.
McDOUGALL again, is agog to restrain all that gives *his* soul pain—it's a squeamish one!—
He thinks he's a stayer as Jabberwock-slayer, mere Angry Boy he, *not* a Beamish One! [a dust up,
These Oracles windy do raise such a shindy, and kick such a doose of
One would think without *them* we were wrong stern and stem, and the whole of creation would bust up.
But verily why men should *now* worship Hymen,—who, just as unshackled as Cupid,— [ceive. It seems stupid
(See decision *Re* JACKSON), take burdens their backs on, I can*not* con-
Beyond all expression to have a "possession" whose "ownness" there's desperate doubt of,
And which (if she's *nous*) you can't keep *in* your house, nor yet (if she's "savvy") keep *out* of!
What *is* "Hymen's halter"? I fidget and falter! The Beaks seem to palter and fumble.
In such a strange fashion, I fly in a passion, and vow that the world is a jumble. [caboodle (as 'ARRY sees)
Law seems a wigged noodle, as tame as a poodle, the whole darned
Is ructions and "rot," and our "rulers" a lot of confounded old foodles and Pharisees!
Yes, that's what *I* think about Marriage and Drink—if you may call it thought, which with frenzy is fraught, and gives me a "head" like bad whiskey; whose dread is on me day and night, makes me wake in a fright, from visions most solemn of column on column of such "printed matter" and paragraph chatter, as makes me feel flatter than cold eggless batter upon a lead platter—as mad as a hatter, and who will relieve me? Can anyone?
I tell you it's dreadful to face a whole bedful of spectres and spooks (born of papers and books) with most horrible looks, limbs contorted in crooks, and bat-wings with big hooks, which haunt all the nooks of tester and curtain, and which, I am certain, will drive me insane if *some* one can't explain where the mischief we are, 'midst the jimble and jar of factions and fads, of crotchets and cads, of Tolstois and Jeunes, and Ibsens (whose lunes are more lunatic still). Oh, I'd learn with a will from any or aught, who could bring me, fresh caught, with lucidity fraught (what so long I have sought) a Clear Comforting Thought—though a Penny One!

IN RE THE INFLUENZA.

(An Autobiographical Note on the appearance of the Epidemic in the Law Courts.)

OWING to recent sentimental legislation, many members of the learned profession, to which I have the honour to belong, have found their practice becoming (to quote the poet) "small by degrees and beautifully less." Times were when I could scarcely pass a week in term time without appearing in Court holding a consent brief, or armed with authority to move (unopposed) for the appointment of a receiver. But that was long ago—a deep contrast with to-day—when my admirable and excellent Clerk PORTINGTON, finds an hour a day ample, almost too ample, time for posting up to date my Fee Book. However, occasionally a gleam of the old sunshine illumines, so to speak, the chambers I occupy, and such a gleam was my retention for the Defence in the cause of *Quicksilver* v. *Nore*. It was a Patent Case, and one of the deepest possible interest. It is my good fortune to know the Defendant personally, and it was through his kind offices that the instructions to appear for him were left at my chambers. My friend and client (who is unjustly said to be eccentric in his habits) has recently patented and produced a most important invention, which greatly facilitates the retention of dinner-napkins, after those useful, nay, necessary articles have been used for the purpose for which they are manufactured. Like all really valuable inventions, the patent is simplicity itself, the napkin-ring consisting of the section of the thicker end of an elephant's tusk cut to an appropriate size and hollowed out. It is necessary to fold the dinner-napkin in such a fashion that, when inserted through the ring, its shape is retained by the adherent properties inseparable from the ivory. The patent can also be produced in other materials, such as gold, silver and jewels for the wealthy, and in bone, tin and even glass for purchasers of smaller means. I must say that when the ring was shown to me I was greatly struck with the cleverness and simplicity of the idea, and could not understand how Mr. QUICKSILVER could have allowed himself to be so badly advised as to bring an action for infringement, merely on the strength of *his* patent being also a dinner-napkin-holder with the ring element so far introduced that it consisted of a circle closed and opened by a hinge. However, it was no part of my duty to advise the other side, so I set to work to get up my case (as I invariably do) *con amore*. I hunted up all the causes in the Digest, that seemed to be on all-fours with the matter in dispute, and spent days in the Public Library of the Patent Office searching for patents having to do with table-napkins. As the specifications were not consecutively published, I had to wade through a large number of these interesting documents that treated of other subjects. For instance, the first specification I would take out of the box in which it was kept, would perhaps have to do with house-raising without disturbance to the foundations, the second would prove to be an article half umbrella, half revolver, while in the third I would perhaps find an extremely quaint notion for a portable pocket corkscrew. I myself picked up many ideas for future use, and hope some day, if I do nothing else, at least to perfect a clever little contrivance of my own for arousing the inmates of a house invaded by burglars by casement concussions. I propose calling this valuable little instrument (which is founded to some extent on the simple construction by which the figures in a child's box of wooden soldiers are enabled to advance and retire in a scissors-like fashion), when produced, the Policeman's Upper Floor Window Tapper.

Catching.

The day for the hearing at length arrived, and, armed with a mass of carefully selected information, I was in my seat ready to defend the originality of the Nore Napkin Ring, so to speak, to the death. In my notes before me I had the skeleton of a really fine oration, which I felt (if I mastered my normal nervousness) would bristle with epigram, and thrill with heartfelt, brain-inspired eloquence. So deeply interested was I in the matter, that I scarcely listened to my friend's opening, and only became aware of what was happening in Court by the rising of the Judge. Suddenly his Lordship bowed, and disappeared. I looked at the clock—it was only noon—and, consequently, an hour and thirty minutes in advance of the time usually selected for the mid-day adjournment. And then, to my dismay, I found that his Lordship was suffering from the influenza! Well, there was nothing to do but to collect my papers, and, assisted by PORTINGTON, return to my chambers. The next day my head ached violently, and I could not move. Then I have a recollection of dictating to my wife long telegrams to PORTINGTON, which I subsequently discovered were neither despatched nor delivered.

* * * * *

When I awoke, I found that the matter of *Quicksilver* v. *Nore* had been arranged and settled—out of Court!

Pump-handle Court. *(Signed)* A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

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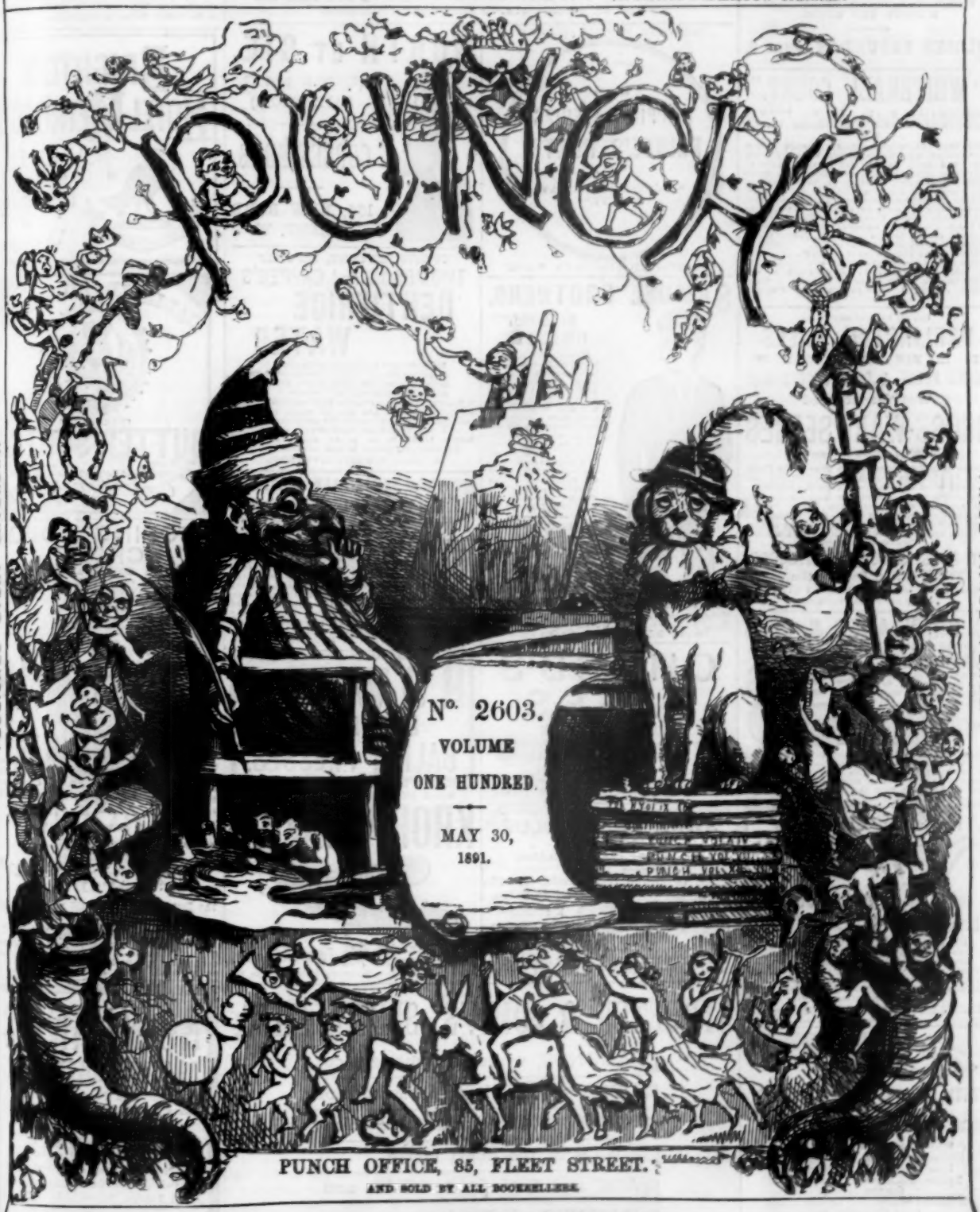

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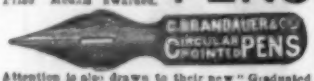

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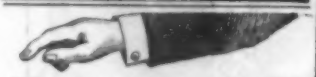

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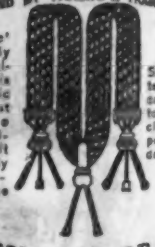

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ACT III.

HIALMAR'S *Studio.* *A photograph has just been taken.* GINA *and* HEDVIG *are tidying up.*

Gina (apologetically). There *should* have been a luncheon-party in this Act, with Dr. RELLING and MÖLVIK, who would have been in a state of comic "chippiness," after his excesses overnight. But, as it hadn't much to do with such plot as there is, we cut it out. It came cheaper. Here comes your father back from his walk with that lunatic, Young WERLE—you had better go and play with the Wild Duck. [HEDVIG *goes.*

Hialmar (coming in). I have been for a walk with GREGERS; he meant well—but it was tiring. GINA, he has told me that, fifteen years ago, before I married you, you were rather a Wild Duck, so to speak. (*Severely.*) Why haven't you been writhing in penitence and remorse all these years, eh?

Gina (sensibly). Why? Because I have had other things to do. *You* wouldn't take any photographs, so I *had* to.

Hialmar. All the same—it was a swamp of deceit. And where am I to find elasticity of spirit to bring out my grand invention now? I used to shut myself up in the parlour, and ponder and cry, when I thought that the effort of inventing anything would sap my vitality. (*Pathetically.*) I *did* want to leave you an inventor's widow; but I never shall now, particularly as I haven't made up my mind what to invent yet. Yes, it's all over. Rabbits are trash, and even poultry palls. And I'll wring that cursed Wild Duck's neck!

Gregers (coming in beaming). Well, so you've got it over. *Wasn't* it soothing and ennobling, eh? and *ain't* you both obliged to me?

Gina. No; it's my opinion you'd better have minded your own business. [*Weeps.*

Gregers (in great surprise). Bless me! Pardon my Norwegian *naïveté*, but this ought really to be quite a new starting-point. Why, I confidently expected to have found you both beaming! — Mrs. EKDAL, being so illiterate, may take some little time to see it—but you, HIALMAR, with your deep mind, surely *you* feel a new consecration, eh?

Hialmar (dubiously). Oh—er—yes. I suppose so—in a sort of way.

[HEDVIG *runs in, overjoyed.*

Hedvig. Father, only see what Mrs. SÖRBY has given me for a birthday present — a beautiful deed of gift! [*Shows it.*

Hialmar (eluding her). Ha! Mrs. SÖRBY, the family Housekeeper. My father's sight failing! HEDVIG in goggles! What vistas of heredity these astonishing coincidences open up! *I* am not short-sighted, at all events, and I see it all—all! *This* is my answer. (*He takes the deed, and tears it across.*) Now I have nothing more to do in this house. (*Puts on overcoat.*) My home has fallen in ruins about me. (*Bursts into tears.*) My hat!

Gregers. Oh, but you *mustn't* go. You must be all three together, to attain the true frame of mind for self-sacrificing forgiveness, you know!

Hialmar. Self-sacrificing forgiveness be blowed!

[*He tears himself away, and goes out.*

Hedvig (with despairing eyes). Oh, he said it might be blowed! Now he'll *never* come home any more!

Gregers. Shall I tell you how to regain your father's confidence, and bring him home surely? Sacrifice the Wild Duck.

Hedvig. Do you think that will do any good?

Gregers. You just *try* it! [*Curtain.*

ACT IV.

Same Scene. GREGERS *enters, and finds* GINA *retouching photographs.*

Gregers (pleasantly). HIALMAR not come in yet, after last night, I suppose?

Gina. Not he! He's been out on the loose all night with RELLING and MÖLVIK. Now he's snoring on their sofa.

Gregers (disappointed.) Dear!—dear!—when he ought to be yearning to wrestle in solitude and self-examination!

Gina (rudely). Self-examine your grandmother!

[*She goes out;* HEDVIG *comes in.*

Gregers (to Hedvig). Ah, I see you haven't found courage to settle the Wild Duck yet!

Hedvig. No—it seemed such a delightful idea at first. Now it strikes me as a trifle—well, *Ibsenish.*

Gregers (reprovingly). I *thought* you hadn't grown up quite unharmed in this house! But if you really had the true, joyous spirit of self-sacrifice, you'd have a shot at that Wild Duck, if you died for it!

Hedvig (slowly). I see; you mean that my constitution's changing, and I ought to behave as such?

Gregers. Exactly, I'm what Americans would term a "crank"—but *I* believe in you, HEDVIG.

[HEDVIG *takes down the pistol from the mantelpiece, and goes into the garret with flashing eyes;* GINA *comes in.*

Hialmar (looking in at door with hesitation; he is unwashed and dishevelled). Has anybody happened to see my hat?

Gina. Gracious, what a sight you are! Sit down and have some breakfast, do. [*She brings it.*

Hialmar (indignantly). What! touch food under *this* roof? Never! (*Helps himself to bread-and-butter and coffee.*) Go and pack up my scientific uncut books, my manuscripts, and all the best rabbits, in my portmanteau. I am going away for ever. On second thoughts, I shall stay in the spare room for another day or two—it won't be the same as living with you!

[*He takes some salt meat.*

Gregers. Must you go? Just when you've got nice firm ground to build upon—thanks to me! Then there's your great invention, too.

Hialmar. Everything's invented already. And I only cared about my invention because, although it doesn't exist yet, I thought HEDVIG believed in it, with all the strength of her sweet little shortsighted eyes! But now I don't believe in HEDVIG!

[*He pours himself out another cup of coffee.*

Gregers (earnestly). But, HIALMAR, if I can prove to you that she is ready to sacrifice her cherished Wild Duck? See!

[*He pushes back sliding-door, and discovers* HEDVIG *aiming at the* Wild Duck *with the butt-end of the pistol. Tableau.*

Gina (excitedly). But don't you *see?* It's the pigstol — that fatal Norwegian weapon which, in Ibsenian dramas, *never* shoots straight! And she has got it by the wrong end too. She will shoot herself!

Gregers (quietly). She will! Let the child make amends. It will be a most realistic and impressive finale!

Gina. No, no—put down the pigstol, HEDVIG. Do you hear, child?

Hedvig (still aiming). I hear—but I shan't unless father tells me to.

Gregers. HIALMAR, show the great soul I always *said* you had. This sorrow will set free what is noble in you. Don't spoil a fine situation. Be a man! Let the child shoot herself!

Hialmar (irresolutely). Well, really I don't know. There's a good deal in what GREGERS says. Hm!

Gina. A good deal of tomfool rubbish! I'm illiterate, I know. I've been a Wild Duck in my time, and I waddle. But for all that, I'm the only person in the play with a grain of common-sense. And I'm sure—whatever Mr. IBSEN or GREGERS choose to say—that a screaming burlesque like this ought *not* to end like a tragedy—even in this queer Norway of ours! And it shan't, either! Tell the child to put that nasty pigstol down and come away, do!

Hialmar (yielding). Ah, well, I am a farcical character myself, after all. Don't touch a hair of that duck's head, HEDVIG. Come to my arms and all shall be forgiven!

[HEDVIG *throws down the pistol,—which goes off and kills a rabbit—and rushes into her father's arms.* Old EKDAL *comes out of a corner with a fowl on each shoulder, and bursts into tears.* *Affecting family picture.*

Gregers (annoyed). It's all very pretty, I dare say—but it's not IBSEN! My real mission is to be the thirteenth at table. I don't know what I mean—but I fly to fulfil it! [*He goes.*

Hialmar. And now we've got rid of *him*, HEDVIG, fetch me the deed of gift I tore up, and a slip of paper, and a penny bottle of gum, and we'll soon make a valid instrument of it again!

[*He pastes the torn deed together as the Curtain slowly descends.*

THE END (*with apologies as before.*)

WHY SHOULD LONDON WAIT?

OR, THE SLIGHTED METROPOLIS AND THE DISAPPOINTED MEDICAL STUDENT.

[Sir RICHARD QUAIN (seconding the proposal of Lord HERSCHELL "that the draft Supplemental Charter for the University of London be approved") said that with respect to Medical Degrees, those who were not in the profession could not realise the grievance which the Medical Students of London felt themselves to be sustaining by not being able to obtain their Degrees in the Metropolis. Hundreds of capable men were driven to seek in Scotland, at Newcastle, and elsewhere the Medical Degrees which they ought to have obtained in London.]

AIR—"*The University of Gottingen.*" *London, loquitur:*—

I.

WHENE'ER with longing eyes you view
Degrees, I feel I'm undone, Sir,
And so do the companions true
Who studied with you at the U-
-niversity of London, Sir—
-niversity of London, Sir!

[*Weeps, and pulls out report of stormy meeting of Convocation of University of London, where new draft charter (of which* Lord HERSCHELL *and* Lord Justice FRY *were the most prominent advocates) was rejected by* 461 *votes against* 197).

II.

Report! It saddens me—and you.
Was it in cruel fun done, Sir!
What QUAIN and HERSCHELL said was true!
Durham can crow it o'er the U-
-niversity of London, Sir!
-niversity of London, Sir!

[*At the repetition of this line young—but degreeless—Medical Student groans in cadence.*

III.

Degrees! *I* cannot grant them—true!
Or it were with a run done, Sir.
I'm *only* the Metropolis. Pooh!
Provincial pedants flout the U-
-niversity of London, Sir!
-niversity of London, Sir!

IV.

Talk of Home Rule? It's all askew!
I have it not, for one done, Sir.
I've taught you; your "trade-mark"—boohoo!—
I cannot give you at the U-
-niversity of London, Sir!
-niversity of London, Sir!

V.

To knowledge in my halls you grew;
But now you are—dear son, done, Sir!
You're only a mere Medical Stu-
-dent at the sorely slighted U-
-niversity of London, Sir,
-niversity of London, Sir!

VI.

Off—to Newcastle, boy! Adieu!
By that big vote we're undone, Sir.
Provincial Colleges have exclu-
-sive rights denied to the poor U-
-niversity of London, Sir?
-niversity of London, Sir!

[*During the last stanza, M. S. beats his breast with his stethoscope and goes off—like coals—to Newcastle, or like mustard—to Durham—to waste valuable time in getting in those colossal provincial centres what "Poor Little London" cannot grant him.*

BREAKFAST TABLE-TALK.

(*From Edison's Phrase-Book.*)

GOOD gracious! what was that horrible noise? It sounded like the falling of a leg of mutton!

Oh! that was only the blow delivered by the Hackney Cockchafer on the eye of the Midland Wrap-Rascal. It's the best fight I've seen for a long time.

I wish, then, you would take it with you into another room. I can scarcely catch a single word of the Rev. JABEZ FISHE's delightful sermon, to which I am endeavouring to listen.

Heavens! why all the windows are broken! And the mirrors are shattered! And the chandelier has come down!

Well, my dear, I am very sorry, but I was much interested in the firing of this new 137-ton gun, and they have just let it off. That's all.

Geographical.

"LOW-LYING" districts are much talked about just now as breeding-grounds for the pestiferous Influenza microbe. The worst "low-lying" districts *Punch* knows are the editorial offices of certain scurrilous journals, and the social pestilences they engender and disseminate sorely need abatement. Perhaps when they have duly fumigated the House, they will turn their attention to the Office.

A JUDGE OF CHARACTER.

Sympathetic Friend (to Sweeper). "WHAT 'S THE USE O' ARSTIN' 'IM, BILL? 'E DON'T GIVE AWAY NOTHINK LESS THAN A GOVER'MENT APPOINTMENT, 'E DON'T!!"

THE BITTER CRY OF OUTCAST COMPETITION.

"The breakfast at St. James's Hall, which we reported yesterday, and which was held in order to allow those who partook of it to discuss the possibility of establishing in this country a 'non-competitive system of university examination,' was, in some respects, a natural outcome of the revolt against competition which has of late years made itself felt in many different quarters."—*The Times.*

I'M in a pretty pickle!
The world is wondrous fickle;
But lately it would stickle
For Progress by Exam.
And now, in Trade and Learning,
Against me they seem turning,
Deliberately discerning
In me a noxious sham!

The *Laissez-faire* philosopher
My enemies grew gross over;
But now Economists toss over
Their idol of old days.
They swear "Free Competition"
Leads to Trade inanition:
That I 'm a superstition,
A cruel vampire craze.

And now Big Wigs scholastic,
To modern movements plastic,
Would try reform most drastic
Upon the School Exam.
The ways my nerves that jar on
AUBERON HERBERT's far on;
E'en Dr. WARRE makes war on
Dear old Competitive Cram!

If pundits thus—at breakfast—
Neologise, neck-and-neck, fast,
My kingdom they will wreck fast!
The Army loves me not;
Socialists whet their soul-edge
Against me; now the College
Swears that my road to knowledge
Is simply—Tommy rot.

Revolt? It's most revolting!
My road might yield some jolting,
But boobies from it bolting
Will probably get bogged,
And, lost in some dim bye-way,
Regret the well-paved highway
Along which long in *my* way
Contentedly they jogged.

OUR PARTICULAR TIP FOR THE DERBY.

(*Furnished by the Odd Man Out.*)

LOOKING through the List of Probable Starters (who are all coming on well, and might therefore be called, in the quaint turf Italian, "*comeystarters*"), I cannot help feeling that this year the Blue Riband of the Turf will fall to the flower of the flock—as, indeed, it should. But if it does not, why, there are other really sound horses that are sure to give a good account of themselves. We may take it, that the winner will be out of the common. As the glorious animal passes the post, the cheers will be so deafening, that there will be a universal cry, "This must be ordinance!" As the fun of the Derby of late times has seen some revival, the hero of the hour will, *par excellence*, be the doll, which, in spite of many rivals, has never ceased to be popular. Not that the fun will be fast and furious—not at all; the days of the Mohawks are over, and I am, therefore, in a position to declare, that the day when it is past and gone, will be appropriately called a doreas meeting. And this I can say with the less hesitation as I rely on the power of a deemster. To everyone the occasion will be pleasant, both to wise men and persons of a simple sort; to adopt the words of the historical Pieman, "for this meeting fits Simon." And here let me remark, that I am an enthusiastic admirer of the perambulating gentleman who outwitted the pastie purchaser; in fact, "I go solid for the Simonian." If the field is dusty on the morning of the race, it will be following precedent. When I think of the Derby, I cannot help remembering HENRY THE EIGHTH, for it was to hold the Field of the Cloth of Gold that that eminent monarch had to raise the dust. Well might FRANÇOIS PREMIER have observed (as I do), "*Bravo, Gouverneur!*" If DICKENS's naval hero, the Captain whose words were always worth "making a note of," were to use the belt of Orion as a support in a sea of trouble, I should applaud his wisdom. In fact, I should observe, that the occasion was worthy of the Cuttle's tone. And now to come to business. For after all, what I have written above is merely a hint to those who require no telling. A prophet to be believed must be mysterious. But that the simplest understanding may comprehend, I give my final tip. Here it is. This year's Derby will be won by one of two. It will either fall to the Favourite or—the Field!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, May 19.—With pleasant recollections of MARIE ROZE and BARTON MCGUCKIN, and, as I think, a Mr. SCOBELL playing the swaggering relative, I went to see *Manon*, at Covent Garden, Miss SIBYL SANDERSON being the Heroine, and M. VAN DYCK the Hero. The new *prima donna* has everything in her favour, and very soon she was in favour with the audience, but not in such high favour as was the tenor with the artistic name, who, fairly taking the audience by assault, constituted himself, *pro tem.*, the man in possession of the ear of the House. He is a success; as a young master bearing the name of so distinguished an Old Master should be. [*Query*, would it be rude to say to a really good Van Dyck, "You go and be hung!" Perhaps the learned Editor of *Musical Notes and Queries* will reply. Of course much depends on the frame.] As for the new soprano SIBYL—more power to her organ! Her acting was good, but not great, and what ought to be her song *par excellence* went for nothing, or, at least, it could have been bought very cheap. There is far more dialogue in *Manon* than a Covent Garden audience is accustomed to, and this superfluity is resented by those who come for the singing, and who, if any talking is to be done, like to do it themselves. The three young ladies who go about together as a perpetual trio, suggest the notion of a light and airy version, feminine gender, of the three Anabaptists in the *Prophète*. M. ISNARDON as *Des Grieux, père*, a character that might be operatically nearly related to *Germont, père*, in *La Traviata*, was impressively dramatic, but decidedly disappointing in his one great song, which ought to be a certain *encore*. It may be true that an opera intended for a small stage does not stand a fair chance of success on a large one, and *vice versâ*, as no doubt the LORD MAYOR'S coach provided by DRURIOLANUS SHERIFFUS for the occasion would look absurd on the stage of the Opéra Comique, while here when it comes round to the gate to fetch *Des Grieux*, it creates as great a sensation as ever it would do in the Strand on the Ninth of November, even with the Sheriff inside it.

M. Van Dyck des Grieux et Mlle. Manon Sanderson. (*Ensemble*). "Nous irons au Guildhall!"
M. Van D. "Voilà la voiture du Lor' Maire, grace à M. Le Sheriff Druriolanus."
Manon. "Comme il est gentil! Je n'attendais qu'un 'Van.'"

Wednesday.—Speaking as an opera-goer of some thirty years' sitting, I am inclined to assert that the performance last Wednesday of *Les Huguenots* beats the record, as will be allowed by all whose memory runneth not to the contrary, "nevertheless" and "notwithstanding" being included. Except MARIO, as *Raoul*, and some add, except DORUS GRAS as the Queen, never was seen and heard so fine a performance as is this to-night; and this deponent witnesseth that no such *ensemble* has ever been seen for this really grand Opera. Strange to hear sweet little *Manon* one night, and the next these overpowering *Huguenots*. It is well worth the while, in *Mr. Punch's* pages, to record this exceptionally brilliant cast. First, Madame ALBANI for the heroine *Valentina*, superb alike in singing and in acting; GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Urbano*, the page, a memorable page in operatic history; *Conte di San Bris*, by M. LASSALLE, not to be bettered, as may be also said of Signor MIRANDA (by kind permission of SHAKSPEARE'S *Tempest*, probably a descendant) as *De Retz*, afterwards converted, and appearing as *Il Padre Basso*, Superior of a Theatrical Order, one of the exceptional Orders admitted after seven. Then M. MAUREL, with his highly *Maurel* tone, cannot be beaten as the high-minded *Conte de Nevers*; and EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, taken altogether—and there's a lot of him—is quite the best *Marcello* that has been heard and seen for some considerable time. Herr FORMES and MARINI were the rugged Huguenot soldier to the life, but they weren't the Harmonious Blacksmith that NED DE RESZKÉ is. JEAN DE RESZKÉ methinks lacketh impassioned tenderness in the great duet scene, where ALBANI is inimitable; otherwise JEAN is a gallant *Raoul*. *Ensemble*, as already said, which term includes chorus, *mise-en-scène*, and orchestra under the energetic rule of Signor BEVIGNANI, simply perfect. Those who this season miss seeing *Les Huguenots* with this unexampled cast, will be justly upbraided by their children and grandchildren. Mr. COVENT-GARDENIA HALL with the Gladstone flower in his button-hole, almost weeps to think that his much-loved leader is unable to come from Dollis Hill and bestow his liberal praise upon *Les Huguenots*. DRURIOLANUS may well beam upon the crammed house, viewing a portion of it with his nose over the ledge of the stall gangway portal; well may he smile, hum the melodies to himself (what better audience can he have for the performance!) expand in full bloom and speak joyously out of the very fulness of his heart and pocket; nay, for the moment he may even look upon the sheriffship and all its glory as a mere vanity of vanities, in comparison with the proud position of being DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS MAGNIFICISSIMUS, who has given opera-goers this new and rare edition of *Les Huguenots*. The gloved hand and the lorgnette of H.R.H. are visible in the omnibus-box, where our music-loving Prince is happily congratulating himself on another little FIFE being added to the harmonious Royal Band, while the loyal public is mightily pleased thus to have it proved to ocular demonstration, that the subtle villain, Influenza, has been baulked in his traitorous attempt on the Royal Personage, and they sincerely hope that the insidious poisoner, being thus arrested in his course, may, with all his treacherous *bacilli*, be for ever banished this happy and generally healthy realm.

Rehearsing for an amateur performance of the Christy Minstrels, under the direction of Count Four-in-a-bar. "Now then, Gentlemen, all together!"

COMPETITION IN THE FUTURE.

SCENE—*A Barrack-Room.* PRESENT—*President and Members of a Board of Examiners, sitting to pass Candidates for Commissions in the Line.*

President. Now, Gentlemen, I think we are agreed that cramming is to be discouraged. We want an officer who can command a company, and not a scholar who can floor a paper for high-class honours—that is the general idea, Gentlemen, isn't it?

Chorus of Members. Quite so.

Pres. Exactly. Orderly, pass the word that we will see Mr. MUGGER. (*The word is passed, when enter First Candidate.*) Glad to see you, Sir. Pray sit down. I think you were at school?

First Candidate (*nervously*). Yes, Sir, at Eton.

Pres. Humph! (*Aside, to his Colleagues.*) Rather an unpromising commencement. However, he may have devoted more of his time to cricket or football in the Playing Fields than to anything else. (*Aloud.*) I hope you have not been to the University?

First Can. (*almost moved to tears*). Alas, Gentlemen, my father *would* send me to Christchurch, and I am sorry to say I took a Double First!

Pres. (*courteous, but sad*). I am afraid that will do. (*Exit First Candidate, striving in vain to suppress a burst of unmanly emotion.*) I am deeply grieved, Gentlemen, but I fear that we can do nothing further in this matter?

Chorus of Members. Utterly impossible!

Pres. Exactly. Orderly, call Mr. SHIRKWORKS. (*Second Candidate enters.*) Glad to see you, Sir. Pray sit down. I think you were at school?

Second Can. (*with confidence*). Never, Sir, and allow me to add that I can scarcely read, don't know how to spell, and have a firm impression that two and two make either three or five—I forget which.

Pres. (*beaming*). Excellent! (*After a brief consultation with his colleagues.*) Mr. SHIRKWORKS I have much pleasure in informing you that we shall be glad to recommend you for a Commission.

(*Curtain.*)

A RARE CHANCE.

Mr. Snobbin hiring a Hack to ride down to the Derby.

Horse-Owner. "I 'LL CHARGE YOU THIRTY BOB FOR THE DAY, GUV'NOR; OR—LOOK HERE!—GIMME TWO POUND, AND YOU MAY KEEP HIM!"

CODLINGSBY JUNIOR;

OR, A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Being Fragments of a Forthcoming Political Prize Novel.

[In a letter to *The Times* on "Party Organisation," MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI vigorously rallies the Tory Party on their "eternal and infernal apathy." He says, "Since we have borrowed some Liberal principles, let us borrow some Liberal tactics, and introduce what I would call the Schnadhorstian methods into our councils of war. They, at least, have the merit of success."]

* * * * * *

IT was CODLINGSBY JUNIOR, who saved the Vraibleusian Party after the battle of Bahborough. By sending a stern and *staccato* epistle to the "Jupiter Tonans"; by praising (and imitating) Colonel DE CAUCUSINE, the real inspiring spirit in the camp of the victorious GRANDOLMAN, the march of the Hubbabub army was stopped—the menaced empire of Vraibleusia was saved from the flowing tide of Radical ruin; the Marquis of STROKEFOGIES appeared in a blaze of triumph that outblazed even the Berlin "Peace with Honour" business, and CODLINGSBY JUNIOR "took the cake."

* * * * * *

The dinner over, the young men rushed from their Club (White's), flushed, full fed, and eager for battle. If the Blues were angry, the Buffs were also on the alert.

"I can have a dinner at any hour," said CODLINGSBY JUNIOR; "but a Blue and Buff row"—(a shillelagh here flying through the window crashed "the cake" from CODLINGSBY's hand)—"a Blue and Buff row is a novelty to me. The Buffs have the best of it, clearly, though; the Cads outnumber the Swells. Ha! a good blow! How that burly Caucusite went down before yonder slim young fellow in the primrose pants!"

"That is the Lord TIDDLEMPOPS," said a companion. "A light weight, but a pretty fighter," CODLINGSBY remarked. "Well hit with your left, Lord TIDDLEMPOPS; well parried, Lord TIDDLEMPOPS; claret drawn, by Jingo!"

"He never can be going to match himself against that Wirepuller!" CODLINGSBY exclaimed, as an enormous Caucusite—no other than SCHNADDY, indeed, the famous ex-Brummagem bruiser, before whose fists the Blues went down like ninepins—fought his way up to the spot where, pluckily, but a little too negligently, TIDDLEMPOPS and one or two of his young friends were bringing aristocratic *laissez faire* to bear against the *fortiter in re* of the fighting Caucusite Cads.

The young noble faced the huge champion with the languid gallantry of his race, but was no match for the enemy's brawn and biceps, and went down in every round. His organisation, in fact, though fine, was not sufficiently firm and well-knit to face the sinewy and skilful SCHNADDY. The brutal fellow, who meant business, had no mercy on the lad, who meant larks. His savage treatment chafed CODLINGSBY JUNIOR, as he viewed the unequal combat from White's window.

"Hold your hand!" he cried to the Goliath. "Don't you see he's but a novice?"

"Down he goes again!" the wiry Wirepuller cried, not heeding the interruption. "Down he goes again! I like whopping a swell!"

"Coward!" shouted CODLINGSBY. "The sight makes me feel quite DIZZY. A CODLINGSBY to the rescue!" and to fling open the window, amidst a shower of malodorous missiles, to vault over the balcony, and slide down one of the pillars to the ground, baring his steely biceps in the process, and shying the "castor" from his curly locks with all the virile grace of the Great Earl, was the work of exactly five-sixths of a second.

At the sixth-sixth he stood before the enormous Wirepuller.

"SCHNADDY, my boy," he exclaimed, "I'm going to fight you with your own weapon—and wallop you. Look to yourself, churl Caucusite!"

"DIZZY's *Double, by all that's theosophical!*" faltered SCHNADDY, shrinking at once to half his previous size, under the influence of the startling sight, and the yet more startling "spank" from young DIZZY's dexter bunch-of-fives.

* * * * * *

When SCHNADDY, after six weeks' bed and bandaging, at last came out of hospital, his occupation as Wirepuller was gone. CODLINGSBY JUNIOR had stepped into his shoes, and the late "Organiser of Victory" and his Party had not "the least little bit of a look in."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

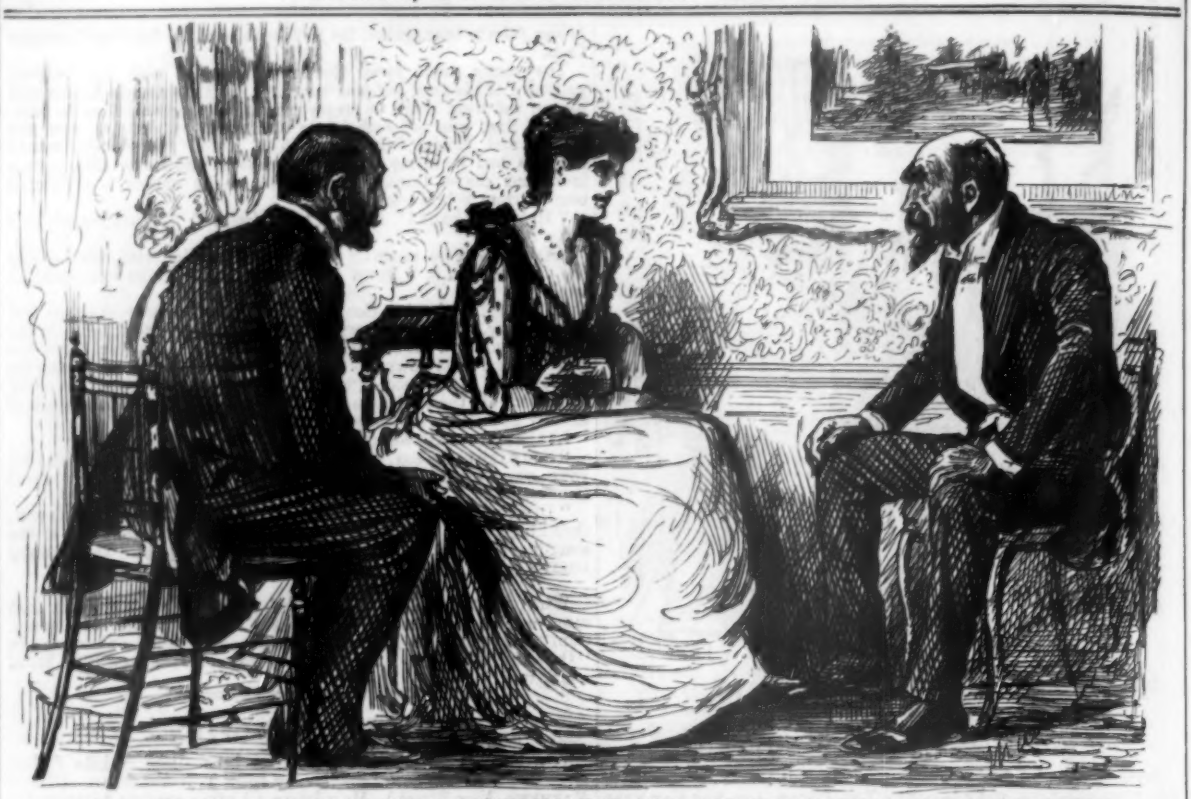
THE Baron's Assistant Reader has been dipping into *Robert Browning—Essays and Thoughts*, by JOHN T. NETTLESHIP. (ELKIN MATHEWS, Vigo Street.) He advises all other readers to grasp his nettleship boldly. At last the Baron's A. R. thinks he understands "Childe Roland," after reading the twenty-five pages which Mr. NETTLESHIP devotes to the explanation of this noble but tantalising poem. Mr. NETTLESHIP's attitude is that of a fervent, but humble disciple, for whom his Master's every word possesses deep and subtle meanings. He believes with GEORGE ELIOT that "the words of genius bear a wider meaning than the thought which prompted them." That of course gives him unlimited scope, and sometimes makes the explanations long; but every lover of BROWNING will find in the book a great deal of sound and helpful criticism well expressed. Buy the book and see for yourself, says the Baron's A. R.

Fascinating is OSCAR WILDE's paper "On the Decay of Lying," which is the first essay in a book of his entitled *Intentions*. If it be true that the art of lying is decaying—but, stay! how can anyone take the word of a professor of the art of lying for this or any other fact? No, his motto must be, "See me reverse." Not that by suggesting this motto I would for a moment be understood as expressing a wish for OSCAR's once again dropping into poetry—that OSCAR should once again take to the other sort of Lyre; far from it. No; let him remain the head professor of the gay science of mendacity in the Cretan College. Now, when a Professor and double M.A., *i.e.*, Master of the Mendacious Art in the Cretan College, says or writes one thing, he must be taken as meaning exactly the opposite. Otherwise he is no Cretan, and must be degraded from his Professorship. Bearing this in mind, the essay is, as I have said, in matter most amusing, and in style charming. Remember, my reader, that whosoever and whatsoever is blamed, abused, or flouted in this essay, is really being praised, lauded, and adulated to the skies by the Cretan critic. But when the M.M.A. writes on other subjects, are we to trust him? there's the difficulty. So after the first essay, which is hereby recommended by the Faculty, the Baron puts the book aside. "*Caute legendum*," says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

The Art of Lying.

AN OLD-FASHIONED BUFFER ON BALFOUR'S BILL.

STATE-AIDED purchase? That sounds mighty well
I look on it as a State-aided *Sell!*



OUR ARTISTS ARE SOMETIMES COMPENSATED FOR ALL THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Young R. A. (newly-elected). "WHAT, NOT SEEN OUR ROYAL ACADEMY YET, MISS VON TRUMP! DON'T YOU CARE FOR PICTURES, THEN!" *Fair American.* "WELL, SOME. BUT YOUR ROYAL ACADEMY'S RATHER CROWDED, YOU KNOW!"

Pictor Ignotus (who hates the Academy like poison). "PERHAPS MISS VON TRUMP PREFERS OUR NATIONAL GALLERY. *THAT'S* NOT INCONVENIENTLY CROWDED!" *Fair American.* "WELL, YES. I LIKE TO GO AND SIT IN A NICE, COOL, QUIET, DESERTED SPOT, LIKE YOUR NATIONAL GALLERY,—WITH A BOUND-UP VOLUME OF *PUNCH!* THAT'S MY IDEA OF PICTURES!"

"GENERAL ELECTION STAKES."

A COLLOQUY ON THE COURSE.

Mr. Punch. Your Stable, no doubt, has of late been a winning one;
Horses and Jockeys have both done their best.
Trainer. Yes; Guv'nor's black phiz—bless his heart!—is a grinning one;
All our nags answer when put to the test.
Mr. Punch. All? That's a bit of a stretch, my dear fellow.
Wheel Tax went wrong, *Compensation* came down.
Hasn't MATT's riding at times turned you yellow,
And RAIKES's wild steering almost done you brown?
Trainer. Maybe, Sir, maybe! We can't *always* spot 'em,
But average winnings come out very well.
On this next race, now, I fancy we've got 'em,
Ah, fairly on toast, far as *I* can hear tell.
Mr. Punch. The Sanguine Old Man—is *he* of your opinion?
And SOLLY, the owner, is he at his ease?
Trainer. Oh, dash the doldrums! I scorn their dominion.
There are some people no fellow can please.
What I say, Mister, is, look at their Stable,
The old Opposition shop. Lot of old crocks!
Flowing-Tide? Faugh! Half his doings are fable.
Home Rule? The deadest of utter dead-locks!
Socialist? Why, half the Party won't back him.
Eight Hour? A roarer, all noise and no pace!
Eh? *Local Option?* Won't win, though they whack him!
What *have* they got, that can score the Big Race?
Mr. Punch. Well, I must own they do seem a bit out of it.
Still, the Big Race for surprises is famed.
Trainer. Bah! It's a moral for us, not a doubt of it.
Horse that can lick us is not foaled or named.
Mr. Punch. Glad you're so cock-sure, dear JOKIM. Still lately
They've scored some small handicaps, that you'll allow.
Trainer. Oh! Harborough Stakes! Well, that don't scare me greatly,
Mere fluke after all, though they raised a big row.
Mr. Punch. It's mostly "a fluke" when opponents go by us;
But flukes, you know, count, at the end of the game.
Trainer. Well, look at the betting! Although they decry us,
They'd like to have money on us all the same.
Their best horse is "aged," their best jockey oldish,
He's plucky, but years, Sir, will tell on the nerve.
Some of 'em who've backed him the longest grow coldish,
Whilst others do hint that he seems on the swerve.
The lot who are sweet on that leggy colt, *Labour*,
Would like a new "mount," if they dared to speak out.
There isn't a man of 'em quite trusts his neighbour,
Home Rule with BILL up! That inspires 'em with doubt!
(Ask H-RC-RT or R-S-B-RY—on the Q.T., Sir.)
The Old Jock is obstinate, new 'uns can't ride.
Funk M-RL-Y, or L-BBY and that lot! Not *me*, Sir!
I tell you the chances are all on our side.
Mr. Punch. Well, luck goes with them who're not shirkers or shrinkers.
Ah! here comes your crack—rather restive, I fear.
By Jove, are you going to run him in blinkers?
And who's your new Jock? His seat seems a bit queer.
Trainer. Well, Sir, don't you see, it's just this way. He's borrowed,
That Jock is; a wonderful pet of Brum JOE's
Must work with his Party; some of us have sorrowed
To make such close pals of such reglar old foes;
The horse don't half like him, I'm bound to admit it,
Between you and me I don't like it myself,
For me and dear JOSEPH have not always hit it.
But then, he stands in; we must look to the pelf;
Can't afford to offend him, our Stable can't—blow it!
Eh! What? You have heard me disparage Boy Bill
As too Free in his ways by long chalks. Well, I know it;
But JOE is dead nuts on his go and his skill—
The Blinkers? Oh yes! Horse not used to him yet, Sir,
And if he should spot him, might throw the young pup—
We *must* "go it blind," only square chance, you bet, Sir,
Of winning,—espesh'lly with JOE's jockey up!

"GENERAL ELECTION STAKES."

Mr. P. "WHAT! RUNNING HIM IN BLINKERS?"

G-sch-n (*Trainer*). "YES; IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE OF A WIN,—ESPECIALLY WITH *THAT JOCKEY* UP!"

IT'S A GREAT THING FOR A MAN TO KNOW WHEN HE'S WELL OFF.

Salisbury's Version.

(See the Premier's Speech at Glasgow.)

WAR is a game
Which, if Kings have their will,
Peoples won't play at.

"FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE."—The indefatigable international *entrepreneur*, Mr. M. L. MAYER,—who announces himself as "Sole Manager," evidently, therefore, a fishmonger, and, according to *Hamlet*, a representatively "honest man,"—intends to save Londoners the trouble and expense of visiting Paris by giving them three weeks, from June 15th to July 4th, of French plays, performed by the Théâtre Français Company, including Mesdames REICHENBERG and DUDLEY, three COQUELINS, one FEBVRE, and one MOUNET SULLY, at the Royalty Theatre. Those whose hobby is the French Theatre, will be delighted to assist at the start of the well-trained MAYER, who has achieved the curious feat of "saddling himself" with this responsibility.

PARLIAMENTARY DIAGNOSIS.—"Inflammation"—of temper—is the preliminary of "Congestion"—of business, and these threaten to culminate in "Collapse"—of credit.

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

May 13th.—Expenses keep mounting up. On Saturday received a letter from BLISSOP (Secretary of the Association), stating that it was deemed necessary to take a new Committee-room in Main Street, and asking me if they might draw on me for the cost of furnishing it, a matter of about £15. Replied that I must take time to consider whether such expenditure was proper. Three more charitable institutions claim me as an annual subscriber, and the Billsbury Free Hospital Committee have informed me that CHURSON always gives them £10 a year. Have had to do ditto.

May 14th.—Had an extraordinary letter from VULLIAMY this morning. He is staying at Billsbury—but the letter explains itself. Here it is:—

MY DEAR PATTLE, *(Confidential.)*

I AM asked to let you know that a Committee Meeting has been called for Friday 16th, and it is hoped that, at all costs, you will make it convenient to attend. You know how great an interest I have always taken in your career. I have always told you that any experience I may have gained in electioneering matters (and I have been at it for about twenty years now) is entirely at your service. You will therefore forgive me if I speak quite frankly to you on some questions which intimately concern your Candidature. I don't meet you as often as I should wish, and I am therefore impelled to write to you on matters which require your serious consideration, and on which you ought to be prepared to make a definite statement on Friday next. I have used the opportunity of my stay here to see how the land lay with regard to you. Hitherto you have done very well, but mere public meetings will not win an election, and you must make up your mind ere very long to come and stay here, so as to canvass each ward, under the guidance of the proper "officers."

Then there is the question of money! The Registration *must* be paid for by the Candidate. It will be heavy this year. You can talk it over with the Committee, but certainly £100 to £150 will be absolutely necessary. Whatever the sum is, you must be prepared to pay it. I trust you will excuse my being candid with you, both for your own sake and the Party's. If £200 or £300 more or less is any object to you, and if you (*or your friends*) are not prepared to do certain things, such as bringing up voters, &c., it is useless your hoping to win. I don't suggest bribery and corruption, but certain things not immoral, though perhaps illegal, must be done. That is why I once suggested to you that someone from here should have an interview with some friend who might represent you. You did not respond to this. You do not appear willing to be guided by your Committee even in the expenditure of £15 for chairs and tables for your new Committee-room; and I must repeat that such excessive caution will not be followed by success. You will only waste your time, and the Party here will be defeated. If you do not feel willing to be guided by the old Leaders of the Party here, who know what is needed, far better reconsider your position, and resign while there is yet time.

Now, in addition to your *legal election expenses* (between £500 and £600), there will be the Registration which, however, is a permissible payment. But, above all, railway fares, conveyances, and sundry other expenses which are forbidden by the Act, must be met by your friends, or success is hopeless. Young HARRISON is standing at Chursfield. His father intends him to win, and he will see to the needful!! That is the way to work it, and to win. You must be prepared to pay at least £150 (or to get someone to pay it for you) *for sundries*. Even thus your expenditure will not reach £1000; dirt cheap for a safe borough. Formerly a borough contest used to mean £3,000, and a county anything up to £50,000!

I know you will believe me when I say that I have written entirely in your own interest. Yours sincerely,

HENRY PARKINSON VULLIAMY.

What an old rascal! I answered very shortly, merely stating my intention of coming to Billsbury on the 16th, in order to interview the Committee. I must nip all this in the bud, or chuck the whole business.

Friday, May 16th, "George Hotel," Billsbury.—Came down to Billsbury this afternoon. Had interview with a delegation from the Committee in the Hotel. MOFFAT, BLISSOP, and JERRAM were there. They laid their views before me. Much the same as VULLIAMY's letter. "Shame to wreck the ship for want of a ha'porth of tar," said BLISSOP. "Gentlemen," I said, "if you think I'm going to handle any of this tar, or do any dirty work, you are mistaken. I am willing to help in the Registration and to pay proper subscriptions, but I won't budge a step outside the Corrupt Practices Act, so far as my election expenses are concerned. If you want someone who will make illegal payments, go somewhere else. I'm quite willing to resign. Now you know my opinion, and I leave you to confer with your colleagues." With that I left them. Met them again two hours later. All three looking thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Said they had reconsidered the matter, and begged me to think no more about it. They were determined, they said, to use only legal means in fighting the election. So that blew over. Afterwards each of them came to me in private, to beg my pardon, and put the fault on the others. MOFFAT said it was BLISSOP, BLISSOP declared it was JERRAM, and JERRAM swore that such a thing would never have entered his mind if MOFFAT hadn't insisted on it.

Wrote to VULLIAMY that I found he had entirely misjudged the local feeling, and that, in any case, his suggestions were quite impracticable. He'll detest me, but I don't care a brass farthing.

ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS—SAMPLES OF SALISBURY.

THE NEWEST NOSTRUM.

[Mr. AUBERON HERBERT and other amiable enthusiasts held a "Breakfast" at St. James's Hall, over which Sir NATHANIEL STAPLES presided, to advocate the principle of Voluntary Taxation.]

OH, AUBERON, in fairy land
You must (like *Oberon*) be dwelling!
Your notion 's lovely, winning, grand,
The fiscal cat most bravely belling;
Guileless NATHANIEL, too, affects
World-hardened hearts—almost to weeping,
Volunteer taxes who expects
To draw from Mammon's harpy keeping.
Go, lure the tomtit from the twig,
Go, coax the tiger from his quarry,
The toper from his thirsty swig,
The swindler from his schemings sorry:
"Persuade" the Sweater to be just,
The 'cute Monopolist to be kindly;
Tempt hunger to resign his crust,
The niggard churl to lavish blindly:
Make—by soft words—the ruthless wrecker
Subscribe for life-boats, ropes and rockets;
Then plump the National Exchequer
By willing doles from well-filled pockets!

QUEER QUERIES.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—I have a longing to be an Explorer in the wildest and densest jungles of the Dark Continent. I feel certain that this is my true *rôle* in life, although some of my relatives, acting—I believe—purely from jealousy, try to discourage me. Unfortunately I have no money, and only a vague idea of how to get there. The voyage out would probably do wonders for my health, which is not strong; in fact at present I can hardly walk upstairs, and the Doctor says I need a warm climate. I fancy Africa would be warm enough to suit me. I should be glad to be told of any Capitalist who would advance a few hundred pounds to enable me to carry out my design. He would not lose his money, as I would repay him by sending home the skins of all the lions and tigers that I shot—also ivory,—as well as realistic accounts of slave caravans, &c., which any Publisher would be glad to buy.

LIVINGSTONE JUNIOR.

OUR BORES, NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

"ACH! I SCHPEAGUE ENGLISH NOT VELL, NOT VELL AT ALL! POT, PY A LEADLE BRACTICE, I IMPROVE VER KVICK! VAIT TILL I HAV TALK TO YOU FOR A GOPPLE OF HOURS, AND YOU SHALL SEE!"

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

WITSUNTIDE being a raypher slack time with us Hed Waiters, cox our principle paytrons is all out of Town, I naterally slected that week for my annewal yearly wisit to the Royal Acadeny. I never coud quite hunderstand why it was called a Acadeny, which I bleeves is a raypher swell name for a Skool, but I hadn't bin there long larst week afore I soon dishcovered the reason. In course it stands to reason that lots of the werry wust of the bad picturs is the work of werry young pupils, who haven't yet left skool, so that's why they calls it a Acadeny insted of a Hinstitooshun or a Hexebishun.

The fust thing as struck me wos the emense number of portraits of peeple as noboddy never heard of, and therefore didn't want for to see, and I wunders how the poor peeple woud like for to be obliged to wark about the rooms and hear the fun as the peeple makes on 'em. One on 'em looks so werry cross, that a Gent by me said as how he must ha' bin taken when the bad news came from India. Another looks so savage, that amost everybody asks him why he don't have it out and done with it! Another werry savage sojer looked at me as much as to say, "What are you staring at, Stupid?" which wasn't at all perlite. Professor HUXLEY, I am told, is a werry great man, and so he most suttenly seems for to think by the looks on him, and ain't he jist got a lot of big books for to read! I was surprised to find as there wasn't not no Lord Mare among the lot. His Lordship's state robes wood have lighted up the hole place. And now for the reel picters.

Fust and foremost of all the lot stands "*The Flock of Sheep*," by Mr. COOPER, and as this happens to be one of the things as I does understand, I makes no hesitation in saying, that there's about a dozen of the werry finest saddles of mutton there as I ever seed, ewen at the honored Manshun House! Next comes the grand pictur called "*One and Twenty*." Ah! ain't they jest a jolly set, and ain't they all a drinking the young swell's health, and manny appy returns of the day? Why you can amost hear 'em.

And now jest a word and a hint to all our great Painters. Pray what is picters painted for? Is it to make peeple werry sollem, and werry sorry, and werry unappy? Ain't we got reel trubbles, and reel sorrows enuff in the world, without painting sham ones? And yet I do declare that, arter looking at them two wundurful picters of "*The Crisis*," and "*The Doctor*," and feeling as there wasn't not no chance for either of the poor things to recover, that the kind Doctor's trubble was all in wain, and that the poor Mother wood soon have to bear the awfullest trubble as she coud ever know, I left the place as fast as I coud get out, for fear the peeple shoud notice the big round tears as woud run down my silly old cheeks. Oh, Mr. FILDES, Mr. FILDES, to think that jest a few little delicate touches of your magic brush woud have sent away thousands of appy hearts, instead of hundreds of miserable ones, ort to make you resolve always to put jest a gleam of hope in your wunderful pictures in future.

There was about the same number of staggerers as ushal, and I again arsks, who has the hordacity to buy 'em? I wunder what Mrs. ROBERT woud say if I took one home to my sober dwelling! But, jest as I was a coming away, I seed one of the most howdacious of the lot, and it was named "*The Judgment of Paris*"! I had offen heard as the French was werry free and bold in all these sort of things, but I newer coud have thort that our Royal Academy swells coud have so lowered theirselves as to condescend to submit the whole of the Picters in the Exhibition to the judgment of the Paris Painters, or that they wood have slected the greatest staggerer as the one in their judgment the most worthy of the werry fust prize. I don't think as it says much for their taste.

ROBERT.

Obvious.

THE *Times* says, sagely, "There is a good deal of human nature in Ireland." That would not so much matter if there were less of *in*human nature—as exemplified in "carding" women, "houghing" cattle—and ruthlessly evicting rack-rented tenants.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, May 21.—House resumed to-day, after so-called Whitsun holidays. Weren't to have come back till Monday. OLD MORALITY settled that before he went off to Southern climes. But next day WINDBAG SEXTON and JOKIM got to loggerheads. WINDBAG insisted that Committee should specially sit to hear him move new Clause. JOKIM demurred; pointed out that luxury might be enjoyed by House only upon condition of shortening holidays. WINDBAG didn't see any objection to that; sure House only too glad to give up half its holiday in order to hear few more speeches from him. JOKIM, meaning to frighten WINDBAG, said, "Very well; then we'll adjourn till Thursday." WINDBAG, not believing JOKIM was serious, said he didn't care; game of bluff commenced; played so awkwardly that, in end, House jockeyed out of half its holiday.

Toby's Remedy for Influenza.

But OLD MORALITY got all his; off before this blundering business took place; too far gone to be called back. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN suggests that we shall change his name; call him "The JUDICIOUS HOOKER." Certainly he "hooked it" a day before holidays commenced, and won't return till several days after they have prematurely closed. Still remnant of House here to-night, though growling and discontented, does not grudge him his holiday.

More than half Members on both sides away ill. The Whips severely hit; MARJORIBANKS here as usual, making a bright space in the lobby with his genial presence and his smiling countenance. But AKERS-DOUGLAS still away with most of his men, including the Mountainous HILL.

"Yes," his man is reported to have said, in reply to inquiries, "Lord ARTHUR is still HILL, but gettin' better."

Only cheerful man on the premises is PLUNKET. Beaming with health; glowing with vitality.

"The secret of it?" he said, when I asked him how he managed to look so well. "Why, it's exercise and fumigation. Whilst you fellows have been making holiday, I've stuck to the House night and day. I've fumigated every chamber with sulphur; I've sprinkled every wall with eucalyptozone. The tiled floors I have washed with carbolic-soap, and the libraries I have purified with Thiocamp. It was a little stiff at first: but, as Mr. G. says, there's no rest like variety of occupation. When I got tired of Eucalyptozone, I turned to with Thiocamp, and then went through a course of taking up carpets and thumping hair-cushions. Quite sorry it's over."

Lord Arthur 'Til—but getting better.

Business done.—In Committee on Land Purchase Bill.

Friday.—"Do you like IBSEN?" ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND asked Prince ARTHUR just now, *à propos* of new Clause moved by SEXTON.

Curious man is MADDEN. Lives a sort of dual life. In House regarded as serious person, steeped in knowledge of Irish Question in its multiform aspects. Really a *fin-de-siècle* Attorney-General; knows everything; is in everything; acquainted with IBSEN, misses few bazaars or drawing-room concerts, and was on speaking terms with the late Madame BLAVATSKY.

"Do you like *Hedda Gabler?*" he continued, nudging Prince ARTHUR, who on this, the hundred-and-third night in Committee on the Irish Land Bill, showed signs of drowsiness.

"Haven't time to go to the theatre," said Prince ARTHUR. "Never perform out of Westminster, where we keep our own HEADACHE GABBLER on the premises"; and he looked wearily across at SEXTON monotonously piping, not without dread suspicion of the WINDBAG having been newly leathered.

Pelly-Melly.

But the end comes to the man who lives to wait, and to-night, at twenty minutes past ten, LEWIS PELLY sitting bolt upright, awakened out of peaceful slumber by a sudden cheer; knew that the Land Bill was at last through Committee.

Business done.—Land Bill through Committee.

NOTES ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 2091.

"*Richard, Duke of Gloucester, refusing the Crown.*" This picture will be interesting to the historical student, as it affords a solution to a knotty point that has puzzled commentators for the last five centuries. The wily humpback is represented in his dressing-gown and slippers, having evidently been called from his bath to listen to the suggestion of the courtiers, who desire him to accept the regal dignity. The umbrella of the Lord Mayor, we fancy, is of a later date than the supposed period of the painting, but no doubt the artist has authority for the introduction of the quaint old lamp-post illumined with the electric light, which began to be used some little time after the Battle of the Roses.

"*Charles the Second in the Oak.*" This is also interesting to those who delight in folklore. According to the legend (for no doubt the story was merely a legend), the deposed monarch was escaping from the Parliamentary troops, when he had to seek shelter in the spreading branches of the tree that still is emblematic of England. The artist has placed the leafy refuge near a stream, where CHARLES seems to have been bathing. A tragic side (not entirely free from quaintness) is given to the tale by the discovery of the temporarily discarded wearing apparel of the STUART by the soldiers, who are hunting him to the death. CHARLES, with his traditional good humour, is smiling at an accident which causes him seemingly more amusement than apprehension.

"*The Battle of Trafalgar.*" The very clever arrangement of smoke in this painting prevents the flesh-tints of the sailors from assuming a prominence that might be objectionable to persons of fastidious tastes. No doubt the artist felt that, if he had studied the traditions of the British Navy at the commencement of the nineteenth or twentieth century (the battle was fought in that period), he would have shown the gallant tars serving the guns in a costume not more elaborate than that assumed by the nude inhabitants of the North Pole. It is amusing to note in this connection that, until the discovery of the summit of the earth, it was supposed that the centre of the Arctic Regions was bitterly cold. Our ancestors in the remote ages had no idea that that fiery region was, in reality, hotter than the tropics!

"*Portrait of an English Gentleman of the Nineteenth Century.*"—We are not quite sure that we like the unconventional treatment of the accessories in this picture. It is perfectly true that we find from contemporary records that an invitation to dinner was frequently accompanied by the expressed wish that the guest "was not to dress;" but still such hints at the strange manners and customs of a bygone age may be carried out too literally.

"Hallo, Sunny! where were you on Whit Monday?"

"Why, off for MY Bank Holiday, to be sure!"

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

LIFE'S RACE A BATTLE, NOT A VICTORY.

IN THE RACE OF THIS LIFE,

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means—thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood, and over cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1888, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common I daresay with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

"When 'ENO'S SALT' betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make;
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

Writing again on January 24, 1889, he adds:—"DEAR SIR,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:—

"When Time who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
Eno's 'FRUIT SALT' will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, AMERICA.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in all parts of the world for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it. Yours faithfully, "AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.

WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

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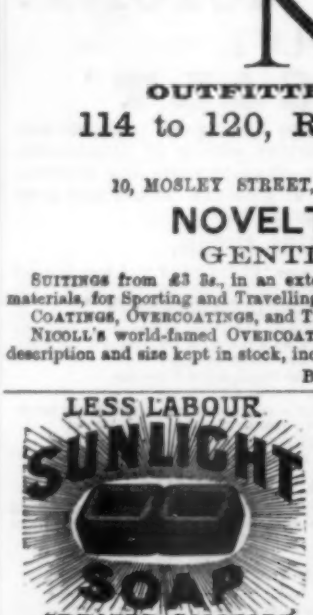

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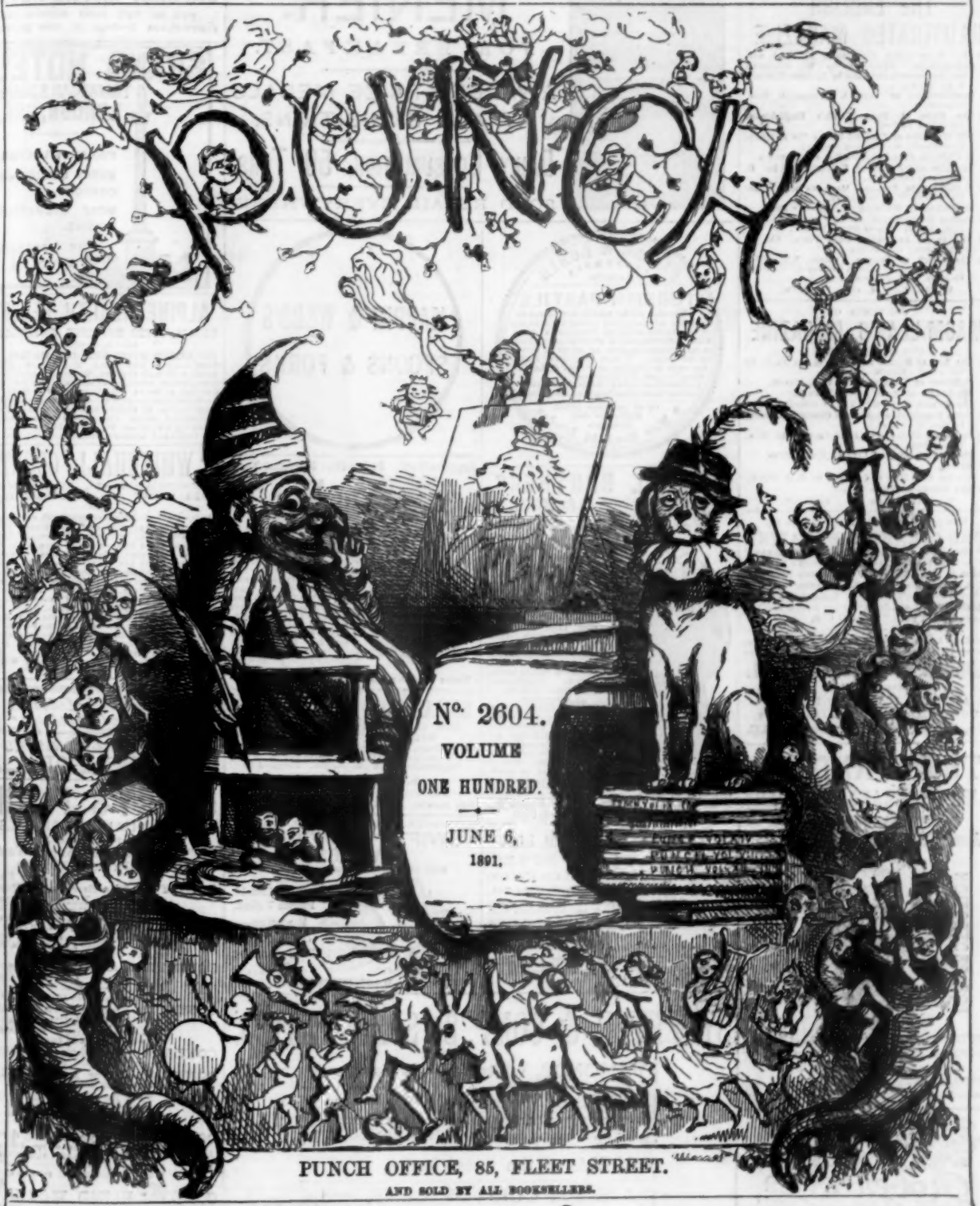

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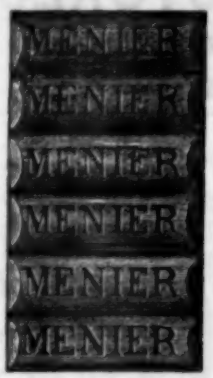

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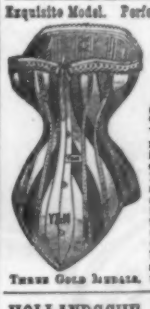

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SCENE—*A Village School-room. A Juvenile Treat is in progress, and a Magic Lantern, hired for the occasion, "with set of slides complete—to last one hour," is about to be exhibited.*

The Vicar's Daughter (suddenly recognising the New Curate, who is blinking unsuspectingly in the lantern rays). Oh, Mr. TOOTLER, you've just come in time to help us! The man with the lantern says he only manages the slides, and can't do the talking part. And I've asked lots of people, and no one will volunteer. *Would* you mind just explaining the pictures to the children? It's only a little Nursery tale—*Valentine and Orson*—I chose that, because it's less hackneyed, and has such an excellent *moral*, you know. I'm sure you'll do it so *beautifully!*

Mr. Tootler (a shy man). I—I'd do it with pleasure, I'm sure—only I really don't know anything about *Valentine and Orson!*

The V's D. Oh, what *does* that matter? I can tell you the outline in two minutes. (*She tells him.*) But it's got to last an hour, so you must spin it out as much as ever you can.

Mr. Tootler (to himself). Ought I to neglect such a golden opportunity of winning these young hearts? No. (*Aloud.*) I will—er—do my best, and perhaps I had better begin at once, as they seem to be getting—er—rather unruly at the further end of the room. (*He clears his throat.*) Children, you must be very quiet and attentive, and then we shall be able, as we purpose this evening, to show you some scenes illustrative of the—er—beautiful old story of *Valentine and Orson*, which I doubt not is familiar to you all. (*Rustic applause, conveyed by stamping and shrill cheers, after which a picture is thrown on the screen representing a Village Festival.*) Here, children, we have a view of—er—(*with sudden inspiration*)—Valentine's Native Village. It is—er—his birthday, and Valentine, being a young man who is universally beloved on account of his amiability and good conduct——(*To the Vicar's D.* "Is that correct?" *The V's. D.* "Quite, *quite* correct!")—good conduct, the villagers are celebrating the—er—auspicious event by general rejoicings. How true it is that if we are only *good*, we may, young as we are, count upon gaining the affection and esteem of all around us! (*A Youthful Rustic, with a tendency to heckle.* "Ef 'ee plaze, Zur, which on 'em be Valentoine?") Valentine, we may be very sure, would not be absent on such an occasion, although, owing to the crowd, we cannot distinguish him. But, wherever he is, however he may be occupied, he little thinks that, before long, he will have to encounter the terrible Orson, the Wild Man of the Woods! Ah, dear children, we all have our Wild Man of the Woods to fight. With *some* of us it is——(*He improves the occasion.*) Our next picture represents——(*To Assistant.*) Sure this comes next? Oh, they're all numbered, are they? Very well——represents a forest—er—the home of Orson. If we were permitted to peep behind one of those trunks, we should doubtless see Orson himself, crouching in readiness to spring upon the unsuspecting Valentine. So, often when we—&c., &c. The next scene we shall show you represents the—er—burning of Valentine's ship. Valentine has gone on a voyage, with the object of—er—finding Orson. If the boat in the picture was only larger, we could no doubt identify Valentine, sitting there undismayed, calmly confident that, notwithstanding this—er—unfortunate interruption, he will be guided, sooner or later, to his—er—goal. Yes, dear children, if we only have patience, if we only have faith, &c., &c. Here we see—(*an enormous Bison is suddenly depicted on the screen*) eh? oh, yes—here we have a specimen of—er—Orson's *pursuits*. He chases the bison. Some of you may not know what a bison is. It is a kind of hairy cow, and—— (*He describes the habits of these creatures as fully as he is able. The Youthful Rustic.* "Theer baint nawone a-erntin' of 'un, Zur.") What? Oh, but there *is*. Orson is pursuing him, only—er—the bison, being a very fleet animal, has outrun his pursuer for the moment. Sometimes we flatter ourselves that we have outrun *our* pursuer—but, depend upon it," &c., &c. But now let us see what Valentine is about —— (*Discovering, not without surprise, that the next picture is a Scene in the Arctic Regions.*) Well, you see, he has succeeded in reaching the coast, and here he is—in a sledge drawn by a reindeer, with nothing to guide him but the Aurora Borealis, hastening towards the spot where he has been told he will find Orson. He doesn't despair, doesn't lose heart—he is sure that, if he only keeps on, if he—er—only continues, only perseveres—(*Aside.* What drivel I *am* talking! *To Assistant.* I say, are there many *more* of this sort? because we don't seem to be getting on!)—Well, now we come to—(*a Moonlight Scene, with a Cottage in Winter, appears*)—to the—ah—home of Valentine's *mother*. You will observe a light in the casement. By that light the good old woman is sitting, longing and praying for the return of her gallant boy. Ah, dear children, what a thing a good old mother is! (*To the Vicar's Daughter.* "I really can *not* keep on like this much longer. I'm positively certain these slides are out of order!" *The V.'s D.* "Oh no; I'm sure it's *all* right. Do *please* go on. They're *so* interested!" *The Young Heckler.* "'Ow 'bout Valentoine, Zur?—wheer be 'ee?" Ah, where is Valentine, indeed? (*To Ass.*) Next slide—quick! (*Recognises with dismay a View of the Grand Canal.*) No—but, I say—*really*, I *can't*—— Here we have Valentine at Venice. He has reached that beautiful city,—well called the Queen of the Adriatic,—at last! He contemplates it from his gondola, and yet he has no heart just now to take in all the beauty of the scene. He feels that he is still no nearer to finding Orson than before. (*The Young Heckler.* "Naw moor be we, Zur. We ain't zeed *nayther* on 'em zo fur!" *Tumult, and a general demand for the instant production of Orson or Valentine.*) Now, children, children! this is very irregular. You must allow me to tell this story my own way. You will see them both in good time, if you only keep still! (*To Ass.*) I can't stand this any more. Valentine and Orson must be underneath the rest. Find them, and shove them in quick. Never mind the numbering! (*The screen remains blank while the Assistant fumbles.*) Well, have you *got* them?

The Young Heckler.

The Assistant. No, Sir; I'm rather afraid they ain't *here*. Fact is, they've sent me out with the wrong set o' slides. This ain't *Valentine and Orson—it's a miscellaneous lot, Sir!*

[*Collapse of Curate as Scene closes in.*

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

(*By an Impatient—Influenza—Patient.*)

I BUST suppose the Doctor dose,
(I do not bead a pud!) [*grows!*
What ails be; but that aidlbelt
This Subber brigs *do* sud. [bad,
Subtibes the east wids blow like
Subtibes code showers pour,
But daily cubs that doctor's lad,—
"The Bixture as Before!"

The Idfluedza I have got,
Or I ibadgid so; [hot,
Subtibes I'b cold, subtibes I'b
I cough, I sdeeze, I blow. [well,
But GLADSTUD's better, SBITH is
I do *dot* bend. O lor!— [bell;
There's that codfounded kitchid
"The Bixture as Before!"

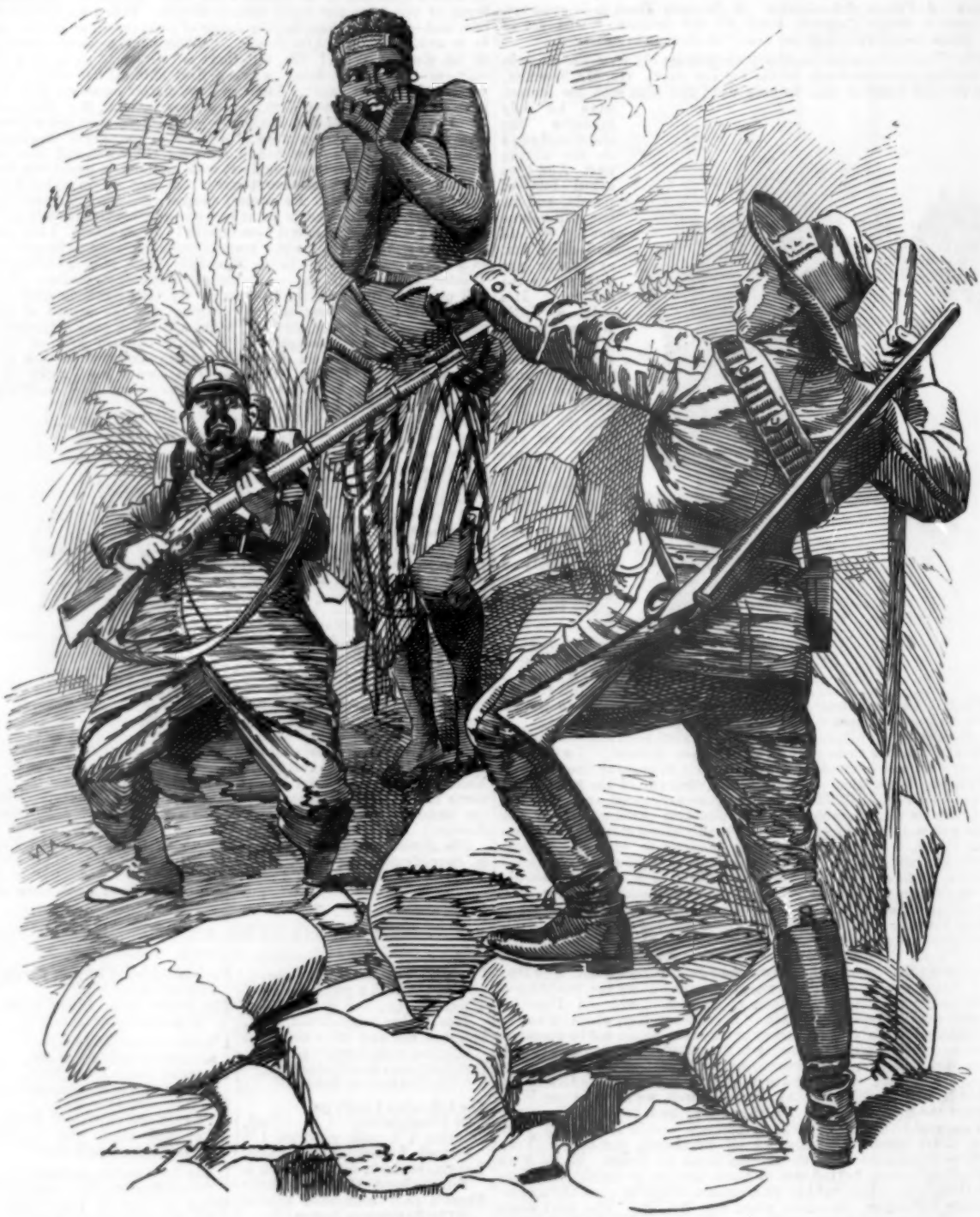
I've had at least a budth of it,
Sidtz I was first struck dowd,
Yet here id slippered feet I sit!
By daily half-a-crowd—
For bedsud taxes by poor purse.
It is ad awfud bore.
This bedsud bakid be feel worse—
"The Bixture as Before!"

I'b odly a poor City clerk.
Quidide is bodstrous dear;
By doctor treats it as a lark,
Ad tries by bide to cheer.
But if by situashud goes,
I'b ruid—ad two score! [dose—
What ead avail the Doctor's
"The Bixture as Before"?

It bay be Bicrobes, as they say,
This Idfluedza pest; [ad *pay!*
What batters? I bust cough—
The Doctor orders "Rest"!
Bicrobes be blowed, ad Rest go hag!
I'll stad this thig do bore!
BABY! was that the door-bell rag?
—"The Bixture as Before"!

THE TRYST.

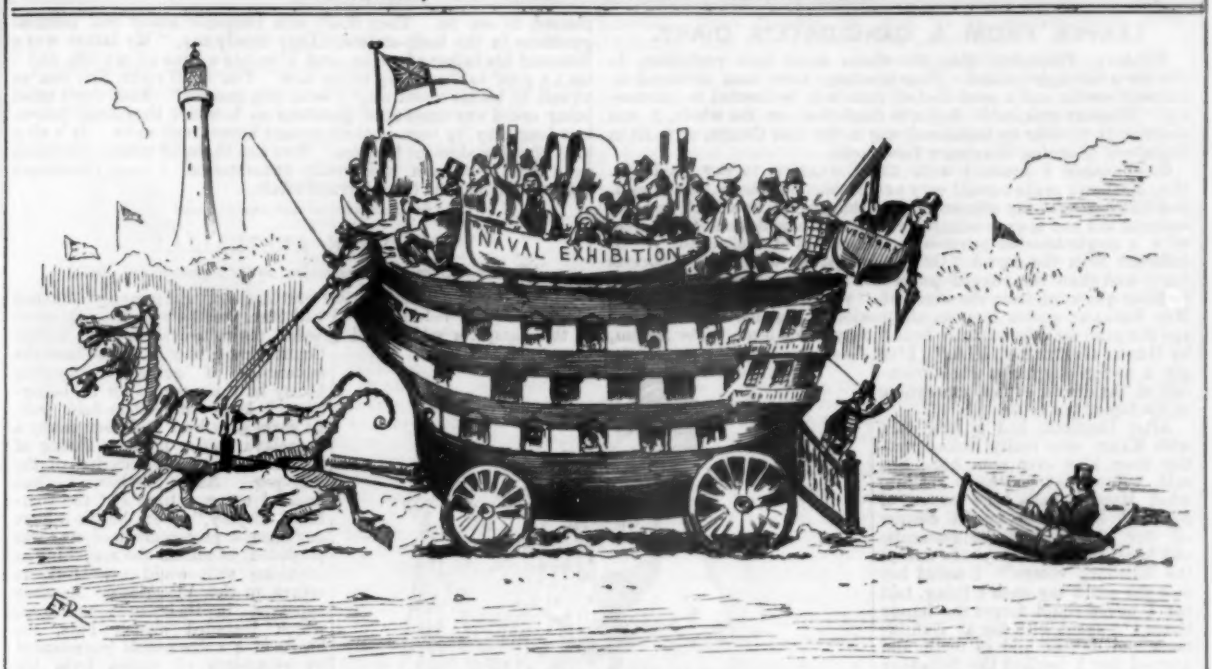
"It is stated that the Pungwé route to Mashonaland has been again closed by the Portuguese Authorities."—*Reuter*, May 24.



Cecil Rhodes. "YOU CLEAR OUT! SHE'S MY 'MASH!'"

Now then, young Obstructive, still playing the sentry,
Where nobody wants you to watch or mount guard?

Are *you* to rule everyone's exit and entry?
Clear out, my young friend, or with you 'twill go hard.



THE VICTORY ROAD-CAR.

TO PLY TO AND FROM THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

You Portuguese *Tappertit*, turn it up, *do!*
D'ye think I'll be stopped by a monkey like you?

My Mash, that young woman! Will you bar our meeting?
We're sweethearts. Will you interfere with our tryst?
You pert whippersnapper, my sable-skinned sweeting
My masculine wooing's too wise to resist.
Shall RHODES be cut out by a small Portuguee,
With a gun and a swagger? Pooh! Fiddle-de-dee!

We've put up too long with your pranks, my fine fellow,
Because of your size, upon which you presume.
Oh, it's no use to twirl your moustache and look yellow!
Mean having that gal, howsoever you fume.
You'd better behave yourself, boy, or no doubt
Before very long we shall clean you right out.

Look at home, keep your own ways a little bit clearer,
And don't go a-blocking up other folks' roads.
Eh? *You* warn me off her? *I* mustn't come nearer?
Ha, ha! My good-nature your impudence goads.
Clear out, whilst you're safe, you young shrimp! Don't be rash!
For I shan't let *you* come between me and my Mash!

A LAST WORD ON THE WHAT-YOU-MAY-CAL-DERON PICTURE.—It isn't often that one of "the inferior clergy," represented by a Clarke in orders, is pitted against an "Abbott," as recently happened in the discussion about Mr. CALDERON's picture of "*St. Elizabeth's Heroic Act of Renunciation.*" In this instance the Clarke got the better of the Abbott, and the others, including Professor HUXLEY, who is always ready to rush in and invite somebody to tread on the tail of his coat, were nowhere. The *Times* issues its *fiat*, concluding the arguments on both sides—"The *Times* has spoken, *causa finita est*"—and the picture will remain one of the chief attractions in the Royal Academy Exhibition until such time as it ascends to the undisturbed Olysium of The Happily Immortals. In the meantime, being on the line, Mr. CALDERON will be perfectly satisfied if his picture be generally recognised as "*St. Elizabeth of Well-Hung-ary.*"

RECIPE.

(*For a speech in the House of Commons on the proposed adjournmen for the Derby.*)

TAKE a handful of jokelets and beat them up small,
In sophistical fudge, with no logic at all;
Then pepper the mixture with snigger and jeer;
Add insolent "sauce," and a *soupçon* of sneer;
Shred stale sentiment fine, just as much as you want,
And thicken with cynical clap-trap and cant,
Plus oil—of that species which "smells of the lamp"—
Then lighten with squibs, which, of course, should be damp;
Serve up, with the air of a true *Cordon Bleu*,
And you'll find a few geese to taste *it* and praise *you!*

THE DRAMA THEN AND NOW.

THEN. SCENE—*Dining-Room in* Mrs. GRUNDY'S *House. The* Misses GRUNDY *and their Mother discovered at Luncheon.*

Eldest Miss G. Oh, Mamma, do take us to see *Formosa* at Drury Lane!

Mrs. Grundy. My dear! Why, it's absolutely shocking! All the papers are ringing with the impropriety! Couldn't *possibly* go!

Second Miss G. But, Mamma dear, the Boat-Race Scene is *so* excellent. We might sit at the back of the box, and put our fingers in our ears when you signalled to us.

Mrs. Grundy. Well, as you say, the Boat-Race Scene is excellent, and as for impropriety, we must ignore it.

[*Exeunt to get places for Drury Lane.*

NOW. *Scene as before, Time and situation as before, Company as before.*

Eldest Miss G. Oh, Mother darling, do take us to see *Formosa* at Drury Lane!

Mrs. Grundy. Certainly. I hear the Boat-Race Scene beats the record.

Second Miss G. It is simply magnificent, and the dialogue is so interesting. Twenty years ago they said it was improper! As IBSEN would observe, "Only fancy that!"

Mrs. Grundy. Did they? Well, as you say, the Boat-Race Scene is excellent; and as for the impropriety,—in these days of *Ghosts*, *Pillars of Society*, and *Dancing Girls*, we haven't time to notice it!

[*Exeunt to get places for Drury Lane.*

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Billsbury, Thursday, May 22.—Came down here yesterday, to stay for a fortnight on end. Four meetings have been arranged in different wards, and a good deal of time is to be devoted to canvassing. Pleasant prospect! Begin to think that, on the whole, it was easier work to wear an occasional wig in the Law Courts, or to sit in Chambers, planning imaginary Law-books.

On Tuesday I lunched with the BELLAMYS, to say good-bye. Mrs. BELLAMY made herself very agreeable. Somebody, so she said, had told her that my chances at Billsbury were excellent, and she declared she had always admired young men who devoted themselves with a single-hearted purpose to the service of their country. So different from the crowd "Of shallow-pates, who scorn laborious days. And shun the rugged paths that lead to praise." This is a familiar quotation from the works of "your grandfather, the poet." Mrs. BELLAMY quotes him on all possible occasions. A long time ago she gave me a beautifully bound copy of his book, "*Per Ardua*, by HENRY GATTLETON, M.A." I've got a notion she has a whole roomfull of the unsold copies, somewhere at the top of the house.

After luncheon had a long talk with MARY, who really looked prettier than I've ever seen her. She said, "Now that you have got into what Mamma calls 'the vortex of politics,' I suppose you'll despise all our simple little amusements, and begin to forget everybody except the Billsbury voters." I asked her how she could say such a thing, told her I never could forget the happy hours I'd spent with her at Exhibitions and dances, and so forth, and assured her I loathed the Billsbury voters (which, by the way, I really think I do). I was just beginning to screw myself up to the pitch of asking her *the* question, in fact. I had taken her hand, and was actually stuttering out something which made her look down at her feet (she's got the smallest and prettiest foot I ever saw), when the footman opened the door and announced POMFRET. Of course POMFRET must have seen something was up. He's a beast, but not a fool. But he chattered away volubly, just as if he were the most delightful and welcome person in the world. I got so angry after ten minutes of it, and my toes and fingers began to have such an almost irresistible longing to be at him, that I thought it best to go. But MARY gave me a look as I went away which simply went right through me, the kindest and most beautiful look any two eyes ever gave to an unhappy man. I shut my eyes constantly and bring the whole scene back, and in imagination I throw POMFRET out of the window, and carry MARY in triumph to the nearest church, while her mother quotes the late Mr. GATTLETON's poetry over us in blessing. And then I open them again and find myself in this hole.

Dinner with the CHORKLES on Saturday.

May 23.—Started canvassing yesterday and continued to-day under the charge of Mr. DIKES, one of the Town Councillors. "Old DICKY DIKES," the people here always call him. He's supposed to be one of the most knowing cards in the whole county. A man of about sixty-four, with light brown hair, rather curly, a wig, say his detractors, but I can't make my mind up about it yet, as I haven't been able to study him closely with his hat off. His head is large, face a cross between J. L. TOOLE's and DIZZY's without the goatee. Always wears a frock-coat of best broadcloth, and an immense top-hat. Has one curiously protruding tooth which fascinates me, and makes my attention wander when he's telling me his anecdotes. I keep wondering how it ever got into that strange position—a sort of dental rocking-stone, weird, solitary, inexplicable. Everybody knows him, as he represents the St. Mark's Ward (which we are canvassing) in the Council. The flourish with which he always introduces me is wonderful. I might be an Emperor honouring the place with a visit. But the people take it all as a matter of course, and seem pleased to see us. They don't care twopence about real political questions in the back-streets. They mostly say, "My father was a Blue and his father afore 'im, and I've bin a Blue all my life, and I ain't a goin' to change my colour now. You're all right, Sir; you've no call to bother about me. I wish you success." They don't mind being asked any amount of questions as to where they lived before, how long they've been in their present houses, and so on. It's all a kind of entertainment to them. Here and there, of course, you come on a keen politician, who really understands. I hear CHORKLE's dinner to-morrow is to be a grand affair.

ANCIENT EXAMPLE OF FEMALE MASHER.

A TYRE AND SIDON GIRL.

(*Attire and Side on Girl.*)

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!

(*From our Special Correspondent at the Agricultural Hall.*)

NEED I say that I felt greatly gratified at finding myself attached to the Victorian Volunteers. I had been present with them in spirit at the banquets which had greeted their arrival to the Mother Country, and now I was to have the advantage of actually appearing bodily in their campaign at Islington. I knew the battle-field well. In years gone by I had seen many a Balaclava *mêlée*, many a slicing of the lemon, many a securing of the tent-peg. Nay, further, I had assisted many a time at "the combined display," when, before a huge audience, a presentment of war was produced, as unlike the real thing as anything well could be. But, to return to the Victorians. As they appeared in their neat uniforms, which included slouch hats, the hearts of a noble people (represented by occupants of places from ten shillings downwards) went out to them, and they were greeted with a mighty shout. The English race recognised the service that was being done. The Mother thanked her Child. Over the stormy sea had come the soldiers of the Southern Cross to tell any Britons still remaining in played-out Europe how war should be waged; how battles should be won.

The numbers of our gallant little body were small; still, we had enough. Before our appearance "the country" had been arranged. In the distance, near the southern entrance, were bushes; then, a little nearer home, a second row; then, nearer still, a canvas erection representing a fallen tree; then more bushes; and last, the door from which we had emerged to receive the plaudits of the populace. First, two of our number (after some slight hesitation) galloped (taking, without much difficulty, the hedges on their way) towards the south. They fired. In the meanwhile the rest of our body had dismounted, and had buckled the forelegs of each horse so that it might not unduly wander. This clever idea was nearly crowned with success. Then tents were got out—without any hurry. They were pitched in a leisurely fashion. Then the fire was lighted, also without flurry. The two scouts now cantered back knocking over a bush on their way. Shots were heard in the distance, and our camp was leisurely, very leisurely, broken up. The tents were, with some difficulty, placed on the backs of the horses, and most of our troopers mounted without serious difficulty. One certainly was thrown, and another had to hold firmly to his horse. Then we advanced. We again dismounted. One of our body, after some negotiation, collected the reins of our horses. We fired, and again leisurely mounted. Then our troopers hurried off.

And when the magnificent display was over, I could not help thinking how good it was of these gallant Colonists to come so far that we might learn so much. True, we had seen something a little like the mounted infantry evolutions in the displays of our own light Hussars. Again, soldiers have been known before this to pitch and strike a tent. Still, it was deeply gratifying to find history repeating itself, inasmuch, as in the Victorian evolutions there was no difficulty in conjuring up the picture with the popular title, "The Grandson teaching the Grandmother—how to suck eggs!"

HOW LONG?

Extracts from a Tragic International Romance, written up to date.

THE Government makes no sign or move, though people who think are clamouring and asking "How long shall such things be?"

* * * * * *

They were only a few poor Polish Jews, there might have been a hundred of them all told, beaten, scourged, driven by a brutal and merciless Government to "move on," somewhere — anywhere, — it cared not, so long as they had no abiding home, no hope of peace, of comfort, or of even the common necessaries of existence, and stricken with despair and overcome with terror, they meet with their good angel.

* * *

The Middleman, the blessed agent, to them, of all good, tells them of the bright free land, where a golden harvest of profit is waiting them, if they will only realise their "all" and hand it over to him. With a shout of joy, in grateful pæans they sing the praises of their preserver,—and realising all their worldly wealth and making it over to him, they arrive, greedy, hunger-smitten and expectant, one damp May morning in Whitechapel.

* * * * * *

They find a native population, struggling in terrible earnest with want, and taking, through the Sweater who commands the situation, starvation prices for the making of a coat, for the which, by working nineteen hours in the day, and reducing life to the slavery of a living death, they manage to earn two shillings and ninepence!

* * * * * *

The happy and eager Polish Jews step in, and see their chance. Eldorado lies before them. They are asked if they will make the coat for two shillings and sevenpence. The poor starving foreigners eagerly clutch at any chance. Who can blame *them*? No one. It is a struggle for life. Fair but false promises have brought them to these shores, to swell the sum of misery, already, Heaven knows, high enough! But still they come, keeping up a steady flow of suffering, and the Government makes no sign or move, though people who think are loudly clamouring, and asking, "How long shall such things be?"

WHAT IT MAY COME TO IN LONDON.

(As the Point has been nearly reached in Paris.)

SCENE—*A Hall devoted to* MR. EDISON'S *latest inventions. A Lecturer acting as Showman to a crowd of possible Customers.*

Lecturer. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must ask you quickly to make a selection. We have here wires from all parts of the world—make your selection. Those who wish to see the kinetograph at work will please go within. Operas with scenery always on hand. Here we have only telephones.

Mild Young Lady. Oh, if you please, a friend of mine was married three weeks ago, and she and her husband are staying at the Grand Hotel, Paris. Might I hear what they are saying. Here's their name.

Lect. (*taking card*). Nothing easier. (*Speaking through telephone.*) Put us on to Grand Hotel, Paris, Room 1564. (*To Customer.*) A shilling please, Madam. Thank you, and here you are.

Mild Y. L. (*taking receivers*). Oh, thank you. (*She places them to her ears and then drops them hurriedly.*) Oh dear me! She has kept him waiting, and he is using *such* bad language! You ought to have told me.

Lect. We can't guarantee language. Why, would you believe it, Madam, that sometimes we have complaints of things said in Norway! Pray Ladies and Gentlemen, make your selection. (*To Intelligent-looking Stranger.*) Can I tempt you, Sir? They are playing a new piece at Chicago. It is excellent, I am told—a domestic comedy. Next week, if it's successful, we shall produce it with scenery and effects on the kinetograph. Try it, Sir?

Intelligent Stranger. I don't mind if I do. (*Raising receivers.*) Call this a domestic comedy? Why I can hear firing!

Lect. Very strange, Sir. Nothing in the plot to account for it.

Intell. Stran. Stay, you say it's in Chicago! I know what the firing means! They don't like the piece, and they are shooting the Author!

Lect. Of course, Sir! (*To Small Boy.*) And now my little man, what do *you* want?

Small Boy. Please, Sir, I have got a shilling to spend in hearing something from somewhere all the world over.

Lect. (*producing programme*). Here is a list of our stations. You see we have wires laid on to all parts of Europe, Africa, Asia, and America. Next Tuesday we shall be in communication with Australia. And now, what will you have?

Small Boy. I don't know. Something exciting, please.

Lect. Well, you can hear, by taking these, a number of Astronomers discussing in Committee the transit of Venus. Or, if you listen to these, you will hear a chat about the floating of the next Russian loan, held in one of the centres of speculation, to wit, the Bourse at Vienna. Most interesting, I can assure you. Which will you have?

Small Boy. Oh, please, I don't care for astronomy, and am too young to understand finance.

Lect. Now, here's a Bull Fight—you can distinctly hear the shouts—and here's a Chinese execution.

Small Boy. Oh, *that* will be nice. Which shall I have?

Lect. Can't say—you pay your money, and you take your choice! And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am ready for your commands.

[*Attends to other Customers as the Scene closes in. Curtain.*

THE VERY WILDEST WEST.

["The idea of transporting the Coliseum at Rome to the shores of Lake Michigan has been broached in all seriousness. The American Syndicate who desire to make the Coliseum an attractive feature of the Chicago Exhibition, rely for success on the financial necessities of the Italian Government."—*Daily Paper.*]

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE.)

President H-rr-s-n to King H-m-b-rt.

A CHICAGO Syndicate has asked me to mention that they want your Coliseum. What price do you ask? They would be glad of it for the World-Fair, which will be about the biggest thing ever seen on this planet. No trouble to you. *We* take all risks!

King H-m-b-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Cannot discuss Coliseum subject till you've settled New Orleans lynching business in conformity with International Law.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-mb-rt.

All right. Thought you'd say that. Chicago Syndicate willing to meet your views about New Orleans. Do you want leading members of Grand Jury shipped quietly over to Italy, or what? Syndicate will do anything to oblige. Says it *must* have Coliseum, especially by moonlight. Intends starting realistic scenes with Gladiators, Lions, and Christian Martyrs.

King H-mb-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

On reflection, afraid people here wouldn't like it. Sorry to have to decline your offer.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-mb-rt.

You want ready cash. *We* want Coliseum. Why not strike bargain? Syndicate offers five million dollars. Useful for your next Budget. You can remit no end of taxes. People sure to like *that.*

King H-mb-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Couldn't let it go so cheap. Have you thought of Parthenon? Greek Government might part with it as a loan, on reasonable terms.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-mb-rt.

Thanks for suggesting Parthenon. Chicago Syndicate thinks it's not good enough. Couldn't bring in the Lions and Martyrs very well. Also Parthenon by moonlight not such a safe draw as Coliseum.

King H-mb-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Might think of it if you increased offer to *ten* million dollars, and would promise to return it within two years, in good repair, fair wear and tear alone excepted.

President H-rr-s-n to King H-mb-rt.

Syndicate says if they have to pay so much for Coliseum, *and* return it, they must have remains of Forum thrown in.

King H-mb-rt to President H-rr-s-n.

Don't think we could spare ruins of Forum. Have you thought of Vatican? We could easily spare *that.* Why not approach the POPE on the subject?

President H-rr-s-n to King H-mb-rt.

No, thanks! Sorry to have troubled you for nothing, but Syndicate has now arranged to build a Coliseum of its own, double the size of yours, and to reproduce Forum, Parthenon, Capitol, Vatican, as well as Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey, out of old brown paper, compressed and hardened by a new process. Ta-ta for present! Hope you'll get over next Budget all right.

THINGS ONE WOULD(N'T) RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(In Mrs. Talbot de Vere Skynflynte's Drawing-Room, after one of her grand Dinner-Parties where nobody gets enough to eat.)

General Guzzleton. "WHAT 'S THAT? TEA? NO, THANKS. I NEVER TAKE TEA UNLESS I 'VE DINED!"

ALL ADRIFT; OR, THREE MEN IN A PUNT.

["The uncertainty as to the course of business, justifies, to a certain extent, the criticisms of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE, upon the proceedings of the Government."—*The Times.*]

B-lf-r. Humph! Shifting ground again! I did think we were in for a quiet swim and good sport.

"Oh! the jolly angler's life
Is the best of any!"

Yes, that's all very fine, IZAAK. But it depends upon your pitch—and your companions. I say, G-SCH-N, what *are* you up to? Don't let the punt swing round like that, man, I was nearly over, and my tackle's fouled.

G-sch-n (struggling with pole). All very well for you to sit coolly there and criticise me, ARTHUR! *Wh-o-o-of!* Confound the punt, it's all over the place, and the stream's like a mill-race.

B-lf-r. Well, hold on to the pole, JOKIM, or we shall be all adrift. We'd better have kept to our first pitch; it was quiet there, and we hooked one or two sizeable ones. (*Aside.*) Fact is, you're such a fidget, you lose your fish, and then want to change the pitch.

G-sch-n (aside). That's right, grumble, grumble! Dawdling duffer, he sprawls across the well in one of his infernal æsthetic attitudes, picks the best swim, and girds at us who have to handle the poles. Wonder SM-TH stands it.

Sm-th (aside). Well, it's a good job I'm back in the punt. G-SCH-N may be all very well at a right-away race in a wager-boat, when the money's on, and I've seen him do a decent bit of bank-fishing in a pegged-down match; but he *doesn't* shine as a punter, though he fancies himself a second ABEL BEASLEY. (*Aloud.*) Hitch on that chain, JOKIM!

G-sch-n (blowing). Hang it, I can't.

[*Punt oscillates dangerously, nearly tipping over* B-LF-R's *chair, and making his rod wobble.*

B-lf-r. For Heaven's sake, G-SCH-N, mind what you're up to! My hook's foul in a snag, and you've nearly snapped my top-joint.

G-sch-n. Well, wind up, then!

B-lf-r (muttering, and wrestling with his rod). All very well, man, but I've got to get clear first. Keep her still a minute, do.

[G-SCH-N "*holds on*" *till he gets red in the face, whilst* B-LF-R *tugs at his tackle.*

Sm-th (shoving strenuously). My duty—to my—pals and punt—must be done—at any cost; but if this is—"the contemplative man's recreation,"—give me a hammock at Greenlands! (*Puffs and blows. Aloud.*) Are you all right, there, G-SCH-N?

G-sch-n (petulantly). All right be blowed! What are *you* up to?

Sm-th (mildly). Trying to keep you straight, of course, my dear boy?

G-sch-n. Oh! I like *that!*

B-lf-r (working away at his winch). Humph! We've stirred up a quiet swim, wasted a lot of ground-bait, lost several fish, and—now where are we?

Sm-th. Look out, G-SCH-N! We shall be foul of that awkward snag if we're not careful! Let's settle down here.

G-sch-n (stabbing wildly with his pole). All very well—but I can't find bottom that will hold. Shove, SM-TH, and keep your end up!

Sm-th. Just what I'm trying to do. [*Pushes gallantly.*

B-lf-r. Nice chance for hooking 'em after this infernal stir-up! Take me half an hour to get my tackle out of tangle, and then it'll be close on to shutting-up time. One big 'un and two or three little ones not much to return with. Look at those impudent young rascals chyiking us from the banks! Oh, for heaven's sake, you fellows, get her fixed!

Sm-th. Hear the weir roaring, G-SCH-N? We're getting too near "Danger," dear boy. That's right, you've got ground there. Now, then hold her up! hold her up!

G-sch-n (a tip-toe, and at an angle). DASH it, how she drags! I was all but over! Come up! There, SM-TH, shove her up sharp, or I shall be off, or lose the pole!

Sm-th (shoving his hardest). All right! Shove it is!! Hold on, G-SCH-N,—*I'm* here!!!

Rude Boys (from the bank). Yah—Boo! Better git out and walk, and let *hus* pole that punt for yer?

ALL ADRIFT!

W. H. Smith. "HOLD ON, GOSCHEN! *I'M* HERE!!"

CHILD'S CHIT-CHAT.

(Possibly written for proposed insertion in certain of Mr. Punch's Feminine Contemporaries.)

DEAREST LENA,—We are now back from Herne Bay, where, staying at Mrs. ——'s* Boarding House, we met some of the smartest people. If ever you visit this delightful watering-place, mind you look Mrs. —— up. She is a most charming creature, and the *poulet rôti au sauce pain* at the *table d'hôte*, is simply charming. Her terms, considering the company you meet, are very reasonable. Now, I know you want to learn all about my new gowns. Well, the Pater insisted that I should send to the —— Clothing Company, of ——, for patterns. He says (dear old boy!) that we should "patronise British Industry." I got, amongst other delightful notions, the cleverest idea possible in stripes, and intending to be very economical, bought a paper pattern from —— in —— Street. Well, I turned out, all by myself, a most stylish frock, which ISABELLE says suits me to the ground. But the task exhausted both my intelligence and industry. The rest of the materials I took to Madame —— of —— Street, and she is simply making them lovely! I think I told you that Madame —— is supplying most of the dresses that will be worn at JESSIE JONES' (you know, the daughter of Lady JONES) wedding. Lady SMITH will look simply superb in rhubarb-tart satin, and the Countess of COLHOLEBOROUGH has a wonderful gown made of squash-beetled coloured velvet slashed with green, that is sure to be the talk of the Row until the end of the Season!

Of course, we have been to all the Private Views. We miss the Grosvenor very much, for the New is scarcely a substitute. However, I saw several smart people at the latter place—some of them ladies of title, my dear. At the door I found standing one of ——'s, of —— Street, victorias. They are very nice, and, as they can be bought on the three years' hire system, most convenient. The pictures at the Academy struck me as rather dull this year. Of course, everybody is much struck with Mr. FILDES' "*Doctor*." By the way, if the poor little patient is suffering from influenza (as I fancy he is), he would have obtained immediate relief by taking ——'s ——. But leaving medical subjects out of the question, there are other gloomy pictures—besides patients, heaps of prisoners, and lots of paupers. Fortunately, most of these last are "skied," which is a blessing! I hear that the Academicians have bought Mr. CALDERON's picture out of the Chantrey Bequest. So selfish to deprive the public of the chance! However, as the subject is a little *risqué*, perhaps it is just as well that it *should* be buried in the Diploma Gallery.

"PEACE."
STATUE OF THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR GOLFOUR.
(Out of the Academy.)

The usual gaiety last week. Mrs. PARAGRAPH PRESSCUTTERBY gave a magnificent Ball at —— Square. The whole of the garden was covered in by Messrs. ——, of —— Street, and the massed Bands of the Cavalry Brigade at —— supplied the Music. The supper (furnished by Messrs. ——, of —— Street), was served in the Lawn Cricket Saloon, and the gigantic apartment was crammed the whole evening. I know you like recipes. I extract the following from——'s *Guide to Grub*, a capital *brochure* published at a shilling.

"Pick, wash (in plenty of water), and drain 2 lbs. of crab-shells without bruising them. Pare and core some well shaped apples. When these are well heated, add the spinach. Cut into neat slices a dish of lamb's fry, and fry it a nice brown in the bacon liquor. Boil all together till the syrup is reduced to half the quantity, then lay the lemon peel on the apples, and pour the syrup over them."

It is a Russian dish, and is called Böösh. You must tell me what you think of it. Ever your most loving friend, SYLLIE.

* Names and addresses of tradespeople, &c., editorially suppressed until arrangements have been completed in the Advertisement Department.

ROBERT AT THE DARBY.

BY sum strange cohincidence as I ain't the least abel to account for, the annual buthday of my much better half fell this year on the grate Darby Day! and so we both agreed as weed have one more jolly happy day together, ewen if so be as we never had another. So off I sets, and I takes two box seats houtside a homnibus and four spanking Bays, I think they calls 'em, coz they was such a butiful dark brown colour, and for which I paid no less than 12*s.* 6*d.* a peace, and with our pockets pretty well stuffed full of sanwiches, and jest a nice little flask of summut nice, never mind what, off we sets for the City at nine a clock, hay hem, and at nine forty by the church clock off we starts on our perrylus journey, reddy, as the Poet says, to dash through thick and thin.

As it appened it was fortunet as we was so prepared, for, strange to say, we hadn't got so werry far from Lundon Bridge, when, by sum mistake of the Clark of the whether, as our jolly Coachman told us, it began for to rain, but he said as how as he knowd as much about the Darby wether as most men, as he'd driven there about twenty times, in the last duzzen years, and what we was a having was ony a parsing shower. How it was I coudnt quite undustand, for whether we druv fast or whether we druv slow, doose a bit coud we get away from that parsing shower. However, tho' we did both get jolly wet, we had sum capital fun, for we seed no less than too coaches and four upset in the road, and to see the poor passengers all a standing in the mud, which it was about amost up to their nees, and a wundering what time they shood get to the Darby, was more than enuff to console us, and we all larfed artily and left 'em. Such is human Natur!

Before we both got quite wet through, I got my best beloved a seat inside, and, strange to say, although she was werry much scrowged, she axshally prefurrd it to setting out in the rain along of me. It may have bin thorts of her new Bonnet. Such agane is human Natur! Luckily, jest after she left me, one of our wheels sunk down in a werry deep ole, and all on us on my side had to get down into the fearful mud, and wait till our gallant steeds pulled it out again, and, unluckily, the one as pulled hardest, let his foot slip, and sent a reglar shower of whity-brown mud all over me from top to toe, or rayther, from At to Boots, and I was in that orful state that all our set, Coachman and all, acshally roared with larfter. Such again, I fears, is human Nature!

When we got to the Darby, in course our fust thort was lunch, but afore I coud get beyond laying the cloth, there came such a reglar buster of an ail storm that we was all drove hunder the homnibus for shelter, and when it leaved off, and I went on the roof, the table cloth was about three inches thick with round ale stones! Ah, that was a difficult lunch that was, and beat all my xperience in that line.

I didn't see much of the race, I didn't, for as it pored in torrents all the time, I had to seek for a shelter, and under a omnibus is not a werry favrabel place to get a good view of a horse-race, but ewery body seemed to speak of it as a werry common one, whatever that may mean. However we was hamply reckompensed by the most wunderful site as praps was hever seen in the shape of humberellers. Heverybody had one, and heverybody put it hup, so, as my better harf poetically expressed it, it was xacly like a most butiful field of henormous mushrooms a hopening out theirselves to the morning hair!

We was remarkably fortnate in cumming back, as it didn't rain near so much as it did in the morning, and quite left off jest as we got home. My sweet darling didn't grumbel a bit at me for giving her such a reglar damper for her birthday, but the werry larst thing as she did say that night was, "Thank you, ROBERT dear, for your little holliday, but I think that we won't spend my next buthday at the Darby!" ROBERT.

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS' DREAM OF THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(If Delegates from everywhere are allowed to appear there, and air their grievances.)

THE COLISEUM—AT CHICAGO!

(*Imitated—at a respectful distance—from* E. A. POE.)

["It is stated that a Syndicate of American Capitalists has been formed with the object of purchasing the remains of the Coliseum at Rome, and transporting them to Chicago."]

"*Bartered* to make a *Yankee* Holiday."

I.

TYPE of wolf-nurtured Rome! Rich reliquary
Of splendour (and of slaughter) left to Time,
By centuries of ante-Yankee pomp!
At length—at length—after so many days,
Of ruined majesty, and rotting pride
(Pride which Chicago will transmute to dollars),
There is a chance for you, a right smart chance,
Of turning to some profitable end
Thy size, thine age, thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

II.

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
Where are ye now? POE said *he* felt your strength,
But POE was but a poet. Better far
Be turned to "bizness" in a dime Museum,
Or trotted out, for cents, at the World's Fair
Than rot away beneath Rome's ruddy stars!

III.

Here a smart Syndicate shall set you up,
Here, where we slaughter swine as Rome did slaves,
(A sanguine carnival of sausage-meat),
Here, where Chicago belles their braided hair
Pile in Greek knots,—to gaze on brawn and gristle!
Here, where in gilded cars the pork-kings loll,
Driven Mammon-like unto their marble homes,
Lit by the wan light of the electric arc,
Swift-wheeled and silent-tyred o'er wood or stone.

IV.

You'll *pay!* These walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures—this wreck—this ruin—
Are worth the carriage o'er the Atlantic foam,
And the tall price that Italy will ask,—
If she should sell you to Porkopolis!

V.

"No fear!"—Bourse Echoes answer me—"*no* fear!"
Italy is hard up, her bare Exchequer
Forebodes financial ruin to her realm.
We many-dollared Syndicates rule all.
We rule the hearts of Ministers—we rule
With a despotic sway ambitious minds;
We are omnipotent. Shall pallid stones
Contend for power with us?—shall antique fame,
Or mere word-wizardry of old renown,
Match the gold-magic that encircles *us*,
"Rings," "Corners," "Syndicates"? Ridiculous!
Not all the mysteries that hang upon
O'd Edax Rerum like a wizard's garment,
May match that Master-Mage—the Almighty Dollar!!

OUR PARTICULAR TIP COMES OFF RIGHT!

YOU may remember that last week, just before the Derby, I furnished you with a prophecy. So that there might be no doubt about it, I named the absolute First, Second, and Third. Said I (page 255), "We may take it that the winner will be found out of the *Common*." But this was not enough. That all should secure One, Two, and Three, I wrote, "Well might FRANÇOIS PREMIER have observed (as I do), 'Bravo, *Gouverneur!*'" implying that the French horse was certain of a place. But I went further still; I gave the Third. I carefully introduced in my short article the name of every probable starter, save *Martenhurst*, who consequently became "the Field." And what did I say of the Field? Why, "This year's Derby will be won by one of two. It will either fall to the Favourite or the Field." Surely this was good enough to point out No. 3? Cheques from grateful backers may be sent to 85, Fleet Street, addressed to

THE ODD MAN OUT.

SAM WELLER ON "THE MELINITE DISCLOSURES."—"This here 's the bold Turpin."

UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

Old Bachelor (*who caters for himself*). "MRS. SMITH, I DIDN'T CARE FOR THAT LEG OF MUTTON I BOUGHT YESTERDAY. IT HAD A QUEER FLAVOUR!"
Landlady. "OH, SIR, IT WAS A BEAUTY! AND SO *DELICIOUSLY TENDER!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 25.—Members coming back in slightly increased numbers. HARCOURT returned from his wandering to and fro. AKERS-DOUGLAS back after his influenza experience; presently coming up to "tell" in a division, is welcomed by a cheer that rises as heartily from Opposition Benches as from Ministerial ranks. JACKSON also back out of the Shadowed Valley; GORST, in his place again, sprinkles fine pinches of sublimated cayenne pepper upon CRAWFORD and others who want to know about Manipur.

Back View of a Ruthless Tyrant.

But though various benches filled up with familiar figures, Members look round in vain for one; finding it not, will not be comforted. Where is OLD MORALITY? Last time he was seen was on the Thursday preceding the holidays. He had come back newly elected for the Strand; took part in business of sitting; just before dinner Members had watched his lithe figure disappearing towards the doorway, and he had been seen no more. House had met again on the following night; had adjourned for the truncated holiday; had met again; and still OLD MORALITY's seat was vacant, and there dwelt in the fond memory only that parting back view.

JOKIM occupying, but not filling, OLD MORALITY's seat, wanted to talk about various things; but ever the conversation came back to the theme that filled all thoughts. HARCOURT wanted to know about fixing the day for debate on Manipur; HENRY FOWLER hankered after an understanding about the Factory and Workshops Bill. Everybody but JEMMY LOWTHER wanted to know about the Education Bill; TIM HEALY was curious to learn what course would be taken with respect to DE COBAIN. The answer was ever the same. "The

House," said JOKIM, nervously rubbing his hands, "must await the return of my Right Hon. friend, which we expect will be celebrated on Wednesday."

"Well," said HARCOURT, in one of his stage asides, "this is a revelation indeed. Always thought OLD MORALITY was an easy-going gentleman, deferential in manner, unassertive in action. It seems he's a regular tyrant, a sort of unapproachable Padishah. In his bosom are locked all the secrets of State, all the purposes of the Ministry. He takes no one into his confidence, but broods over the destinies of the Empire in the haughty solitude of the watch-tower at Walmer. When he goes away for short holiday, public business entirely dislocated. No one can say or do anything except hoarsely whisper his name. JOKIM lives in a state of terror, and even the martial spirit of GEORGE HAMILTON cowers in recollecting his presence. Only shows how prone humanity is to error. We and the Public generally have created for ourselves an OLD MORALITY, a genial, beaming, modest, unobtrusive personalty, always ready to oblige, desirous of meeting the views of Members in all parts of the House, anxious only to do his duty to his QUEEN and Country. Whereas it is clear he is a martinet of the severest type, a ruthless tyrant, a man who rules with a rod of iron, and keeps his followers in a condition of abject personal terror."

Business done.—Vote on Account taken. Incidentally, OLD MORALITY's character brought out in its true light.

Tuesday.—AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds. We had a Lord ELCHO, and, thank Heaven! we have one still—not exactly the same, but curiously reminiscent in voice and gesture. This succession of son to sire is one of the happiest arrangements of the British Constitution, one most promising for its maintenance and prosperity. If the House of Lords, peremptorily and selfishly, appropriated our ELCHOS and our GATHORNE HARDYS, turning them into Earl of WEMYSS, and Viscount CRANBROOK, leaving us no substitute or compensation, that long-threatened institution would be finally doomed. But, by beneficent arrangement, when ELCHO and GATHORNE HARDY fared forth, the one to become Earl of WEMYSS, and the other Lord CRANBROOK, behold! there step into their places other, and younger men, bearing the old name.

After the Adjournment.

Thus is the wind tempered to the shorn lamb. The system works beneficently in two ways. Like the quality of mercy, it is not strained. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. The House of Lords is strengthened by the new recruits, and we still have our ELCHO to make jokes, and our HARDY to preach sermons.

Listening to ELCHO, jauntily moving adjournment over Derby Day, I say all this to the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, who shortly replies, "Fudge!" Remark does not seem consequential; not at all sure that it is Parliamentary.

Long debate on Budget Bill; HARCOURT discourses at large on JOKIM's finance. JOKIM sits listening with amused air. Life is on the whole to him a serious thing. But there is one episode that suffuses it with a gleam of humour; that is to hear HARCOURT talking Finance. "One of the very few things," JOKIM says, "of which he knows absolutely nothing." Now J. A. PICTON, on the contrary, thinks a good deal of HARCOURT's aptitude for finance, and when JOKIM had girded at him for the space of half an hour, the SQUIRE OF MILWOOD had the satisfaction of hearing JULIUS 'ANNIBAL PICTON publicly describe his criticism as "a most formidable attack on the financial scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Business done.—House agrees to make holiday on the Derby Day.

Thursday.—OLD MORALITY back to-night; everyone glad to see him; with trumpets also and shawms would we have greeted him, but SPEAKER ruled proposed demonstration out of order; so only cheered. With exception of slight Italian accent (particularly noticeable in his pronunciation of the word "Newfoundland") he's just the same. Before sitting far advanced, wished he had lingered for another twenty-four hours on the waters of the tideless sea.

Newfoundland Fishery Question on; the delegates to be heard at Bar. Members, eager as school-boys for new sensation, crowded the Benches, in expectation of half an hour's amusement. OLD MORALITY, fresh from Cabinet Council, knew that hope would be disappointed. Government had decided to accept compromise proffered by Newfoundland Legislature; consequently Sir WILLIAM VALLANCE WHITEWAY, K.C.M.G., would not appear at the Bar.

It is Old MORALITY's little way to put on appearance, in whatever startling development of affairs, as if what was happening was exactly what had been expected. To-night, at end of questions, he quite casually mentions settlement arrived at, and proposes that without debate Second Reading of Newfoundland Fisheries Bill shall be taken. "A mere form, you know," he said, nodding in friendly fashion across the table at HARCOURT. "Everything is amicably settled; we certainly won't mention Bill again for three weeks, and then only to withdraw it. Let us read it now a second time just for the fun of the thing."

Gone Over to the Majority.

Crowded House sat for a moment in gloomy disappointment, irresponsive to the cheerful presence of Old MORALITY, who succeeded in looking as if he had said something which, though of no serious importance, was calculated to be generally acceptable. Actual position was something akin to what used to happen in St. James's Hall when Manager came forward to announce that, owing to sudden cold, Mr. SIMS REEVES would not be able to sing. Members glared round as if they were going to ask for their money back; increasingly aggravating to have OLD MORALITY still nodding and smiling on Treasury Bench. If he thought they were going to be put off in that way, should learn he was mistaken; so Debate raged over three hours, at end of which, OLD MORALITY, swearing he would ne'er consent to adjournment of Debate, consented.

Just now, AKERS-DOUGLAS moved Writ for New Election in the City, and for the moment Members turned from Newfoundland to think kindly of genial, hearty, honest "YAH! YAH!" gone over to the majority.

Business done.—Newfoundland Fisheries Bill shelved.

Friday.—JOKIM had another tumble. Came down with light heart at Morning Sitting, proposing to run Budget Bill through Committee. HENRY FOWLER, certainly not an obstructive party, objected, on constitutional ground, that CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER was asking House to propose taxation for purposes not yet defined. "Give us your Education Bill first," said FOWLER, "and then we'll vote the Budget that provides ways and means. No Education Bill, no Budget."

Argument irresistible. JOKIM meekly withdrew, and House took up other business.

This continuous blundering not cheerful for Ministers; wonderful how AKERS-DOUGLAS bears up; more than usually beaming to-night. Don't understand till *Gazette* comes out, when, looking down Birthday List, find they've made him a Privy Councillor.

"My Right Hon. friend, if I may call him so," says the MEMBER for SARK, "richly deserves the honour. I've known a good many Whips in my time, but I never came across one who did equally effective work with less friction, than does the Right Hon. ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS."

A. A. DOUGLAS is of course a mistake; his real initials are A1 DOUGLAS.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

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Also look at *Old Time Punishments*, by Mr. WILLIAM ANDREWS, who gives an exhaustive account of ancient punishments, copiously illustrated, and so graphically described, that he makes us congratulate ourselves in not having flourished in the olden times, or we might have become practical illustrations of the discipline of our forefathers. How are you getting along with GEORGE MEREDITH's *One of Our Conquerors?*

Yours,

HEAD CLERK IN THE BOOKING-OFFICE.

Reply from Baron de B.-W.—Mislaid "The GEO. M.'s" first volume of *One of Our Conquerors* just when I had reached the middle of it, and the story was beginning. Most unfortunate. Must advertise for it.

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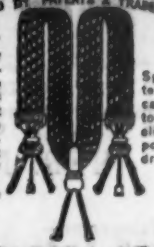

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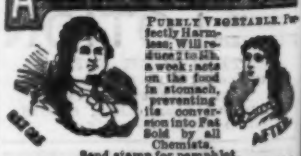

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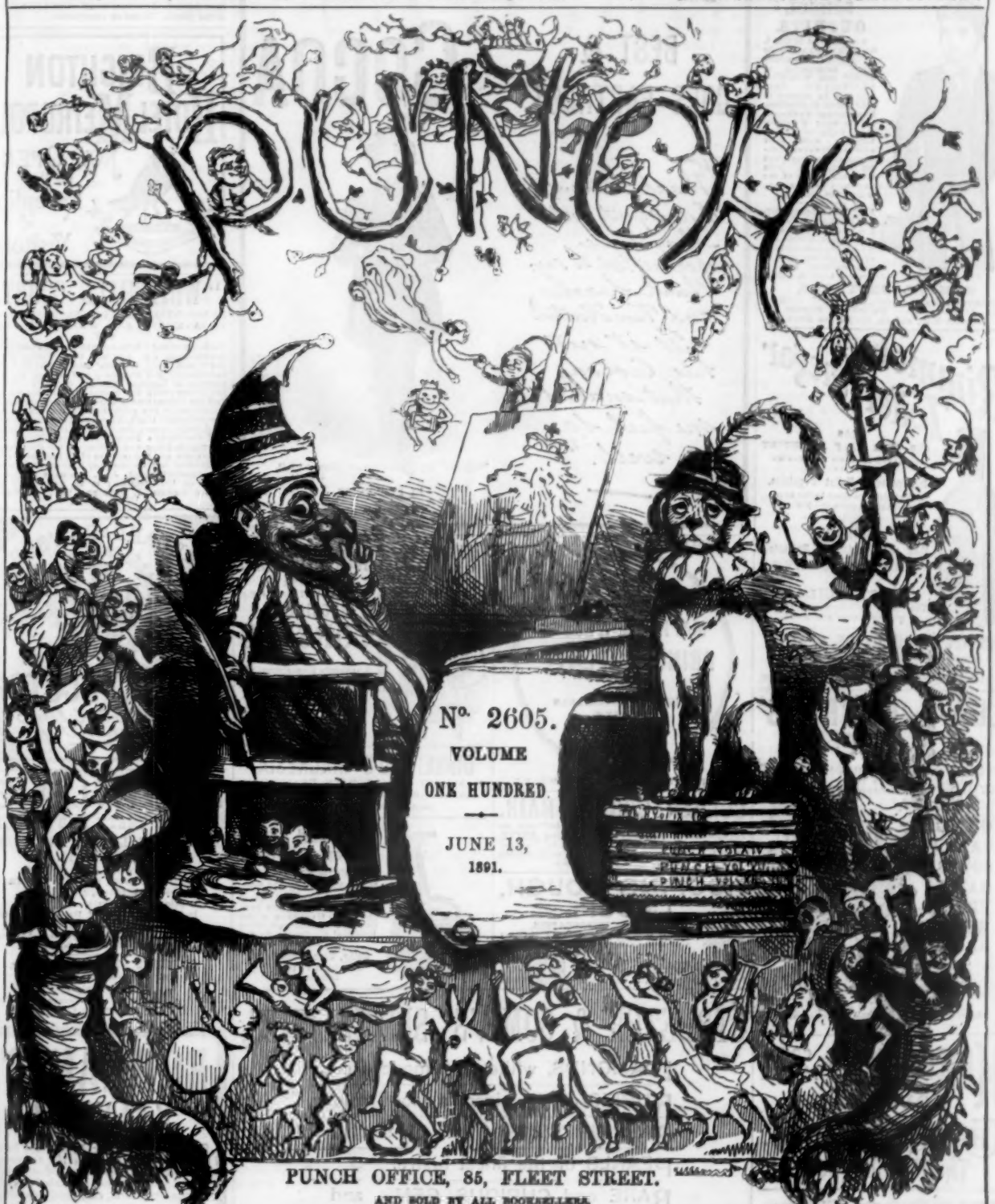

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VOCES POPULI.

AT A MUSIC HALL.

SCENE—*The Auditorium of a Music Hall, the patrons of which are respectable, but in no sense "smart." The occupants of the higher-priced seats appear to have dropped in less for the purpose of enjoying the entertainment than of discussing their private affairs—though this does not prevent them from applauding everything with generous impartiality.*

The Chairman. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Celebrated Character-Duettists and Variety Artistes, the Sisters SILVERTWANG, will appear next!

[*They do; They have just sung a dust in praise of Nature with an interspersed step-dance.* "*Oh, I love to 'ear the echo on the Moun-ting!*" (*Tiddity-iddity-iddity-iddity-um!*) "*And to listen to the tinkle of the Foun-ting!*" (*Tiddity, &c.*)

A White-capped Attendant (*taking advantage of a pause, plaintively*). Sengwidges, too-pence!

Voluble Lady in the Shilling Stalls (*telling her Male Companion an interminable story with an evasive point*). No, but you 'ear what I'm going to *tell* you, because I'm coming to it presently. I can't remember his name at this moment—something like BUDKIN, but it wasn't that, somewhere near Bond Street, he is, or a street off there; a Scotchman, but *that* doesn't matter! (*Here she breaks off to hum the Chorus of* "*Good Ole Mother-in-Law!*" *which is being sung on the stage.*) Well, let me see—what was I telling you? Wait a minute, excuse *me*, oh, yes,—*well*, there was this picture,—mind you, it's a lovely *painting*, but the frame simply nothing, not that I go by frames, myself, o' course not, but I fetched it down to show him—oh, I know what you'll say, but he must know *something* about such things; he knew my uncle, and I can tell you what he *is*—he's a florist, and married nineteen years, and his wife's forty—years older than me, but I've scarcely spoke to *her*, and no children, so I fetched it to show him, and as soon as he set eyes on it, he says—— (*Female* "*Character-Comic*" *on Stage, lugubriously.* "Ritolderiddle, ol *deray*, ritolderiddle, olde-*ri-ido!*") I can't tell you *how* old it is, but 'undreds of years, and Chinese, I shouldn't wonder, but we can't trace its 'istry—that's what *he* said, and if *he* don't know, *nobody* does, for it stands to reason he must be a judge, though nothing to me,—when I say nothing, I mean all I know of him is that he used to be—— (*Tenor Vocalist on Stage.* "My Sweetheart when a Bo-oy!") I always like that song, don't you? Well, and this is what I was *wanting* to tell you, *she* got to know what I'd done—how is more'n *I* can tell you, but she did, and she come straight in to where I was, and I see in a minute she'd been drinking, for drink she does, from morning to night, but I don't mind *that*, and her bonnet all on the back of her head, and her voice that 'usky, she—— (*Tenor.* "She sang a Song of Home Sweet Home—a song that reached my heart!") And I couldn't be expected to put up with *that*, you know, but I haven't 'alf told you yet—*well*, &c., &c.

IN THE RESERVED STALLS.

First Professional Lady, "*resting*," *to Second Ditto* (*as* Miss FLORRIE FOLJAMBE *appears on Stage*). New dresses, to-night.

Second Ditto. Yes. (*Inspects* Miss F.'s *costume.*) Something wrong with that boy's dress in front, though, cut too low. Is that silver bullion it's trimmed with? That silver stuff they put on my pantomime-dress has turned quite yellow!

First Ditto. It will sometimes. Did you know any of the critics when you were down at Slagtown for the Panto?

Second Ditto. I knew the *Grimeshire Mercury*, and he said most awfully rude things about me in his paper. I was rather rude to him at rehearsal, but we made it up afterwards. You know LILY's married, dear?

First Ditto. What—LILY? You don't mean it!

Second Ditto. Oh, yes, she *is*, though. She went out to Buenos Ayres, and the other day she was taken in to dinner by the Bishop of the Friendly Islands.

First Ditto. A Bishop? *Fancy!* That *is* getting on, isn't it?

Miss Foljambe (*on Stage, acknowledging an encore*). Ladies and Gentlemen, I am very much obliged for your kind reception this evening, but having been lately laid up with a bad cold, and almost entirely lost my vice, and being still a little 'orse, I feel compelled to ask your kind acceptance of a few 'ornpipe steps, after which I 'ope to remain, Ladies and Gentlemen, always your obedient 'umble servant to command—FLORRIE FOLJAMBE!

[*Tumultuous applause, and hornpipe.*

Chairman. Professor BOODLER, the renowned Imitator of Birds, will appear next!

The Professor (*on Stage*). Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall commence by an attempt to give you an imitation of that popular and favourite songster, the Thrush—better known to some of you, I daresay, as the Throstle, or Mavis! (*He gives the Thrush—which somehow doesn't* "*go.*") I shall next endeavour to represent that celebrated and tuneful singing-bird—the Sky-lark. (*He does it, but the Lark doesn't quite come off.*) I shall next try to give you those two sweet singers, the Male and Female Canary—the gentleman in the stalls with the yellow 'air will represent the female bird on this occasion, he must not be offended, for it is a 'igh compliment I am paying him, a harmless professional joke. (*The Canaries obtain but tepid acknowledgments.*) I shall now conclude my illustrations of bird-life with my celebrated imitation of a waiter drawing the cork from a bottle of gingerbeer, and drinking it afterwards.

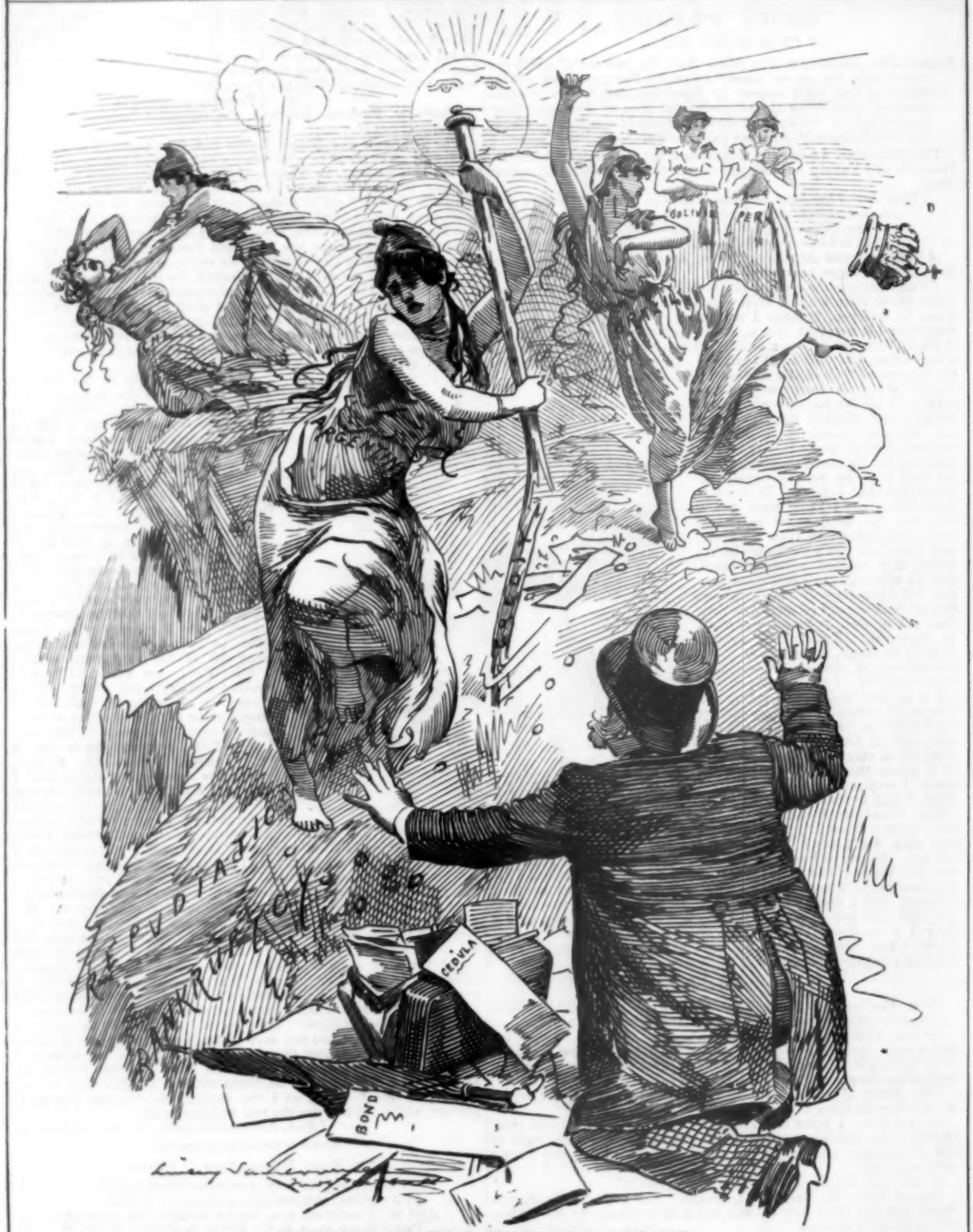
[*Does so; rouses the audience to frantic enthusiasm, and retires after triple re-call.*

The Voluble Lady in the Shilling Stalls (*during the performance of a Thrilling Melodramatic Sketch*). I've nothing to say against her 'usban', a quiet, respectable man, and always treated *me* as a lady, with grey whiskers—but that's neither here nor there—and I speak of parties as I find them—*well*. *That* was a Thursday. On the *Saturday* there came a knock at my door, and I answered it, and there was she, saying, as cool as you please—— (*Heroine on Stage.* "Ah, no, no—you would not ruin me? You will not tell my husband?") So I told her. "I'm very sorry," I says, "but I can't lend that frying-pan to nobody." So I got up. Two hours *after*, as I was going downstairs, she come out of her room, and says,—"'Allo, ROSE, 'ow *are* yer?" as if nothing had 'appened. "Oh, jolly," I says, or somethink o' that sort—*I* wasn't going to take no notice of *her*—and she says, "Going out?" like that. I says, "Oh, yes; nothing to stay in for," I says, careless-like; so Mrs. PIPER, *she* never said nothing, and *I* didn't say nothing; and so it went on till Monday—*well!* Her 'usban' met me in the passage; and he said to me—good-tempered and civil enough, I *must* say—he said—— (*Villain on Stage.* "Curse you! I've had enough of this fooling! Give me money, or I'll twist your neck, and fling you into yonder mill-dam, to drown!") So o' course I'd no objection to that; and all she wanted, in the way of eatables and drink, she *'ad*—no, let me finish *my* story first. Well, just fancy *'er* now! She asked me to step in; and she says, "Ow are you?" and was very nice, and I never said a word—not wishing to bring up the past, and—I didn't tell you *this*—they'd a kind of old easy chair in the room—and the only remark *I* made, not meaning anythink, was—— (*Hero on Stage.* "You infernal, black-hearted scoundrel! this is *your* work, is it?") Well, I couldn't ha' put it more pleasant than that, *could* I? and old Mr. FITKIN, as was settin' on it, he says to me, he says—— (*Hero.* "Courage, my darling! You shall not perish if my strong arms can save you. Heaven help me to rescue the woman I love better than my life!") but he's 'alf silly, so I took no partickler notice of *'im*, when, what did that woman do, after stoopin' to me, as she 'as, times without number—but——Oh, is the play over? Well, as I was saying—oh, *I'm* ready to go if you are, and I can tell you the rest walking home.

[*Exit, having thoroughly enjoyed her evening.*

To Rose Norreys as "Nora."

DEAR ROSE, in your way, you're as brimful of Art
As a picture by REYNOLDS, a statue by GIBSON;
And we'll never cut *you*, though we don't like your part,
Pretty ROSE, in *A Doll's House*, as written by IBSEN.
Yet we crowd on your track, as the hounds on the quarry's,
And, though carping at *Nora*, delight in our NORREYS.



TROUBLE IN TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

British Tom Tiddler. "IF THIS GOES ON, HOW ABOUT MY GOLD AND SILVER!"

A DAY IN THE LAW COURTS.

(A page from the Posthumous Diary of the late Mr. Pepys.)

[MR. PUNCH'S "TABLEAU." SOCIETY IN COURT.]

UP betimes and to the Court at the New Palace of Justice hard by the Strand, and near the sign of the Griffin which has taken the place of Temple Bar, upon which did stand long ago the heads of traitors. There did I see a crowd high and low trying to get in. But the custodians and the police mighty haughty, but withal courteous, and no one to be admitted without a ticket signed by the Lord Chief Justice. And I thought it was a good job my wife was not with me. She had a great longing to see a sensation action (as the journals have it), and she being of a fiery disposition and not complacent when refused, might have made an uproar, which would have vexed me to the heart. But in truth I found no trouble. It did seem to me that they did not see me as I entered in. And plenty of room and no crowding, at which I was greatly contented, as I love not crushing. Pretty to see the crowd of fine folks! And there were those who had opera-glasses. And when the Bench was occupied by the Lord Chief Justice—a stately gentleman—and the other persons of quality, how they did gaze! And the dresses of the ladies very fine, and did make the place—which was splendid, and they tell me the largest in the building—like a piece at the play-house! And the Counsel, how they did talk! Mighty droll to hear them contradict! One would have it that Black was White; which convinced me I had fallen into error, until another had it that he who had spoken was wrong, and White was Black! Good lack! who shall decide when Counsel differ? and I was mightily content that I was not on the jury, although one of these good people did have the honour of asking a question of His Royal Highness. And it was answered most courteously, at which I was greatly pleased and contented. Then did I hear the witnesses. In a mighty dread that I might be called myself! For that which did seem plain enough when he who was in the box was asked by his Counsel, did appear all wrong when another questioned him. And the Jury, looking wise, and making notes. And it is droll to see how civil everyone is to the Jury, who, methinks, are no cleverer than any of us? The Lord Chief Justice himself smiling upon them, and mighty courteous! And met my friend, A. BRIEFLESS, Junior, who it seems, is always in the Courts, and yet doeth no business. And he did say that it was the strongest Bar in England. And he did tell me how Sir CHARLES was eloquent, and Sir EDWARD was clever at fence, and how young Master GILL was most promising. And I noticed how one fair Lady, who was seated on the Bench, did seem to arrange everything. And many beauties there, who I did gaze upon with satisfaction. To see them in such gay attire was a pretty sight, and did put my heart in a flutter. And I was pleased when the Court adjourned for luncheon; and it did divert me much to see what appetites they all had! Some had brought sandwiches, and, how they did eat them! But the Lord Chief Justice soon back again, and more witnesses examined until four of the clock, when the day was over. So home, and described to my wife what I had seen, except the damsels.

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Billsbury, Sunday, May 25.—Chorkle's dinner came off last night. The dinner-hour was seven o'clock. Chorkle's house is in The Grove, a sort of avenue of detached houses shaded by trees. The Colonel himself was magnificent. He wore a most elaborately-frilled shirt-front, with three massive jewelled studs. His waistcoat was beautifully embroidered in black with a kind of vine-leaf pattern, the buttons being of silver, with the regimental badge embossed upon them. His handkerchief was a gorgeous one of blue silk. He wore it in his waistcoat, carefully arranged, so as to show all round above the opening. It looked something like the ribbon of some Order at a distance. Mrs. Chorkle is rather a pleasant woman, with a manner which suggests that she is much trampled on by her domineering husband. How on earth she ever induced herself to marry him I can't make out. The chief guests were Sir Charles and Lady Penfold. Sir Charles's father was a large Billsbury contractor, who made no end of money, and represented Billsbury in the House a good many years ago. He was eventually made a Baronet for his services to the Party. The present Sir Charles doesn't take much interest in politics, occupying himself chiefly in hunting, &c., but they are people of great consideration in Billsbury; in fact Lady Penfold is the leader of Society in Billsbury, and not to know them is to argue yourself unknown. Sir Charles himself is an Oxford man, and we had a good deal of talk about the old place.

"Yes," he said, "I was at the House more than thirty years ago, and to tell you the truth, it's the only House (with a capital H), that I ever wanted to be in."

The fact of the matter, so Jerram told me, was that Sir Charles did once want to stand for Parliament, but somehow or other the scheme fell through, and since then he's always spoken rather bitterly of the House of Commons. Their daughter, whom I took in to dinner, is a very pretty girl of nineteen, with plenty to say for herself. She told me they were going to be in London for about three weeks in June and July, so I hope to see something of them. Besides the Penfolds there were Mr. and Mrs. Tolland; Mrs. Tolland in a green silk dress with more gold chains wound about various parts of her person than I ever saw on any other woman. Two officers of Chorkle's Volunteers were there with their wives, Major Wordoys, an enormous, red-whiskered man who doesn't think much, privately, of Chorkle's ability as a soldier, and Captain Yatman, a dapper little fellow, whose weakness it is to pretend to know all about smart Society in London.

Altogether there were twenty guests. Precisely at seven o'clock a bugle sounded on the landing outside the drawing-room to announce dinner. Everything in the Chorkle family is done by bugle-calls. They have *reveillé* at 7 A.M., the sergeants' call for the servants' dinner, and lights out at eleven o'clock every night. As soon as the call was finished, Chorkle went up to Lady Penfold. "Shall we march, Lady Penfold?" he said. "Sir Charles will bring up the rear with Mrs. C." And thus we went down-stairs.

The dinner was a most tremendous and wonderful entertainment, and must have lasted two hours, at the very least. There were two soups, three fishes, dozens of *entrées*, three or four joints—the mere memory of it is indigestive. The talk was almost entirely about local matters, the chief subject of discussion being the Mastership of the Foxhounds. The present Master is not going to keep them on, as he is a very old man, and everybody seems to want Sir Charles to take them, but he hangs back. Difficulties about the subscription, I fancy.

In the middle of dinner there was a fiendish row outside. I saw poor Mrs. Chorkle turn pale, while the Colonel got purple with fury, and upset his champagne as he turned to say something to the butler. Discovered afterwards that the disturbance was caused by two of the young Chorkles, who had got out of their bedrooms, and were lying in ambush for the dishes. Hobbes Leviathan Chorkle had carried off a dish of sweetbreads, for which Strafford Thorough Chorkle had expressed a liking. The result was, that Hobbes Leviathan got his head punched by Strafford Thorough, who then rubbed his face with sweetbread.

After dinner there was music, but not a whiff of tobacco.

Mother comes to open the Bazaar on Wednesday.

ASSISTED EDUCATION BILL.

MITRED MISERY.

June 6th.—Rather gratifying to find that my service to the Church—I don't mean Church Services—have at length been recognised. Just received intimation of my appointment to Bishopric of Richborough. How wild it *will* make my dear old friend, Canon Starbottle, to be sure! Well—I must accept it as a *call*, I suppose!

July. — Had no idea being made a Bishop was such an expensive business. No end of officials connected with Cathedral, all of whom demand their fee. After spending at least £500 in this way, found there was an additional fee of a hundred guineas for "induction into the temporalities." As there are *no* temporalities nowadays, this is simply extortion. Remarked so to the Dean, who replied (nastily, I think), "Oh, it's for the interest of the Church not to have *paupers* for Prelates." I retorted at once, rather ably, that "I could not conceive a better plan for bringing Prelates to pauperism than the exaction of extortionate fees at Installation." Dean replied, sneeringly, "Oh, if you don't value the honour, I suppose there's still time for you to resign." Resign, yes; but should I get back my five or six hundred pounds?

Next Year.—Strange, how I seem to be singled out for preferment. Am to be "translated," it seems, to diocese of Minchester. Can't very well refuse, but really am only just getting over drain on my purse last year owing to my accepting Bishopric *here*. And on inquiry, find that fees at Minchester much heavier than anywhere else! Is this really a call? Certainly a call on my pocket. And my family cost such a tremendous lot. And then I've had to do up the Palace, left by my predecessor in a perfectly *shocking* state of disrepair!

Later.—My worst apprehensions were realised! Fee for Consecration *huge!* Fee for Installation, *monstrous!* Fee for Investiture, a perfect *swindle!* Isn't there a song beginning "Promotion is vexation, Translation is as bad?" Translation is *worse!* Shall really have to consider whether there would be anything unepiscopal in negotiating a little loan, or effecting a mortgage on the Palace.

Year Later.—Have been offered vacant Archbishopric! No, thanks! Late Archbishop almost swamped by the fees, and *he* was a rich man. I am a poor man—thanks to recent preferments—and can't afford it. An Archbishop in the Bankruptcy Court would *not* look well. "His Grace attributed his position to expenses connected with the various Installation ceremonies, and offered a composition of one-and-sixpence in the pound, which was unanimously declined by the creditors." When *will* they do away with gate-money in the Church?

Some *savants* were the other day puzzling their heads to find a convenient and familiar word for the illumination produced by the electric spark. Surely it is *Edisunlight*.

"BEROOFEN!"

"WELL," quoth the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS, as he sat down to dinner on a Friday, a week ago, "I must say I have never, never been better in my life! Why, dear me, it is quite a year since I was ill!"

"*Beroofen!*" exclaimed an Italian Countess of dazzling beauty, at the same time rapping the table with one of the bejewelled forks which form part of the Baron's second-best dinner-service.

"Why '*Beroofen*'?" asked the Baron.

"It is a spell against the consequences of boasting," the lady explained. "My mother was a bit of a magician."

"And you, my dear Countess, are bewitching. Your health!" And, pledging her, the Baron drank off a bumper of Pommery '80 *très sec*, and laughed joyously at the notion of his rapping the table—all "table-rapping" being a past superstition, or supperstition when not at dinner,—and murmuring, "*Beroofen!*" And so he didn't do it. "*Beroofen*" never passed his lips: the champagne did; but not "*Beroofen*."

* * * * * *

"Ugh!—I feel so shivery-and-livery. Ugh!—so chilly. Here! Send for Dr. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA!" cried the Baron, clapping his hands, and a thousand ebon slaves bounded off to execute his commands. Had they not done so, they themselves might have suffered the fate intended for the commands, and have themselves been rapidly executed.

* * * *

"You 've got 'em," quoth Dr. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA.

"Not 'again'!" cried the Baron, surprised, never having had 'em before.

"No: the *phenomena*," said the Eminent Medico.

"Have I?" murmured the Baron, and sank down into his uneasy chair. It was an awful thing to have the Phenomena. It might have been the measles in Greek. Anything but that! Anything but *that!* But Dr. ROOSTEM explained that "*phenomena*" is not Greek for measles, though perhaps Phenomenon might be Greek for "one measle;" but this would be singular, very singular.

"I must tap you," continued the friend-in-need. "No—no—don't be alarmed. When I say 'tap,' I mean *sound* you."

Then he began the woodpecking business. In the character of Dr. Woodpecker he tapped at the hollow oak chest, sounded the Baron's heart of oak, pronounced him true to the core, whacked him, smacked him, insisted upon his calling out "Ninety-nine," in various tones, so that it sounded like a duet to the old words, without much of the tune—

"I'm ninety-nine,
I'm ninety-nine!"

the remainder of which the Baron had never heard, even in his earliest childhood.

So it was a quarter of an hour of inspiration, musical and poetic; and, at its expiration, Dr. MARK TAPLEY, as the Baron declared he must henceforth be called, announced that there was nothing for it but to make the Baron a close prisoner in his own castle, where he would have to live up to the mark, as if he were to be shown, a few months hence, at a prize cattle-show, among other Barons of Beef.

"Champagne Charley is your name, so is Turtle soup, so is succulent food, and plenty of it. Generally provision the fortress, and withstand the assaults of the enemy. If a bacillus creeps in through a loophole, knock him on the head with the best champagne at hand, and, if you're not worse in a day or two, you'll be better in a week! *Au revoir!*" *Exit* Dr. MARK TAPLEY.

* * * * * *

And so the Baron remained within, and sent for his books, and above all *One of Our Conquerors*, by "The GEO. M.," who is the CARLYLE of Novelists. The first volume was missing. In a few days it had returned. The first chapters, however, seemed still wandering. But the Baron was better, and could follow them slowly, though not without effort, wondering whither he was being led. When he arrives at Chapter VII., unless the novelist ceases to meander, the Baron will exclaim with *Hamlet*, "Speak! I'll go no further!" Yet, 'tis marvellous clever and entertaining withal.

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Perhaps there will be a vacation after this attack of Miss Influenza on the unfortunate Baron. Alas! for the present, it is *La Donna Influenza* who is "*One of Our Conquerors!*"

* * * * * *

This morning, after a fortnight of it, the Baron was about to announce that he was better, but at the outset he paused, corrected himself, and, tapping the breakfast-table with his fork, he exclaimed, "*Beroofen!*"

Moral.—Be quite sure you're out of the wood, though maybe you were never in it, and *even then* don't congratulate yourself. "Mumm" 's the word (so 's "Pommery" also by the way, not forgetting "Greno," all such being excellent Fizzic for the Epidemic), as to your state of health, and don't forget the charm——"*Beroofen!*"

SUMMER!

(*Sketched, in metrical spasms, by a Sufferer therefrom.*)

DAMP days,
Chill nights;
Morning haze,
Evening blights;
Grey skies,
Sodden earth;
Butterflies
Weak at birth;
Gloom over,
Grime under;
Soaked clover,
Hail, thunder;
Wind, wet,
Squelch, squash;
Gingham yet,
Mackintosh;
Lawns afloat,
Paths dirt;
Top-coat,
Flannel shirt;
Lilacs drenched,
Laburnums pallid;
Spirits quenched,
Souls squalid;
Tennis "off,"
Icy breeze;
Croak, cough,
Wheeze, sneeze;

Cramped cricket,
Arctic squall;
Drenched wicket,
Soaked ball;
Park a puddle,
Row a slough;

Muck, muddle,
Slush, snow;
Hay-fever
(No hay!)
Spoilt beaver,
Shoes asplay;
Lilies flopping,
Washed-out roses;

Eaves dropping,
Red noses;
Pools, splashes,
Spouts, spirts;
Swollen sashes,
Gutters, squirts;
Limp curls,
Splashed hose;
Pretty girls,
Damp shows;
Piled grates,
Cold shivers;
Aching pates,
Sluggish livers;
Morn cruel,
Eve a biter;
Hot gruel,
Sweet nitre;
Voice a creaky
Cracked cadenza,
Face "peaky,"
INFLUENZA!!!
Gloom growing,
Glum, glummer
Noses (*and nothing else*) blowing,—
That's Summer!

OPERATIC NOTES.

WE'RE quite the gay Frenchmen now at the Italian Opera: *Faust* in French, *Manon* in French, *Roméo et Juliette* in French, *Le Prophète* in French; American singers, and Dutch singers—for if Mr. VAN DYCK isn't as much a Double Dutchman as VANDERDECKEN or any other Van, except PICKFORD & Co.'s, then am I myself a Dutch native—and, by the way, I'm always equal to a dozen of 'em any time during the right and proper season. Not for many a long day and night has there been a better show at Covent Garden. Miss EAMES, the Brothers DE RESZKÉ, VAN DYCK, MELBA; the two RAVOGLI girls, specially GIULIA, as tuneful contralto; MAUREL, the cultured artist; SIBYL SANDERSON, the simple child of Nature: AGNES JANSON, with more sauce Hollandaise; marvellous MRAVINA for the French Queen, "with a song;" and, above all, Madame ALBANI, in tip-top voice, acting and singing better than ever.

Tuesday.—June 2 was a Diamond Night in front. H.R.H.'s present: Diamond Queens and Princesses of Society all on view. DRURIOLANUS, in his glory, beams on everyone.

Wednesday.—State Ball counter-attraction to Opera. Won't do to go in rumpled silks and satins, and drooping feathers, like hens after the rain, to a Court Ball. So Opera suffers; those present trying to look as if they had been invited to State Ball, but didn't care about going, or couldn't go, on account of recent family affliction. However, as DRURIOLANUS is reported to have appeared in full fig at State Ball, he couldn't expect others less interested in the performance than himself to cut the Court and come to the Opera. To-night, M. PLANCON as *Mephistopheles*, a thinner demon than Brother NED DE RESZKÉ, but *un bon diable tout de même*.

Friday Night.—Notable for excellent performance of *Rigoletto*, or The Little Duke and The Big Duck respectively personified by Signor RAVELLI and GIULIA RAVOGLI. Three "R"s in such a combination. Quite "*R's Poetica.*" Beg pardon.

"Tag" on the week,—if our friends in front are pleased as they appear to be, then DRURIOLANUS and Council—not the County, but the Covent Garden Council—are satisfied. *Curtain.*

HONEY-MOONING IN ITALY.

Fair American Bride. "OH, JOHN! TO THINK THAT PERHAPS VIRGINIUS STABBED HIS DAUGHTER ON THIS VERY SPOT, AND THAT JUST OVER THERE TULLIA DROVE OVER HER POOR FATHER'S DEAD BODY!"

John. "AH—VERY SAD—VERY SAD, INDEED! BUT, SAY, MATILDA, I GUESS WE'D BETTER LET BYGONES *BE* BYGONES. AND NOW LET'S GO AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE NEW POST-OFFICE."

THE ALARMED AUTOCRAT!

"The CZAR declared that he was determined to continue resolutely to the end the policy upon which he had entered, with a view to the solution of the Jewish difficulty, adding that it was the Jews themselves who had forced that policy upon him by their conduct . . . 'Down to the present time' (His Majesty remarked), 'there has never been a single Nihilistic plot in which Jews have not been concerned.'"—*The Times' Correspondent at Moscow.*

THE Great White CZAR he has put down his foot;
On the neck of the Hebrew that foot he will plant.
Can fear strike a CÆSAR—a Russian to boot?
Can a ROMANOFF stoop to mere cowardly cant?
Forbid it traditions of Muscovite pride!
An Autocrat's place is the Conqueror's car,
But he who that chariot in triumph would ride,
Must not earn a name as the White-livered CZAR!

No, no, scurril scribe, dip your pen in rose-pink,
Or the Censor's black blurr shall your slander efface
A CÆSAR turn sophist, an Autocrat shrink?
Pusillanimous spite mark the ROMANOFF race?
Too wholly absurd! What *is* this we have heard
Which on courtier spirits must painfully jar?
Who is he, this *mal à propos* "little bird"
Who twitters such tales of the White-livered CZAR?

The Wolf and the Lamb? We all know that old tale,
But the Wolf, though a tyrant, was scarcely a cur.
He bullied and lied, but he didn't turn pale,
Or need poltroon terror as cruelty's spur.
But a big, irresponsible, "fatherly" Prince
Afeared—of a Jew? 'Tis too funny by far!
The coldest of King-scorning cynics might wince
At that comic conception, a White-livered CZAR!

No; Russia is heaven, the CZAR is a saint,
And the poor "Ebrew Jew" is a troublesome pest;
But *is* he the thing to make CÆSAR go faint,
Or disturb an Imperial Autocrat's rest?
The Jew's all to blame—as a matter of course;
The weak and the weary invariably are;
But weakness on power harsh tyranny force?
That's an argument worthy a White-livered CZAR.

An Israelite meshed in a Nihilist plot
Is a pitiful picture. Ungrateful indeed
Is the poor Russian Jew, not content with *his* lot—
As a slave to the Slav. But expel the whole breed?
Apply that same rule to your subjects all round,
And one fancies you'll find it too sweeping by far.
The vast realm of Muscovy then might be found
A wilderness—save for the White-livered CZAR.

The pick of your people, the best of your blood,
Your purest of women, your bravest of men,
O CZAR, have they not, in despair's dusky mood,
Turned Nihilist, plotted, been banished? What then? [Jew;
Best banish *them all*, as you'd banish the
'Twill sweep your dominions more clear than red war. [you,
Picture Russia a waste with one resident—
Perched high—and alone—as the White-livered CZAR!

Maybe they malign you. It *cannot* be sooth
That you talk like an angry illogical girl.
Yes, banish the Hebrews, as wholly as ruth,
Be cold in your wrath as the Neva's chill swirl,
Snub friendly remonstrance, blunt satire's keen blade.
With a blot of black ink! Will it carry you far?
A CÆSAR must not be a fool or afraid;
There's no place in earth's round for a White-livered CZAR!

SAD FINISH.—We see advertised, "*George Meredith. A Study.* By HANNAH LYNCH." Poor GEORGE! "Taken from life," of course. There's an end of him! *Lynch'd!*

THE ALARMED AUTOCRAT!

Czar of All the Russias. "TAKE HIM AWAY!—TAKE HIM AWAY! HE *FRIGHTENS ME!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

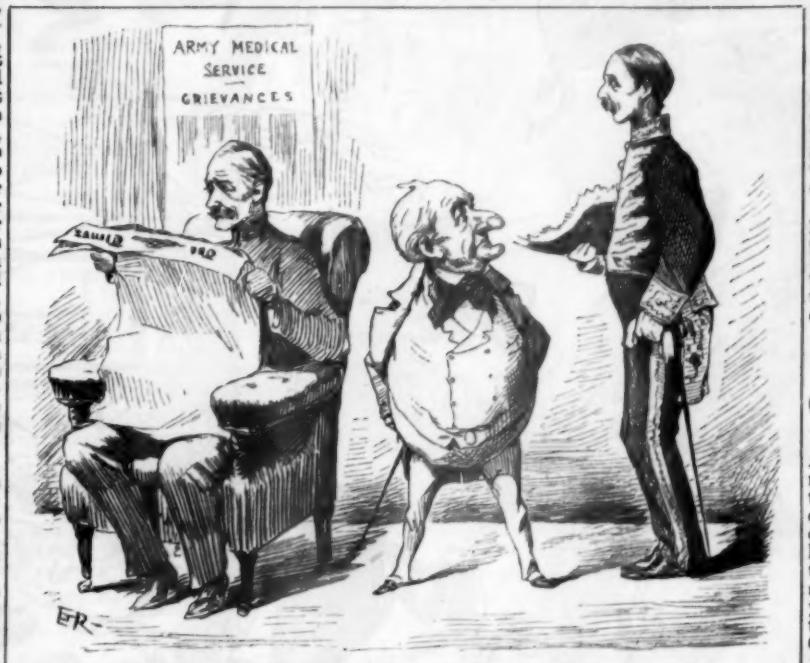
MESSRS. R. OSGOOD & Co. in advertising Miss SARAH ORNE JEWETT's book, *Strangers and Wayfarers*, quotes an extract from one of Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL's letters, which runs thus:—

"I remember once at a dinner of the Royal Academy, wishing there might be a toast in honour of the Little Masters, such as TENNIEL, DU MAURIER, and their fellows."

He "wished" it, but was the wish a silent one, or did it find expression in a speech? No matter: there are the Old Masters and the Young Masters, there are the Middle-Aged Masters; there are the Great Masters; and, according to Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL, there are "the Little Masters," without any middle term at all. "The Little Masters," like children in the nursery of Art, not admitted to dinner, but who come in afterwards for dessert. May they come in for their just deserts, as no doubt they will some day. Well, according to this Lowelly estimation of merit, these would be the Lesser Masters, and after them the No Masters at all, except perhaps the Toast-Masters. But why not follow a kind of public school classification which divides one form—of course all the artists belong to the very best form, and, like Sir FREDERICK the President, show the very best form — into several compartments, so that we should have in one form say, the Fifth, Upper Fifth, Middle Fifth, subdivided into Upper and Lower Middle, then Lower Fifth, with a similar subdivision? Orders of merit to be worn in the button-hole could then be distributed, and a new Order of the "B.P.", not "British Public," but "Brush and Pencil," could be instituted, to be entitled fully, "*The Masters of the Black and White Art.*"

In the *Fortnightly*, besides an article on the prevailing epidemic, by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., which finishes with much the sort of general advice that was given by *Mr. Justice Starleigh* to *Sam Weller*, to the effect that "You had better be careful, Sir," whoever you are, who read this short, but generally interesting paper. There is an anonymous paper on an imaginary election at the Royal Academy, noticeable only for an excellent imitation of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH's style. The Novelist is supposed to look in casually, and, finding an election imminent, he offers sage words of counsel, and then begs to be allowed to "float out of their orbit by a bowshot." It seems to me that the paper was written for the sake of this one short paragraph, which, as a close parody, is inimitable. *A Modern Idyll*, by the Editor, Mr. FRANK HARRIS, is, as far as this deponent is concerned, like the Rule of Three in the ancient Nursery Rhyme, for it "bothers me," and, though written with considerable dramatic power, yet it seems rather the foundation for a novel which the Author felt either disinclined to continue, or unable to finish.

ALTER HEGO (*in the Office of the B. de B.-W.*)



"(STAN)-HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE."

Mr. Punch (to War Secretary). "VERY WELL ON ACCOUNT; BUT WHEN IS HE TO HAVE HIS REWARD IN FULL, LIKE HIS BROTHERS OF THE COMBATANT BRANCH?"

THE TYRANTS OF THE STRAND!

(*Fragment from a Romance, Founded upon a Modern Strike.*)

IT was a dark and stormy night. The wind howled, the rain pelted, and the poor travellers were drenched to the skin. They shaded their eyes, and peered forth into the blackness to see if succour was at hand. Their strength was exhausted, and they felt they could go no further. Oh! what would they not have given to be once more on board the tight little craft they had abandoned! But no! it was not to be. They must seek for help from another quarter! Suddenly there emerged from the darkness a strange-looking structure, that with its lights seemed bent upon running them down. They signalled for help, and the grotesque vessel was hove to.

"What do you want?" asked a gruff voice, to their great delight, in English. "What are you a haling us for?"

"We are shipwrecked travellers," explained the spokesman of the party; "and we ask for conveyance to a place of safety."

"A place of safety—sounds like a cab-stand," muttered the other. "Well, jump in." Thus invited, the shipwrecked travellers entered what seemed to them to be a welcome harbour of refuge. But they had not proceeded far when the man who had already spoken to them again addressed them.

"Come—all of you—turn out—but first pay me," and then he mentioned a considerable sum of money.

"Have you no mercy?" cried a fair-haired girl, pointing to the white and rain-drenched locks of her ancient parents.

"Not a bit, Miss," returned the semi-savage, with a hideous grin.

"And who are you, rude man?" she asked, plucking up in her very despair some spirit. "Are you the Captain?"

"Much the same thing—I am called the Conductor."

"And what is the name of this dreadful conveyance?" again questioned the damsel, with a shuddering glance at what seemed to be a straw-strewn cabin.

"It is called," replied the man, defiantly, "the Pirate Bus!" On hearing this, the entire party uttered a despairing cry, and fainted!

THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND.

(*A Hint for the coming Holidays.*)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As we are within measurable distance of the time when everyone will be thinking of going abroad, perhaps you will allow me to make a practical suggestion. No doubt you will have observed that, according to the Correspondent of the *Times*, recounting the "recent railway outrage in Turkey," the Brigands "chose five of the most opulent-looking of their victims, and told them that they meant to hold them to ransom." I am not surprised at this occurrence, for something of the same sort once happened to me. I am very well to do, and I am fond of what I believe is vulgarly called "globe-trotting." I do not care to be encumbered with too much luggage, and if there is a thorn to the rose of my sweet content it is the objection that my wife makes to my personal appearance. She will have it that a suit of thoroughly comfortable dittos is not the proper garb for a stroll on the Boulevards des Italiens, or a lounge on the Piazza San Marco. As for my wide-awake, she declares (and I can assure you that I have not had it for more than ten years) it is absolutely disgraceful!

But to my story. I have said that I myself was once attacked by Brigands. Our train was stopped in strictly regulation fashion. I believe the customary number of engine-drivers, stokers, and guards were shot, or otherwise accounted for. Then the passengers were inspected. I was rather nervous, for, truth to tell, my pockets were lined with untold gold and notes. The Chief of the Brigands—a most gentlemanly person—glanced at my coat with a slight shudder of pain, and then raised his eyes to my head-gear. That seemed to satisfy him. "Set him free!" he cried to the two ruffians who guarded me, "and never let him see me again!" I never did!

Yours sincerely,

ONE WHO WAS SAVED BY HIS HAT.

The Retreat, Old Closeborough.

A POLITICAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE BUSMEN'S ALPHABET.

A is the Ache which the Drivers delay.
B is the Bus, which they're chained to all day.
C 's the poor Cad who is sick of his trade.
D is the Dividend that must be paid.
E 's the day's End, which finds him dead-beat.
F is the Food he has no time to eat.
G is his Good, for which nobody cares.
H is the Horse who so much better fares.
I 's the Increase in his pay that he waits,
J 's the fine Jump he'll soon take with his mates.
K is the Knife-board, which funds should provide.
L are the Ladies, who now go outside.
M is the Money that's earned every day.
N the New lines, that they start, and make pay.
O Opposition, they speedily chase.
P is the Public that fills every place.
Q is the Question, that hints at Reform.
R the Reply, that soon raises a storm.
S the Shareholder, blind in his greed.
T is the Tension which he'd better heed.
U 's the Upset he won't certainly like.
V's the Vigorous Vengeance of strike.
W Wisdom that comes somewhat late.
X Express Action which may avert Fate!
Y, Yell triumphal, the men win the day.
Z —"Zounds!" which is all Directors can say.

BENDIGO.

[A Monument to BENDIGO, the famous prize-fighter, has been lately erected at Nottingham.]

Old Prize-fighter soliloquises:—

IF ever to the "Pelican" alone or with a friend I go,
I sigh for men of muscle who could fight a fight like BENDIGO. [chattering,
He didn't fight in feather-beds, or spend his days in
But faced his man, and battered him, or took his foeman's battering. [all;
He didn't deal in gas, or waste his time in mere retort at
But now the "pugs" are interviewed, and journalists report it all.
A man may call it what he will, brutality or bravery,
I'd rather have the prize-ring back than give a purse to knavery. [in allotting 'em;
Knaves fight for points, the audience shouts and wrangles
I hate their fancy-work, I'm off to take the train to Nottingham. [mend, I go
I like a Man; though modern men and modern manners
To drop a last regretful tear o'er poor departed BENDIGO.

GENTLE SARCASM.

"YESSIR; I GITS 'OME FROM MY LAST JOURNEY AT MIDNIGHT,—AN' THEN I 'AS THE *REST* OF THE HAVENIN' TO *MYSELF!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 1.—House of Commons, as usual at this time of Session, driven against wall in its struggles with appointed work. With brief recesses, been at work since November last. One thing everyone insists on is that Prorogation shall take place at end of July. Difficult to see how even by most masterly management that can be accomplished. Apart from Education Bill, enough work in hand, if Supply be fairly dealt with, to carry us on to last week in July. Every moment precious; every quarter of an hour lost an irretrievable misfortune.

Accordingly, to-day, meeting in the freshness and vigour of new week, House takes up a local Bill dealing with pilotage in Bristol Channel. Two or three Members talk about it for hour and a half. House neither knowing nor caring anything on subject, empties; Division bell sounds through all the rooms and corridors. How is a man to vote when the question abruptly submitted is, "That the Pilotage Provisional Orders No. 1 Bill be now read a Second Time?" Still, it's as well to vote, as it runs up average attendance on Divisions, at which at election times constituents sometimes glance. Fortunately, in this case, MICHAEL BEACH, as one of Members for Bristol, took part in Debate and Division. As useful this as sign-post to belated traveller at four cross-roads. Conservatives and Liberals crowded at Bar keep their eye on President of Board of Trade, watching which way he would go. He led the way into the "Aye" lobby. Thither followed him all the Conservatives, all the Liberals trooping into the "No" lobby. When Noses were counted, it was found that 165 voted "Aye," 119 "No." And thus it came to pass that the Pilotage Provisional Order No. 1 Bill was read a Second Time.

One gathered from chance expressions, and especially from the interest taken in the affair by Members for City of Bristol, that Bristol had special interest in the Bill. In addition to MICHAEL BEACH's support, WESTON on Liberal side, HILL on Conservative Benches, supported Second Reading. Sinking political differences, Member for East Bristol, and Member for South Bristol, agreed upon plan of campaign.

"You, WESTON," said Colonel HILL, who, having obtained his military rank in the peaceful pursuits of commercial shipping, is a master of strategy, "speak so low that they can't hear a word you say, whilst I, concealing a miniature speaking-trumpet in my mouth, will roar at them as if a stout North-Easter were blowing through the lanyards of our first battalion, deployed in open order."

Tactics succeeded admirably. Sir JOSEPH WESTON, a mild, aldermanic person, presented himself from quarter behind Front Opposition Bench, and, to all appearances, delivered an admirable address. His lips moved, his right hand marked the rhythm of his ordered speech; now his eyes flashed in reprobation, and anon smiled approval. But not a sound, save a soft murmur, as of distant dripping waterfall, was heard. *L'Enfant Prodigue* wasn't in it for successful pantomime.

When the movement stopped, and the Alderman was discovered to be sitting down, the martial-nautical HILL sprang up from Bench on other side, and the stillness was broken by a rasping voice, that woke DICKY TEMPLE out of his early slumber. The strategy, cleverly conceived, was admirably carried out, and Bristol, thanks to diversified talent of its Members, got its Bill. Only it seemed a pity that an hour and a half of precious public time should incidentally have been appropriated.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in report stage.

Tuesday.—House of Lords the scene of a thrilling performance tonight. Usually meets for business at half-past four. On Tuesdays, in order to give Noble Lords opportunity for preparing for exhaustive labours, public business does not commence till half-past five.

Punctually at that hour, a solitary pedestrian might have been observed walking up the floor of the historic Chamber. A flowing gown hid, without entirely concealing, his graceful figure; a full-bottomed wig crowned his stately head, as the everlasting snows veil the lofty heights of the Himalayas. He looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, but with swinging stride strode forward. At the end of the Chamber stood the Throne of England, on which, in days gone by, HARCOURT's Plantagenet fathers sat, and in which some day—who knows?—the portly frame of him who now proudly bears the humble title, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, may recline.

But that is another story. The gowned-and-wigged figure observed walking up the floor of the House of Lords at half-past five on a June evening, was not making for the Throne. Before that piece of furniture stood a bench, in appearance something like the familiar ottoman of the suburban drawing-room. It was the Woolsack, and the *svelte* figure, swinging towards it with the easy stride of superlative grace and comparative youth, was the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR! Before him, at respectful distance, went his Purse-bearer, ready to produce the wherewithal should his Lordship desire a pick-me-up by the way. Behind him came the Mace-bearer, and, a foot further in the rear, Black Rod.

"Accommodated with a Seat."

Odsfakins! a stately procession, which ought to have been set in the centre of an admiring multitude. But the LORD CHANCELLOR's springy footfall echoed through an almost empty chamber. DENMAN was faithful at his post, ready to move that some Bill be read a Second Time on that day nine months. Here and there, on widely severed benches, perched a Peer, whilst from the Gallery, where he had been accommodated with a seat, the smiling mobile face of Mr. Justice DAY peered forth. He had just looked in on his way home from the Courts, interested in a scene where some day he may take his place as Brother BRAMWELL and Brother COLERIDGE have done.

The keen eyes of the great LORD CHANCELLOR flashed round the chilling scene. Clerk at the table mumbled something about Provisional Orders.

"Those that are of that opinion say 'Content,'" observed the LORD CHANCELLOR. "Contrary, 'Not Content;' the Contents have it. This House will now adjourn."

Then uprose the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, and with the same stately swinging step, moved towards the doorway, with the Purse-bearer, the Mace-bearer, and Black Rod in his train. It was twenty-five minutes to Six; full five minutes had elapsed since the House of Lords met. Now House of Lords had adjourned, and the throbbing pulses of an Empire on which the sun never sets beat with steadier motion, knowing that all was well. *Business done.*—House of Lords adjourned.

Thursday.—Rather a painful scene just now between PRINCE ARTHUR and the SQUIRE of MALWOOD. T. W. RUSSELL proposed new Clause on Irish Land Bill, which provided for reinstatement of evicted tenants; received with general applause, and finally agreed to. In the midst of general congratulations and shaking hands, the SQUIRE lounged in, and with many back-handed slaps at the Government, added his approval to the general chorus. The Ministry were hopelessly bad, but this clause, though proposed by a supporter of theirs, was moderately good.

Balfour, Q.C.

"Singular thing," said Prince ARTHUR, in meditative tone, as if he were talking to himself, "that the Right Hon. Gentleman can never interfere in debate, however far removed the subject may be from the arena of Party Politics, without forthwith dragging it into the arena."

"That," said BALFOUR, Q.C., who chanced to be on the Front Opposition Bench, "is a striking example of the misapprehension under which acute minds occasionally labour. I have known my Right Hon. friend for many years; we have sat on this Bench together in Opposition, and have worked in the same Ministry, and I confess it is a little shocking to me to hear him accused of tendency to enter upon controversial topics. I am myself a man of peace, and do not readily assume an attitude of reproof; but, as Mr. HENRY ARTHUR WILSON said when he stood over the improvised Baccarat-table with a piece of chalk in his hand, the line must be drawn somewhere, and I am inclined to rule it at the place where my friend HARCOURT is accused of wilfully and designedly disturbing the Parliamentary peace." *Business done.*—Still on the Land Bill.

Friday Night.—Still grinding away at the report stage of Land Bill; don't get any forrader; been at it a week, and to-night just as many Amendments on the paper as there were on Monday. All night upon a single new Clause. Everybody wearied to death. Even WINDBAG SEXTON a little moody; not had such a good night as usual; the debate lasting throughout sitting, and, there being only one Motion before the House, SEXTON (with the SPEAKER in the Chair) could speak only once; that he did, at considerable length. But a poor consolation for lost opportunity.

Congratulated the suffering SPEAKER on this accident; pointed out to him things were bad enough; but might be worse.

"I suppose, TOBY," he said, "you never read PRIOR? Haven't looked him up for many years; but, sitting here through this week, there is one couplet—from his *Solomon*, I think—ever running through my mind:—

'ABRA was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I call'd another, ABRA came.'

Just like SEXTON."

Business done.—One Clause added to Land Bill.

"GREY APES OF AGE."

"GREY hair is fashionable for the youthful,"
Says a Mode oracle acknowledged truthful.
Strange that Society should have a rage
For that anomaly—artificial Age!
Dust on their heads our pretty women toss,
Just to deprive it of its pristine gloss.
Make ashen-white your eyebrows, there, and lashes,
Precocious hags! The world's but dust and ashes.
Wrinkles and crowsfeet next must have their turn
(To limn them in let toilette artists learn),
Then make each *belle* bald, scraggy-necked and toothless,
Grey hair alone won't make Society youthless.
Let *belles* turn beldams if they find it jolly,
But they might be consistent in their folly!

MUSICAL, THEATRICAL, AND JUDICIAL.—The *Daily Telegraph*, quoting from the *Middlesex County Times*, last Saturday, stated that, "*The* LORD CHANCELLOR had added the name of Mr. W. S. GILBERT, *Poet and Dramatist, to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Middlesex.*" So is it said that another "W. S.," one WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—who, by the way, also had a GILBERT in the family—was, in his latter years, made a J.P." Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE GILBERT—if he will kindly allow us so to style him, as uniting the qualities of poet and dramatist—should receive a special and peculiar title. Let him, then, be henceforth known as "The Poetic Justice of the Piece."

THE "HIRED PRIEST."

[Mr. GLADSTONE says, "If the priest is to live, he must beg, earn, or steal."]

Now, here's a needy Vicar; who will hire him? He can preach,
Can confute a host of infidels and crush them with a text.
If a Sunday school is started, he's the very man to teach,
If you snub him he may hate it, but he'll never show he's vexed.
He can spend his days in visiting the alleys and the slums,
And support his own existence, and his family's, on crumbs.

Come, come, Sir, you are generous. What! eighty pounds a year?
It's a fortune for a Vicar; I am sure he won't refuse.
Why it's sixteen hundred shillings, he will take it, never fear;
For though priests are scarcely beggars, yet they can't afford to choose.
He hasn't got a single vice; I'll guarantee him sound,
And he'll make a crown go farther than an ordinary pound.

And here we have a Bishop; we don't do things by halves;
He requires a roomy palace, he is sturdy, stout and tall.
You can have him as he stands, Sir, with his gaiters and his calves;
Five thousand hires the Bishop, apron, appetite and all.
What? You much prefer the Vicar with his collar and his tie?
And you'd rather pay him extra? Here's your health, Sir; so would I.

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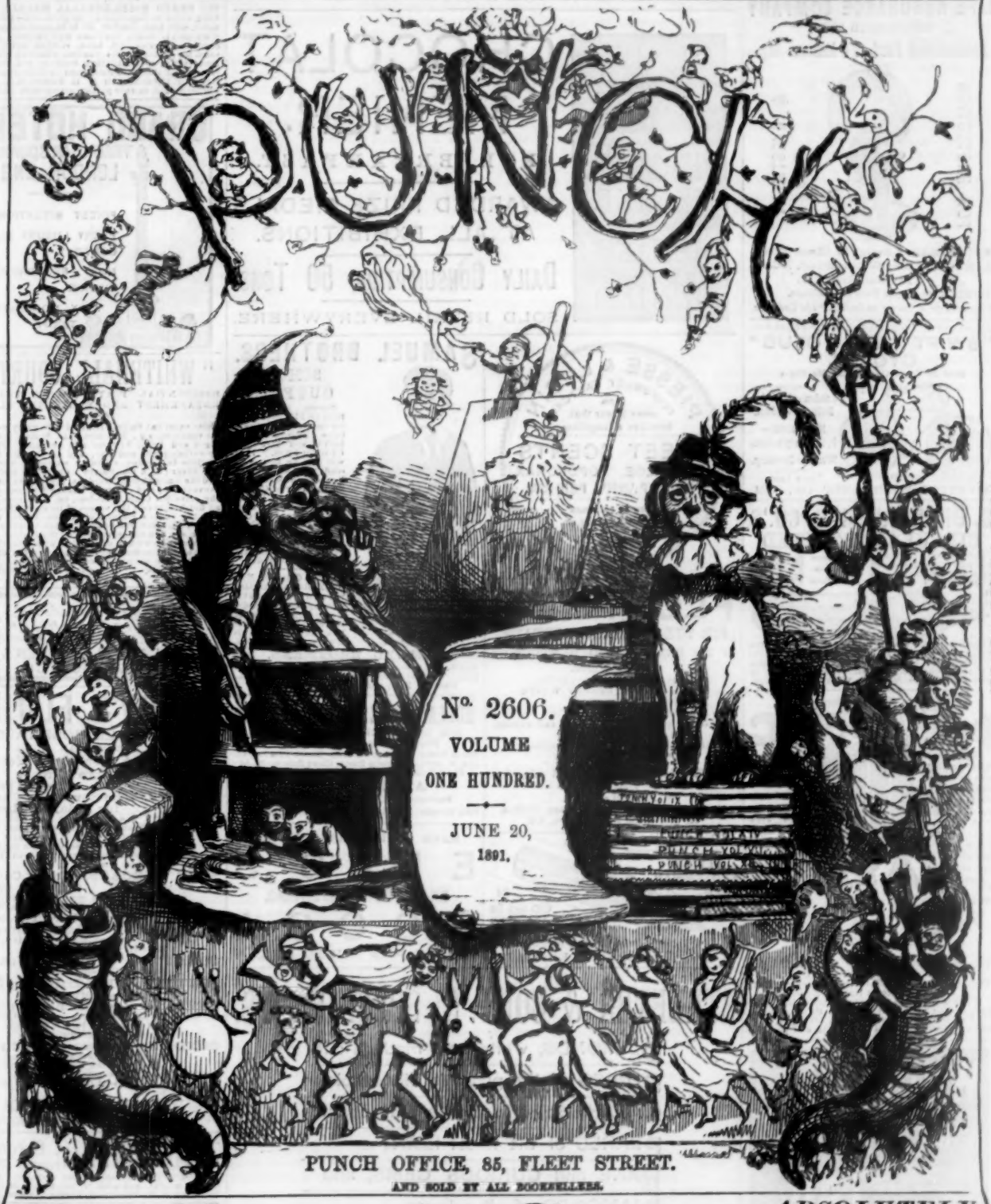

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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and
Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world. 2s. 6d. per bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,
Put up in glass jars. Price 1s.
Prepared only by
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USED IN ALL HOSPITALS.
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"I find the Condy and cold water gargle excellent, many cases being cured immediately."—Dr. T. W. Harris.
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TOO FAT. Dr. Gordon's Elegant Pills
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to Dr. Gordon, 16, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.

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20s. per doz. in Cases as imported.
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ON THE RIVER.

A LIGHT canoe, a box of cigarettes,
Sunshine and shade;
A conscience free from love or money debts
To man or maid;

A book of verses, tender, quaint, or gay,
DOBSON or LANG;
Trim yew-girt gardens, echoing the day
When HERRICK sang;

A Thames-side Inn, a salad, and some fruit,
Beaune or Hochheimer;—
Are simple joys, but admirably suit
An idle rhymer.

A 'BUS 'OSS'S MEMS.

(*Kept during a recent Social Crisis.*)

Saturday, June 6, 11 P.M.—Home after our last turn. Fancy from several drinks had on the way, and the pace we had to put into that last mile and a half, that something's up. Turned into stall nice and comfortable, as usual.

Sunday.—Something is up with a vengeance. Hoorooh! We're on strike. I don't know the rights of it, nor don't care, as long as I have my bit of straw to roll in, and a good feed twice a day. I wonder, by the way, if the fellow who looks after my oats is "off." Past feeding time. Feel uneasy about it. Hang it all, I would rather work for *my* living, than be tied up here doing nothing without a feed! Ha! here he is, thank goodness, at last. However, better late than never. Capital fun this strike.

Monday.—Am sent out in a loyal omnibus. Hooted at and frightened with brickbats. Felt half inclined to shy. Hallos! what's this? Hit on the ribs with a paving-stone. Come, I won't stand this. Kick and back the 'bus on to the pavement. All the windows smashed by Company's men. Passengers get out. Somebody cuts the traces, and I allow myself to be led back to the stables. Don't care about this sort of fun. However, feed all right.

Tuesday.—Hear that the men want thirteen and sixpence a day and a seven hours' turn. Directors offer five and sixpence, and make the minimum seventeen hours. Go it, my hearties! Fight away! Who cares? You must feed *me*, that's quite certain. Still I don't care about being cooped up here all day. Nasty feeling of puffiness about the knees. Hang the strike!

Wednesday.—Puffiness worse. Vet. looks in and says I want exercise. Take a bolus and am walked for half an hour or so up and down some back-streets. Bless them!—that ain't no good.

Thursday.—Puffiness worse, of course. Bother it all, being shut up here! What wouldn't I give just for a sight of dear old Piccadilly! The fact is, if they don't soon let me have my run from King's Cross to Putney, I shall "bust up"—and that's a fact. I feel it.

Friday.—Ah, they may well come to terms! Another day of this, and I believe I should have been off the hooks "for ever and for aye." It's all very well for Capital and Labour to get at loggerheads, but, as DUCROW said, they must cut all their disputes short if they wish to save anything of their business, and look sharp, and "come to the 'osses."

Saturday, 13th.—Strike over! We shall have to be in harness again on Monday, and not a day too soon, in the interests of the men, the Directors, the Public; and, last, but by no means least, specially that of "the 'osses."

IN MEMORIAM.

"OLD TO-MORROW."

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, LATE PREMIER OF CANADA.

PUNCH sympathises with Canadian sorrow
For him known lovingly as "OLD TO-MORROW." [day,
Hail to "the Chieftain!" He lies mute to-
But Fame still speaks for him, and shall for aye. [SPEARE sighs.
"To-morrow—and to-morrow!" SHAK-
So runs the round of time! Man lives and dies.
But death comes not with mere surcease of breath
To such as him. "The road to dusty death"
Not "all his yesterdays" have lighted. Nay!
Canada's "OLD TO-MORROW" lives to-day
In unforgetting hearts, and nothing fears
The long to-morrow of the coming years.

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

Billsbury, Wednesday, May 28th.—Great doings here to-day. For weeks past all the Conservative Ladies of Billsbury have been hard at work, knitting, sewing, painting, embroidering, patching, quilting, crocheting, and Heaven knows what besides, for the Bazaar in aid of the Conservative Young Men's Club and Coffee-Room Sustentation Fund. You couldn't call at any house in Billsbury without being nearly smothered in heaps of fancy-work of every kind. When I was at the PENFOLDS' on Monday afternoon, the drawing-room was simply littered with bonnets and hats, none of them much larger than a crown piece, which Miss PENFOLD had been constructing. She tried several of them on, in order to get my opinion as to their merits. She looked very pretty in one of them, a cunning arrangement of forget-me-nots and tiny scraps of pink ribbon. Mother promised some time ago to open the Bazaar, though she assured me she had never done such a thing before, and added that I must be sure to see that the doors moved easily, as new doors were so apt to stick, and she didn't know what she should do if she had to struggle over the opening. I comforted her by telling her she would only have to say a few brief words on a platform, declaring the Bazaar open. For the last week I have had a letter from her by absolutely every post, sending draft speeches for my approval. After much consideration I selected one of these, which I returned to her. I heard from home that she was very busily occupied for some time in learning it by heart. When cook came for orders in the morning, she was forced to listen while Mother said over the speech to her. Cook was good enough to express a high opinion of its beauties.

Yesterday evening Mother arrived, with the usual enormous amount of luggage, including the inevitable *Carlo*. After dinner I heard her repeat the speech, which went off very well. This is it:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am so pleased to be here to-day, and to have the opportunity of helping the dear Conservative cause in Billsbury. I am sure you are all so anxious to buy as many of these lovely things as you can, and I therefore lose no time in declaring the Bazaar open." Simple, but efficient.

The opening to-day was fixed for 2 30, the Bazaar being held in the large room of the Assembly Rooms, which had been arranged to represent an Old English Village. At one o'clock Colonel and Mrs. CHORKLE, Alderman and Mrs. TOLLAND, and one or two others, lunched with us, and afterwards we all drove off together in a procession of carriages. I insisted on *Carlo* being left behind, locked up in Mother's bed-room, with a dish of bones to comfort him, and an old dress of Mother's to lie on. That old dress has been devoted to *Carlo* for the last two years, and no amount of persuasion will induce *Carlo* to take another instead. We tried him with a much better one a short time ago, but he was furious, tore it to ribbons and refused his food until his old disreputable dress had been restored to him.

The Bazaar proceedings began with a short prayer delivered by the Bishop of BRITISH GUIANA, an old Billsbury Grammar-School boy, who was appointed to the bishopric a month ago. Everybody is making a tremendous fuss about him here of course. As soon as the prayer was over, Colonel CHORKLE rose and made what he would call one of his "'appiest hefforts." The influence of lovely woman, Conservative principles, devotion to the Throne, the interests of the Conservative Young Men's Sustentation Fund, all mixed up together like a hasty pudding. Then came the moment for Mother. First, however, WILLIAMINA HENRIETTA SMITH CHORKLE had to be removed outside for causing a disturbance. Her father's speech so deeply affected this intelligent infant, who had come under the protection of her nurse, that she burst out into a loud yell and refused to be comforted. The Colonel's face was a study—a mixture of drum-head Courts-martial and Gatling guns. Mother got through with her little speech all right. As a matter of fact she read it straight off a sheet of paper, having finally decided that her memory was too treacherous. We both set to work and bought an incredible amount of things. After half an hour I found myself in possession of six bonnets made by Miss PENFOLD, three knitted waistcoats, four hand-painted screens, two tea-tables also hand-painted, a lady's work-basket, three fancy shawls, a set of glass studs and a double perambulator, which I won in a raffle. Mother got three dog-collars, a set of shaving materials (won in a raffle), two writing cases, five fans, two pictures by a local artist, four paper-knives, two carved cigar-boxes, a set of tea things, and five worked table-covers.

When we got back, we found that *Carlo* had nearly gnawed his way through the bed-room door, and was growling horribly at the boots and the chambermaid through the key-hole. Charming dog!

Simian Talk.

PROFESSOR GARNERS, in the *New Review*
Tells us that "Apes can talk." *That's* nothing new;
Reading much "Simian" literary rot,
One only wishes that our "Apes" could *not!*

THE NEW TALE OF A TUB; OR, THE NOT-AT-HOME SECRETARY AND THE LAUNDRESSES.

"CAN'T SEE YOU NOW, I'M WASHING—MYSELF."

"The Women are crying out for the protection of the Factory Acts, which has hitherto been denied them, and which the Home Secretary declines to pledge the Government to support."—*Daily Telegraph, Friday, June 12th.*

London Laundry-woman, to her Tub-mate, loquitur :—

THEY tell us the Tub is humanity's friend, and that Cleanliness is of closest kin
To all things good. By the newest gospel 'tis held that Dirt is the friend of Sin.

Well, I'm not so sure that the world's far wrong in that Worship of Washing that's all the rage;
But we, its priestesses, sure might claim a cleanly life and a decent wage!

Listen, BET, from your comfortless seat on the turned-up pail,—if you've got the time;
Isn't it queer that Society's cleansers must pass their lives amidst muck and grime? ["swell" and sweet,
Spotless flannels no doubt are nice—and snowy linen is
But steaming reek is around our heads, and trickling foulness about our feet.

If the dainty ladies whose linen we lave, we laundress drudges, could look in *here*,
Wouldn't their feet shrink back with sickness, and wouldn't their faces go pale with fear?
White, well-ironed, all sheen and sweetness, that linen looks when it leaves our hands;
But they little think of the sodden squalor that marks the den where the laundress stands.

Scrub, scrub, scrub, at the reeking tub, for eighteen hours at a stretch, perchance,
Till our bowed backs ache, and our knuckles smart, and the lights through the steam like spectres dance;
Ankle-deep in the watery sludge, where the tile is loose or the drainage blocked!
Oh, I haven't a doubt that the dainty dames—if they only knew!—would be sorely shocked.

Typhoid! Terribly menacing word, the whisper of which would destroy our trade;
But dirt, and damp, and defective drainage will raise that ghost on a world afraid;
And at thirty years our strength is sapped by insidious siege of the stifling fume, [fort such life illume.
Or what if we linger a little longer? Scant rays of com-

Grievances, BET? Well, I make no doubt that the world of idlers is sorely sick
Of the moans and groans of the likes of us. When the whip, the needle, the spade, the pick,
Are all on strike for a higher wage, 'tis a worry, of course, to the well-to-do, [official to me and you.
And a sleek Home-Sec. must "decline to pledge" support

Of course, of course! Who are we, my dear, to bother the big-wigs and stir their bile?
Why, it 's all along of our "discontent," and the Agitator's insidious guile. [sided pacts,
But Labour, BET, is agog just now to revise the old one-
And even a Laundress may have an eye to the benefit of the Factory Acts.

Those bad, bad 'Busmen, BET my girl, claim shorter hours, and a longer pay; [we women not have our say
Just think of such for the Slaves of the Tub! Why should
In the Park o' Sunday, like like DAN the Docker, or TOM the Tailor, or WILL the "Whip"?
The Tub and the Ironing-board appear to have got a chance—which they mustn't let slip:

An Object Lesson in Laundress Labour, may move the callous and shame the quiz.
We dream of "Washing as well it might be"; we'll show them "Washing as now it is."
We know it, BET, in the sodden wet and the choking fume; with the aching back,
The long, long hours, and the typhoid taint, the inverted pail and the hurried snack.

There may—who knows?—be hope for us yet, for you and me, BET! Just think o' that!
Oh, I know it is hard to believe it, my girl. The Sweater's strong, and appeal falls flat [against us go;
On official ears; and fine-lady fears, and household hurry
But "evil is wrought by want of thought," says some poet, I think;—so we'll let them *know!*

Ah! snowy sheets and sweet lavender scent of the dear old days in my village home!
The breadths of linen a-bleach on the grass! How little I thought that to this I'd come
Grand ladies of old to their laundry looked, and the tubs were white, and the presses fair;
Now we cleansers clean in the midst of dirt, in a dank, dark den, with a noisome air.

Sometimes I dream till the clouds of steam take the shadowy form of a spectral thing,
A tyrant terror that threatens our lives, whilst we rub and scrub, whilst we rinse and wring.
Well, cheer up, BET, girl, stiffen your lip, and straighten your back. You have finished your grub,
So to work once more; if our champions score, we *may* find a new end to this Tale of a Tub!

A CURE FOR INFLUENZA.

Major O'Gourmand. "SURE, ME DOCTHOR SAID A GLASS OR TWO OF DRY CHAMPAGNE'LL DO ME GOOD! BEGORRAH, THE BOTTLE'S DRY ENOUGH BY THIS TIME!"

STRIKING INTELLIGENCE.—A Page from a Londoner's Diary.

Sunday.—Can scarcely believe the news! What, no omnibuses! A strike! What *shall* we do? Fortunately always go to church on foot, so no loss in that. Then subsequent parade in the Park—don't require an omnibus for that, either. At the end of the day, can say that, take one thing with another, state of affairs more comfortable than might have been anticipated.

Monday.—Dreaded continuance of strike, but found, practically, little inconvenience. Had to walk to the office, and enjoyed the promenade immensely. Had no idea that a stroll along the Embankment was so delightful. After all, one can exist without omnibuses—at least, for a time.

Tuesday.—Find that people who were at their wits' end at the mere suggestion of a strike, are becoming reconciled to the situation. Streets certainly pleasanter without the omnibuses. Great, lumbering conveyances, filling up the road, and stopping the traffic! London looks twice as well without them! Tradesmen, too, say that the shops are just as well attended now as when the two great Companies were in full swing.

Wednesday.—Can't see what the omnibus people (both sides—Directors and *employés*) are quarrelling about. No matter of mine, and the Public are only too glad for a chance of a good walk. Fifty per cent. better since I have been obliged to give up the morning 'bus. Asked to-day to contribute something in support of the strikers. Certainly not, the longer the strike lasts the worse for the Public.

Thursday.—Really the present state of affairs is delightful. I have to thank the deadlock for teaching me to patronise the river steamboats. Pleasant journey from Vauxhall to the Temple for a penny! No idea that the Thames was so pretty at Westminster. View of the Houses of Parliament and the Embankment capital.

Friday.—Strike continues. Well I do not complain. Hired a hansom and find that considering the cab takes you up to door, it is really cheaper in the long run. If you use an omnibus, you get jolted, and run a chance of smashing your hat. If it rains you get splashed and having to finish your journey on foot, you might just as well have walked the whole way.

Saturday.—Strike arranged to cease on Monday! This is too much! Just as we were getting comfortable, all the disgusting lumbering old omnibuses are to come back again! It ought not to be allowed. Asked to-day to contribute something in support of the strikers. Certainly, the longer the strike lasts the better for the Public.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?!!

First Slender Invalid. "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT A BEASTLY THING THIS INFLUENZA IS, EH! I'M JUST GETTING OVER IT."

His Wasting Friend. "AH! YOU'RE RIGHT, MY BOY! I'VE HAD IT TOO, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, IT *PULLS A FELLOW DOWN* SO FEARFULLY!!"

EXPLANATIONS À LA MODE.

(*A Prophetic Forecast, by a Professional Pessimist.*)

1891. The Leader of the House explains, in answer to a question, that no understanding exists between England and any Foreign country. No treaty is in contemplation, and never has been suggested on either side.

1892. The Government repeats that England is absolutely free from any international engagements. It must not be thought for a moment that a single battalion will be moved, or a solitary vessel dispatched abroad with warlike intentions.

1893. The Representative of the Cabinet once more denies the suggestion that, under any consideration whatever, will England bind herself to accept European responsibility. This has been said constantly for the last three years, and the Representative of the Cabinet is not only surprised but pained at these frequent and embarrassing interrogations.

1894. Once more, and for the last time, the PREMIER insists that whatever may happen abroad, England will be free from interference. It has been the policy of this great country for the last four years to steer clear of all embarrassing international complications. The other Great Powers are perfectly aware that, under no circumstances whatever, will our Army and Fleet be employed in taking part in the quarrels of our neighbours. The entire Cabinet are grieved at questions so frequently put to them—questions that are not only disquieting abroad, but a slur upon the intentions of men whose sole duty is the safety and peace of the British Empire.

1895. General European War—England in the midst of it!

VOCES POPULI.

BEFORE THE MECHANICAL MODELS.

A SKETCH AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

SCENE—*The Grounds. A string of Sightseers discovered passing slowly in front of a row of glazed cases containing small mechanical figures, which are set in motion in the usual manner.*

BEFORE A SCENE REPRESENTING A DYING CHILD.

A Gallant Swain. That's the kid in bed, yer see. Like to see it die, POLLY, eh? A penny does it.

Polly (*with a giggle*). Well, if it ain't *too* 'arrowing. (*The penny is dropped in, and the mechanical mother is instantly agitated by the deepest maternal anxiety.*) That's the mother kneeling by the bed, I suppose—she do pray natural. There's the child waking up—see, it's moving its 'ed. (*The little doll raises itself in bed, and then falls back lifeless.*) Ah, it's gone—look at the poor mother 'idin' her face.

The G. S. Well, it's all over. Come along and see something more cheerful.

Polly. Wait a bit—it isn't 'alf over yet. There's a angel got to come and carry her away fust—there, the door's opening, that'll be the angel come for it, I expect. (*Disappointed.*) No, it's only the doctor. (*A jerky and obviously incompetent little medical practitioner puts his head in at the door, and on being motioned back by the bereaved mother, retires with more delicacy than might have been expected.*) Well, he might ha' seen for himself if the child *was* dead! (*The back of the bed disappears, disclosing a well-known picture of an angel flying upwards with a child.*) I did think they'd have a real angel, and not only a picture of one, and anyone can see it's a different child—there's the child in bed just the same. I call that a take-in!

The G. S. I dunno what more you expect for a penny.

A Person on the Outskirts (*eagerly to Friend*). What happened? What is it? I couldn't make it out over all the people's shoulders.

His Friend. Dying child—not half bad either. You go and put in a penny, and you'll see it well enough.

The P. on the O. (*indignantly*). What, put in a penny for such rubbish? Not me!

[*He hangs about till someone else provides the necessary coin.*

A Softhearted Female. No, I couldn't stand there and look on. I never *can* bear them pathetic subjects. I felt just the same with that picture of the Sick Child at the Academy, you know. (*Meditatively.*) And you don't have to put a penny in for *that*, either.

BEFORE ANOTHER BEDROOM SCENE REPRESENTING "THE DRUNKARD'S DELIRIUM."

First Woman. That's 'im in bed, with the bottle in his 'and. He likes to take his liquor comfortable, *he* do.

Second Woman. He's very neat and tidy, considerin', ain't he? I wonder what his delirium is like. 'Ere, ROSY, come and put your penny in as the gentleman give yer. (ROSY, *aged six, sacrifices her penny, under protest.*) Now, you look—you can't think what pretty things you'll see.

[*The little wooden drunkard sits up, applies the bottle to his mouth, and sinks back contentedly; a demon, painted a pleasing blue, rises slowly by his bed-side; the drunkard takes a languid interest in him; the demon sinks.*

A Gentleman with a bloated complexion (*critically*). 'Oever did that—well, I dessay he's a very clever man, but—(*compassionately*)—he don't know much about 'orrors, *he* don't!

A Facetious Friend. You could ha' told him a thing or two, eh, JIM?

The Bloated Gentleman (*contemptuously*). Well, if I never 'ad them wuss than *that!*

[*A small skeleton, in a shroud, looks in at the door.*

The F. F. 'Ullo, 'ere's the King o' Terrors for yer! (ROSY *shows signs of uneasiness; a blue demon comes out of a cupboard.*) 'Ere's another of 'em—quite a little party he's 'aving!

A Gentleman, in a white tie (*as the machinery stops*). Well, a thing like this does more real good than many a temperance tract.

The Bloated G. Yer right there, Guv'nor—it's bin a lesson to *me*, I know that. 'Ere, will you come and 'ave a whiskey-sour along of me and my friend 'ere?

BEFORE A MODEL REPRESENTING AN EXECUTION.

A Daughter. But *why* won't you 'put a penny into this one, Father?

The Father (*firmly*). Because I don't approve of Capital Punishment, my dear.

A Cultivated Person. An execution—"put a penny in; bell tolls—gates open—scaffold shown with gallows. Executioner pulls bolt—black flag"—dear, dear—most degrading, shocking taste! (*To his Friend.*) Oh, of course, I'll wait, if you want to see it—not got a

penny? Let me see—yes, *I* can lend you one. (*He does; the penny is put in—nothing happens.*) Out of order, I suppose—scandalous! and nobody to speak to about it—*most* discreditable! Stop—what's this? (*A sort of woolly beat is audible inside the prison; the* C. P. *beams.*) That's the bell tolling—it's all right, it's working! [*It works.*

Another Spectator. Very well done, that was—but they 'urried it over a little too quick. I scarcely saw the man 'ung at all!

His Companion. Put in another penny, and p'raps you'll see him cut down, old chap.

BEFORE THE FAIRY FORTUNE-TELLER'S GROTTO.

Susan Jane (*to her Soldier*). Oh, ain't that pretty? I should like to know what *my* fortune is. [*She feels in her pocket.*

The Soldier (*who disapproves of useless expenditure*). Ain't you put in enough bloomin' pennies?

Susan Jane. This is the last. (*Reads Directions.*) Oh, you've got to set the finger on the dial to the question you want answered, and then put your penny in. What shall I ask her?

Soldier. Anyone would think you meant to go by the answer, to hear you talk!

Susan Jane. P'raps I do. (*Coquettishly, as she sets the index to a printed question.*) Now, you mustn't look. I won't 'ave *you* see what I ask!

Soldier (*loftily*). *I* don't want to look, I tell yer—it's nothing to me.

Susan Jane. But you *are* looking—I saw you.

[*A curious and deeply interested crowd collects around them.*

Soldier. Honour bright, I ain't seen nothing. Are you going to be all night over this 'ere tomfoolery?

[SUSAN JANE *puts in a penny, blushing and tittering; a faint musical tinkle is heard from the case, and the little fairies begin to revolve in a solemn and mystic fashion; growing excitement of crowd. A pasteboard bower falls aside, revealing a small disc on which a sentence is inscribed.*

Person in Crowd (*reading slowly over* SUSAN JANE'S *shoulder*). "Yus; 'e is treuly worthy of your love."

Crowd (*delighted*). That's worth a penny to know, *ain't* it, Miss? *Your* mind's easy now! It's the soldier she was meanin'. Ah, 'e ought to feel satisfied too, after that! &c., &c.

[*Confusion of* SUSAN JANE.

Soldier (*as he departs with S. J.*). Well, yer know, there's something *in* these things, when all's said!

IN DEPARTING.

A Pleased Pleasure-seeker. Ah, that's something like, that is! I've seen the 'Aunted Miser, and the Man with the 'Orrors, and a Execution, and a Dyin' Child—they do make you *larf*, yer know!

Second P. P. Yes, it's a pity the rest o' the Exhibition ain't more the same style, to my thinking!

A Captious Critic. Well, they don't seem to me to 'ave much to do with anything *naval*.

His Companion. Why, it comes under machinery, don't it? You're so bloomin' particular, you are! Wouldn't touch a glass o' beer 'ere, unless it was brewed with salt-water, I suppose! Well, come on, then—there's a bar 'andy!

[*They adjourn for refreshment.*

PROVERBS PRO OMNIBUS.—Directly the Chairman of the General Omnibus Company observed that if the men's demands were conceded the fares would have to be raised, there was a rush to be the first out with the old proverb about Penny wise and Pound foolish. However, "In for a penny" remains as heretofore, the *employés* having successfully gone "in for a Pound." Let them now "take care of the pence," and they may feel well assured that this particular POUND will be able to take care of himself. Well, farewell the tranquillity of the streets of last week! Henceforth not "chaos," but "'Bus 'os," has come again!

Nolens Volens.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hear that some people are in a great state of mind lest some blessed Bill brought in by the Government, should "destroy Voluntary Schools." What howling bosh! Why, there *are no* Voluntary Schools! No, they're all Compulsory, confound 'em! or who'd attend 'em? Not

Yours disgustedly,

A HUMAN BOY.

MR. WELLER & CO., AND THE 'BUS STRIKE.—Mr. SUTHERST seems to occupy, as towards the 'Bus-drivers, a similar position to that filled by the eminent *Mr. Solomon Pell*, the general adviser, and man of business to the Elder *Mr. Weller*, and his professional coaching brethren. It is to be hoped that the *Solomon Pell* of the 'Bus-drivers has been treated as liberally as was the real *Mr. Pell*, the friend of the LORD CHANCELLOR, by *Mr. Weller* Senior, the Mottle-faced Man, and others.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE most interesting book, one of the Baron's Retainers ("blythe and gay,") has read this year is, *The Life of Laurence Oliphant.* If it were not written by a reputable person, and published by so eminently respectable a house as BLACKWOOD'S, there would be difficulty about accepting it as a true story of the life of a man whom some of us knew, as lately living in London, wearing a frock coat, and even a tall hat of cylindrical shape. Such a mingling of shrewd business qualities and March madness as met in LAURENCE OLIPHANT is surely a new thing. A man of gentle birth, of high culture, of wide experience, of supreme ability, and, strangest of all, with a keen sense of humour—that such an one should voluntarily step down from high social position at the bidding of a vulgar, selfish, self-seeking, and, according to some hints dropped here and there, grossly immoral man, should, at beck of his fat forefinger, go forth to a strange land to live amid sordid circumstances, and with uncongenial company, to work as a common farm-labourer, to peddle strawberries at a railway station, passes belief. With respect to Mr. HARRIS, one feels inclined to quote *Betsy Prig's* remark touching one who may, peradventure, have been a maternal relation. "I don't believe," said *Betsy*, "there's no sich a person." But there was, and, stranger still, there was a LAURENCE OLIPHANT to bend the knee to him. Not the least striking thing in a book of rare value is the manner in which Mrs. OLIPHANT has acquitted herself in a peculiarly difficult task. No man would have had the restraining patience necessary to deal with the HARRIS episodes as she has done.

The Assistant Reader has been refreshing himself with *Lapsus Calami*, by J. K. S., published by MACMILLAN and BOWES. It is a booklet of light verse, containing here and there some remarkably brilliant pieces of satire and parody. The first of two parodies of ROBERT BROWNING is unsurpassable for successful audacity. The last poem in the book is "An Election Address," written for, but apparently not used by, the present POSTMASTER-GENERAL, when he was Candidate for Cambridge University, in 1882. He says of himself, after confessing to a dislike for literature and science,—

"But I have fostered, guided, planned
Commercial enterprise; in me
Some ten or twelve directors, and
Six worthy chairmen you may see."

All the pieces are not so good as those cited—that would be too much to expect—but "get it," say

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

Mortuary.

ANDREW LANGUAGE—no, LANG!—who the classics is pat in,
Suggests to our writers, as test of their "style,"
Just to turn their equivocal prose into Latin,
As DRYDEN did. Truly the plan makes one smile!
Reviewers find Novelists' nonsense much weary 'em.
Writers of twaddle
Take DRYDEN a model—
Turn your books into some great "*dead* language"—and *bury* 'em!

WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN TOLD DOWN EAST;

Or, A Mauvais Jew d'Esprit.

WILL you, if you please, point out to me the way to the streets which, I am told, are paved with gold?

Where shall I find the employer of labour who, I have been told, will instantly get me occupation at a wage of 60 roubles the week?

Dear me! is this, then, your "White Chapel"? I was told it was a luxurious quarter, famous for its Palaces.

Surely this horrid den is not one of your model work-rooms? I was told that such things existed only in Russia!

And are these people who are scowling at and cursing me your typical working population? Why, I was told that I should find them dear brothers, waiting to welcome us with open arms.

And is this pittance you offer me all that you pay for making a coat? I was told that it was quite twelve times as much as this.

Ah! I'm afraid I have been told, and have given credit to, a great many things to which I never should have listened at all.

FELINE AMENITIES.

Lady Godiva de Rougepoil. "I DON'T THINK ANY PAINTING LOOKS WELL IN THIS HORRID ELECTRIC LIGHT!"
Hostess (nettled). "DON'T YOU, DEAR! PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER TO REMAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, WHERE THE LAMPS AND SHADES ARE!"

THE FRUIT OF THE SESSION.

"To the bi-monthly exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society the Marquis of SALISBURY sent a magnificent collection—of strawberries especially. Mr. W. H. SMITH showed specimens of the same luscious fruit, for which he received the thanks of the Society."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Head-Gardener SM-TH *soliloquiseth:*—

Oho! my beauty! If *you* don't get a fust prize, and "receive the thanks of the Society" I'm a cowcumber! "The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy." Title of a picture by that splendid sample of the industrious and the economical, GEORGE MORLAND, I believe. Yes, that's it. My Industry and G-SCH-N's Economy.

We are a moral family;
We are, we are, we are!

All the cardinal virtues bound in—ahem! no matter.

Talk of the Gigantic Gooseberry! What is that apochryphal monstrosity compared with this Brobdingnagian Berry? [*Sings.*

Brave, my "British Queen"!
Long live my "British Queen"!
Brave "British Queen"!
Send it victorious,
First-Priser glorious,
Fill Rads censorious
With envious spleen!

As you *will*, my Beauty! When did swaggering H-RC-RT's horticulture produce such goodly fruits? Or sour-mug'd M-RL-Y's? Or leary L-BBY's? Or Slawkenbergian M-ND-LLA's? Or even that of the Grand Old Grower, GL-DST-NE himself, with all his fluent patter about British Pomona, and the native Jam-pot?

I know the badly-beaten lot maintain that the plant is a "Sport" from an old purchase of their own. Bless you, they claim *all* the good stocks—always did. Who cares? My young floricultural friend, JOE of Birmingham, who knows a bit about fruits as well as concerning orchids, let me tell you,—JOE, I say, laughs their preposterous pretensions to scorn. Look at G-SCH-N's own particular plant there—a bit late, but very promising, and probably destined to take a prize before the season's over. Didn't JOE recommend the stock to GL-DST-NE years ago? And didn't the haughty Hawarden horticulturist turn up his nose at it as an "Unauthorised" intruder upon his own Prize Programme? And, more by token, didn't JOE get the hump in consequence, cut the old connection, and set up on his own account in the forcing-house line, with a friendly leaning to our firm? Aha! "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ,*" as the Guv'nor would say. Hence, also, this Colossal Strawberry!

Thanks of the Society? I should raither think so! They may chaff "OLD MORALITY" as much as they like—but morality *pays*, even in strawberry-growing; and my duty to my (British) Queen has brought about *this* triumph. Early Industry started it, and careful horticultural Economy brought it to its present pitch of perfection. Look at it! Size, shape, sweetness, scent, all superb! If the Season shouldn't produce another Prize-Winner, this alone ought to satisfy SOLLY. And if G-SCH-N's seedling, "Gratis," *should* turn out a triumph later on, why we shall score tremendously. Wish G-SCH-N would "sit up and snort" less, and smile more. Patience and plenty of sun! That's the tip for a horticulturist. Standing at the door and shying stones at your neighbour's glass-houses, won't make your own fruit ripen, if GEORGE JOKIM could only see it. As H-RT D-KE says, *tu quoques* are a nuisance, and want fumigating off the face of the earth. JOKIM and ARTHUR B-LF-R a bit too fond of 'em for *my* fancy. However, all the "you're anothers" on earth can't affect my Strawberry now, thanks be! *The* Fruit of the Season, though I say it who perhaps shouldn't.

(*Sings.*) From "Greenlands" sunny garden,
And vista'd vitreous panes,
We mean to rival Hawarden,
In glories and in gains.
I have produced, Sweet WILL-I-AM,
This Giant Strawber-ry,
In horticultural skill I am
A match for W. G.! [*Left chortling.*

THE VERY LAST ON THE 'BUS STRIKE.—After the comparative quiet of last week, the streets of London will now be as 'bussy as ever.

THE FRUIT OF THE SESSION.

W. H. Sm-th (*Head Gardener and Prize Exhibitor*). "HAD TO NIP OFF A LOT OF BLOOMS TO GET HIM UP TO THIS SIZE!!"

"At the Bimonthly Exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society . . . Mr. W. H. Smith showed specimens of the same luscious fruit"—strawberries—"for which he received the thanks of the Society."—*Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, June 10.

SHORT-LIVED PLEASURE.

PORTRAIT OF A LITERARY FRIEND, WHO, LIVING IN A MAIN THOROUGHFARE, WAS AN ARDENT SUPPORTER OF THE 'BUS STRIKE, SUBSCRIBED TO ITS FUNDS, AND HOPED IT MIGHT LONG CONTINUE. HE SAYS HE HASN'T HAD SUCH A QUIET TIME WITH HIS BOOKS FOR YEARS. BUT ALAS! SINCE LAST SUNDAY HE HAS NOT SMILED AGAIN.

MRS. GINGHAM ON THE GREAT 'BUS QUESTION.

"The demand for 'Buses is immensely stimulated by their presence, and when they are no longer there, the people who thought them indispensable get on very well indeed without them . . . Under the influence of penny fares, Londoners are rapidly forgetting how to walk."—*The Times.*

AH! it's all very fine, my good Sir, whosomever you are as writes such,
But of decent poor folk and their needs it is plain as you do not know much.
Which I ain't quite so young as I was, nor as light, nor as smart on my feet,
And you may not know quite what it is to be out late o' night and dead beat,
Out Islington way, arter ten, with a bundle, a child, and a cage,
As canaries is skeery at night, and a seven mile walk, at my age,
All along of no 'Bus to be had, love or money, and cabs that there dear,
And a stitch in my side and short breath, ain't as nice as you fancy,—no fear!
Likeways look at my JOHN every morning, ah! rain, hail or shine, up to town,
With no trams running handy, and corns! As I sez to my friend Mrs. BROWN,
Bless the 'Buses, I sez, they're a boon to poor souls, as must travel at times,
And we can't *all* keep kerridges neither, wus luck! Penny Fares ain't no crimes,
If you arsk me, as did ought to know. Which my feelings I own it does rouge
To hear big-wigs a-sneering at 'Buses. There may be a bit of a scrouge,
And the smell of damp straw mixed with pep'mint ain't nice to a dalicot nose,
Likeways neat "Oh be Joyful's" a thing as with orange and snuff hardly goes.
But we ain't all rekerky nor rich, we can't all afford sixpence a mile,
And when we are old, late, and tired, or it's wet, we can't think about *style*.
The 'Bus is the poor body's kerridge, young feller—and as for your talk
About not never missing a lift, or forgetting—dear sakes!—*how* to walk,
And the nice quiet streets and all that; why it's clear *you* ain't been a poor clerk
With a precious small "screw," in wet weather. Ah! you wouldn't find it no lark
With thin boots and a 'ard 'acking cough, and three mile every day to and thro',
Or a puffy old woman like me, out at Witsuntide wisiting JOE,
(My young son in the greengrocer line); or a governess, peaky and pale,
As has just overslep herself slightly, and can't git by cab or by rail.
"Ugly lumbering wehicles?" Ah! and we're ugly and 'umbering too,
A lot of us poor Penny 'Bus fares, as isn't high-born or true-blue.
But the 'Bus is our help. Wery like some do ride as had far better walk,
Whether tip-toppy swells or poor shop-girls. But all that is trumpery talk.
What I arsk is, why shouldn't the 'Buses be kept a bit reglar, like Cabs,
In the matter of fares and of distances? Oh, a old woman it crabs
To hear of Perprietors pinching pore fellers as drive or conduck,
While the "Pirates" play up merry mag with the poor helpless fare, as gets stuck
Betwixt Dividend-grinders and Strikers? It ought to be altered, *I* say.
Whilst they talk of what 'Bus-folk should earn, they forget the pore Publick—who *pay!*

LE PRINCE S'AMUSE.

An Apologetic Idyl.

MY life is held to be a round of Pleasures;
All I can say is, they who thus would rate it,
For life's delights have most peculiar measures:
For though in plainest English they don't state it,
'Tis clear "no recreation" meets their views,
Or why that sneering cry, "*Le Prince s'amuse?*"

Or do they think a Prince, without repining,
Foundation-stones unceasingly is laying,
Rewarded with a glut of public dining,
The pangs of hunger ever to be staying,
Is recreation such as he would choose?
If so—I understand "*Le Prince s'amuse!*"

But how a world that notes his daily doings,
The everlasting round of weary function,—
The health-returnings, speeches, interviewings,
Can grudge him some relief, without compunction,
Seems quite to me "another pair of shoes!"
Dyspeptic is that cry, "*Le Prince s'amuse!*"

THE MODERN BRIGAND.

(*Fragment from the Adventures of a Ransomed Prisoner.*)

I MUST confess I was agreeably surprised at the treatment to which I was subjected by my capturers. Instead of being loaded with chains and confined in a cell beneath the castle's moat, I was given perfect liberty, and had quite a pleasant suite of rooms. I should scarcely have known that I was in durance had not one of the less refined of the brigands shown me a revolver, and playfully informed me that its contents were intended for me if I attempted to escape. The Chief was absolutely charming. He treated me in the most courteous manner, and ended his first interview with me by requesting "the honour of my company at dinner."

"You need not dress!" he observed, "although I like to put on a tail-coat myself. But I know that you have had some difficulty with my people about your luggage, and so I shall be only too delighted to excuse *grande tenue.*"

The "difficulty" to which my host referred was the seizing of my portmanteau by the gang of thieves of which he was the acknowledged head. I suggested that I might possibly recover some of its contents.

"I am afraid not," returned the Chieftain. "You see my people are very methodical, and by this time I fear all the goods will have been sold. The motto of the Club is 'small profits and quick returns.' We find no difficulty in trading. As we carry on business on the most economical principles, we can quote prices even cheaper than the Stores."

And this I found to be the case. Although the brigands were very civil to me, I was unable to trace any of my property. However, as my host in the kindest manner had allowed me to dispense with ceremony, I ventured to appear at dinner-time in my ordinary tourist's dress.

"I am delighted to see you," said the Chief, speaking English for the first time, "as you are now my guest, I must confess that we are fellow countrymen."

"Indeed!" I replied, considerably astonished. "If you are really of British nationality, how is it that I find you a professional thief?"

"You are mistaken," returned the Chief. "I merely belong to a society for the redistribution of capital. You know we are all balloted for, and I was myself afraid that I might get pilled."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise. "Surely your accomplishments—for I noticed, on my arrival, that you were a first-rate hand at lawn tennis, and played the flute—would have secured your admission?"

"Well," he returned with a smile, "I fancy they helped me with the Committee. But unhappily my antecedents were bad—I had made a fortune on the London Stock Exchange, and my books were scarcely as satisfactory as our bandit auditors could have desired them to be. However they took a kindly view of the case, and allowed me to pass through. But pardon me, I see your ransom has arrived. I am afraid I must say good bye. A pleasant journey."

And shaking me warmly by the hand, he helped me into the conveyance that was to take me back to home and freedom. I have never seen him since.

ALL-ROUND POLITICIANS.—HARTINGTONIANA.

A COY COLOSSUS.

PARIS, *June* 15.—It is stated here, on no authority whatever, that when the CZAR was recently visiting the French Exhibition at Moscow, his Imperial Majesty was heard to remark, "This makes me desire to see the Boulevards again." A visit of the ruler of Russia to Paris during the Summer is therefore considered to be certain. An offensive and defensive Alliance between the two countries is said to be on the point of signature.

A few evenings ago, in a low *café* in Belleville, M. NOKASHIKOFF, who left St. Petersburg lately to escape his creditors, and who conceived the happy idea of raising a little money by walking to Paris in a sack composed of the French and Russian national flags stitched together, was entertained to supper by his Gallic admirers. The proceedings, especially towards midnight, were very enthusiastic. Throughout the festivities, constant cries of "*Vive l'Alliance Franco-Russe!*" were raised. This incident is said to have placed the immediate signature of the Treaty between the CZAR and President CARNOT beyond a doubt.

Last evening a foreigner, who by appearance would have been taken for a Muscovite, was walking along the asphalte, when he was surrounded by a crowd of persons crying "*Vive la Russie!*" The foreigner seemed both surprised and annoyed by these attentions, and at length began to use his fists and his boots liberally on the ringleaders of the mob. This treatment, however, seemed only to increase their Russophil ardour, and the stranger was soon hoisted on to the shoulders of some of his foremost admirers, struggling violently. On the arrival of a gendarme, he explained that he was an English book-maker, and that "this bloomin' mob of boot-lickers had taken him for a bloomin' Russian!" The crowd shortly afterwards dispersed. The completion of the formal alliance between France and Russia is considered less certain than it was a few days ago.

The Frenchman, M. TÊTE-BOIS, who recently attempted to walk on his head from Paris to Moscow, in order to show the sympathy felt in France for the Muscovite Empire, did not succeed in carrying out his design. He was stopped shortly after crossing the Russian frontier, imprisoned, and heavily ironed. After suffering in this way for a week, he was told that he must leave Russian territory within twenty-four hours, or else continue his journey to Siberia. On being appealed to, the CZAR graciously extended the time given for quitting Russia to forty-eight hours. This Imperial clemency has caused the widest feeling of gratitude and satisfaction in France, and the signature of the definitive Alliance between the two countries is confidently expected at an exceedingly early date.

FANCY PORTRAIT.

(*Dedicated to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.*)

"THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA, PRELATE OF THE ORDER OF THE SUN," CAUGHT CHEATING AT CARDS (HYPOTHETICALLY) BY THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, AND TAKEN, INSTANTANEOUSLY, BY OUR ARTIST.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 8.—I knew DYKE first when (good many years ago now) as DIZZY's whip he hunted in couple with ROWLAND WINN; then always called HART DYKE. Like many other young men he has in interval lost his HART, and now known as Sir WILLIAM DYKE. Curious thing, as SARK reminds me, how absorbent is the name of WILLIAM. Quite probable that before *Black-Eyed Susan's* friend came prominently on the stage he had some other Christian name, sunk when he was promoted to shadow of yard-arm. Certainly there is an equally eminent man sitting opposite DYKE in House to-night, who like him is "Sir WILLIAM" to the present generation, and was VERNON HARCOURT to an elder one.

DYKE, under whatever name, done excellently well to-night. Holding comparatively minor appointment in Ministry, suddenly finds himself in charge of principal measure of Session. Handicapped, moreover, with recollections of time when he has uncompromisingly declared himself against the very principle he now embodies in Bill, and invites House to add to Statute Book.

That was first hedge for DYKE to take, and he went over in plucky style that threw the scorner off his trail. Didn't live in close communication with DIZZY through six long years for nothing. Not likely to forget what happened in very earliest days of Parliament of 1874, when DIZZY for first time found himself not only in office but in power. During election campaign DIZZY, speaking in the safety of Buckinghamshire, had made some wild statement about easing the chains of Ireland. Simply designed to gain Irish vote; forgotten as soon as spoken. But ROBERT MONTAGU—where, by the way, is ROBERT MONTAGU?—treasured these things up in his heart, and when DIZZY appeared in the House, Leader of triumphant majority, asked him what he was going to do about it?

"It is sometime since the observations referred to were made," said DIZZY, "and—er—a good deal has happened in the interval."

DYKE, recalling and admitting his former statements on Free Education, did not attempt to minimise their import. "But," he said, button-holing House as it were, and treating it quite confidentially, "the fact is we all change our minds." House laughed at this as it had laughed at DIZZY seventeen years ago, and DYKE, absolved and encouraged, went forward with his speech.

Not a brilliant oration in any way; neither exordium nor peroration, and the middle occasionally a little mixed. But a good sensible straightforward speech, and if DYKE had done no more than show that an important Ministerial measure could be explained within limit of an hour, he would not have lived in vain.

Business done.—Education Bill introduced.

Tuesday.—Nothing at first sight in personal appearance of HERBERT THOMAS KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN that suggests a swan. Fancy I have heard something of these birds being addicted to the habit of breaking forth into song when convinced of approaching dissolution. That, I suppose, is how the swan was suggested to the mind when just now, KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN rose from behind Ministers, and began to chant his threnody. Resolution on which Education Bill grafted brought up for report stage; agreed to, and HART DYKE about to bring in his Bill. Then from the back seat rose a sturdy yeoman figure, and a powerful voice was uplifted in denunciation of the Bill and of a Ministry that had betrayed the trust of the Conservative Party. It was, so the swan sang, a step on the road to Socialism. He feared it had come to pass that dangerous measures are more likely to emanate from the Treasury Bench than from the Front Bench opposite.

Liberals roared with delighted laughter and cheers; the Conservatives sat glum and ill-at-ease. OLD MORALITY's white teeth gleamed with a spasmodic smile. As for JOKIM he folded his arms, and bit his lips and frowned.

"What antiquated nonsense this is!" he muttered. "of course Free Education is not a Conservative principle. They all protested against it at the General Election. A year earlier I, who happened at the time to be numbered in the Liberal ranks, put my back

against the wall, and, picturing the evils that would befall my country if its institutions were thus demoralised, I said I would die before I would lend a hand to free the schools. But you see, TOBY, *I haven't died*, and that changes the whole situation. Not only enables me to retain my place in Government bringing in Free Education, but permits me, as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, actually to find the means for carrying out the system. Can't understand a fellow like this KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN sticking to his principles when it becomes expedient to swallow them. He's a disgrace to a family that counts BRABOURNE as its head."

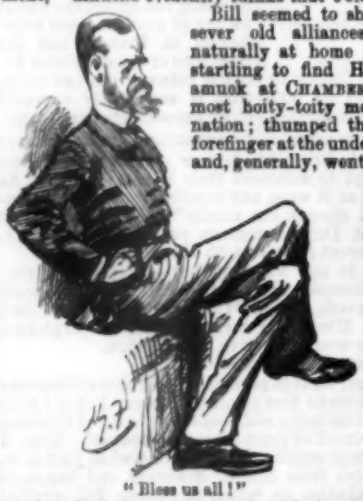
"A Progressive Conservative." (*Vide Dod.*)

"HUGESSEN's a good fellow," said ISAACSON; "wears well, but is politically a fossil. Now *I'm* a progressive Conservative, which I think you'll find, TOBY, my boy, to be about the time of day."

Business done. — Assisted Education Bill; firmly led up to table by HART DYKE.

Wednesday. — Lively fight round Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Ascot in vain held forth its attractions; supporters of the Bill hoped opponents would go; opponents came down rather expecting HENEAGE's virtue would have given way, and Ascot would have claimed him as its own. But everybody there—MAKINS's men with long list of Amendments warranted to keep things going till half-past five, when progress must be reported, and chance of Bill for present Session lost. MAKINS himself in high oratorical feather. OSBORNE-AP-MORGAN, having made a proposition and subsequently withdrawn it, MAKINS, putting on severest judicial aspect, observed, "It is all very well for the Right Hon. and learned Gentleman to make a legal JONAH of himself and swallow his opinions."

"Bless us all!" cried ROWNTREE, looking on with blank amazement, "MAKINS evidently thinks that JONAH swallowed the whale."



"Bless us all!"

Bill seemed to shatter friendships and dissever old alliances. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD naturally at home in the fray, but rather startling to find HOME SECRETARY running amuck at CHAMBERLAIN. MATTHEWS in his most hoity-toity mood; quivered with indignation; thumped the table; shook a forensic forefinger at the undesignedly offending JOSEPH, and, generally, went on the rampage. As for HENEAGE, he filled up any little pause in uproar by diving in and moving the Closure. Once, whilst GEDGE was opposing an Amendment hostile to Bill, HENEAGE dashed in with his Closure motion. GEDGE's face a study; mingled surprise, indignation, and ineffable regret mantled his mobile front.

"To think," he said afterwards, "that just when I was coming to HENEAGE's help with an argument founded on profound study and pointed with legal lore, he should suddenly jump up, lower his head, and, as it were, butt me in the stomach with the Closure. It is more than I can at the moment comprehend."

GEDGE so flurried that when Members returned, after Division on Closure, he being, in accordance with the rule, seated and wearing his hat, wanted to argue out the question with COURTNEY.

"I submit, Sir," he said, "that the Hon. Member, in moving the Closure, controverted Rule 186."

The Chairman: "I think the Hon. Member can scarcely have read the Rule."

Mr. GEDGE: "I have read the Rule, Sir. This is what it says—"

Chairman: "Order! Order!" and GEDGE subsided.

Then TOMLINSON fortuitously turning up on Treasury Bench, joined in conversation. But COURTNEY turned upon him with such a thunderous cry of "O der! Order!" that TOMLINSON visibly shrivelled up, and his sentence, like the unfinished window in ALLADIN's Tower, unfinished must remain.

Wrangling went on till a quarter past five, when TALBOT interposed, and with most funereal manner moved to report progress. HENEAGE almost mechanically lowered his head and had started to butt at TALBOT as he had upset GEDGE when he was providentially stopped and convinced that further struggle with obstruction was hopeless. So, Clause I. agreed to, Bill talked out. MAKINS, growing increasingly delightful, protested that a Bill that had been fifty years before the country, was not to be rushed through the House on a Wednesday afternoon. *Argal*, the more familiar the House is with the details of a measure, the more necessary is it to debate it.

Business done.—Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. Banns again objected to.

Saturday, 1·25 A.M.—Land Bill just through report stage. Nothing left now but Third Reading. "Well, KNOX," said WINDBAG SEXTON, "that will be our last opportunity, and we must make the most of it. In meantime I think we've done pretty well. I'm especially pleased with you. You're a boy of great promise. If anything happened to me—a stray tack in the bench, or a pin maliciously directed, and the wind-bag were to collapse—you'd do capitally, till I got it repaired."

WINDBAG JUNIOR blushed. As OLD MORALITY remarks, Ingenuous youth delights in the Approbation of Seasoned Seniority.

Business done.—Land at last—I mean Land Purchase Bill through at last.

THE GENERAL OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—*Tent in rear of a Battle-field.* Political Officer *in attendance upon Army, waiting for Military assistance.*

Political Officer (*impatiently*). Now then, Orderly, have you not been able to secure a General for me?

Orderly (*saluting*). Beg pardon, Sir, but it's so difficult, since they have passed that new Royal Warrant, to know which is which.

Pol. Off. (*more impatiently*). Nonsense!—any General Officer will do. *Ord.* Very good, Sir.

[*Exit.* Political Officer *stamps his foot irritably, when enter* First General Officer, *hurriedly.*

First Gen. Off. Well, Sir, how can I assist you?

Pol. Off. (*cordially*). Glad to see you, General. Fact is, supposing we arrange a treaty, do you think it would be wise to surrender the fortress on the right side of the river, if we retain the redoubt near the wood as a basis of operations? You see——

First Gen. Off. (*interrupting*). Very sorry, but don't know anything about it.

Pol. Off. (*annoyed*). But aren't you a General?

First Gen. Off. Certainly. General-Surgeon. Ta, ta! [*Exit.*

Pol. Off. Well of all the—— (*Enter Second Gen. Off.*) Well, Sir, what is it? Who are you?

Second Gen. Off. I am a General Officer, and I was told you required my poor services.

Pol. Off. So I do. The fact is, General, supposing we arrange a treaty, do you think it wise for us to surrender the fortress——

Second Gen. Off. (*interrupting*). Alas! my dear friend, I fear I can be of no help to you—it is entirely out of my line.

Pol. Off. (*annoyed*). But aren't you a General?

Second Gen. Off. Certainly. A General-Chaplain. Farewell, dear friend. [*Exit.*

Pol. Off. Well of all the—— (*Enter* Third General Officer.) Well, Sir, who and what are you?

Third Gen. Off. (*briskly*). A General. Now then, look sharp! No time to lose. Hear you require me. How can I help you?

Pol. Off. (*aside*). Ah, this is the sort of man I want! (*Aloud.*) Well then, General, we are arranging a treaty, and I want your advice about retaining a fortress on the right of the river——

Third Gen. Off. (*interrupting*). Sorry. Can't help! Not my province. Good bye! [*Exit.*

Pol. Off. (*shouting after him*). But aren't you a General?

Third Gen. Off. (*voice heard in the distance.*) Yes. General-Postman!

[*Scene closes in upon political official language unfit for publication.*

MUSICAL NOTES.—*Saturday Afternoon.*—Albert Hall jubilant. M. PLANCON or PLANÇON—the production of the "C" depending on the state of his voice—was encored and "obliged again." So did Madame ALBANI, who was in superb voice. But her accompanist, M. CARRODUS, who had given us one violin *obbligato*, did *not* obbligato again, and so Madame sang, admirably of course, the ever-welcome "*Home, Sweet Home.*" GIULIA RAVOGLI gave her great *Orfeo* song, and DRURIOLANUS, practising courtly attitudes, as one preparing to receive a German Emperor, smile beamingly on the gratified audience. At The Garden, *Mireille*, revived on Wednesday last, hasn't much life in her, but Miss EAMES charming.

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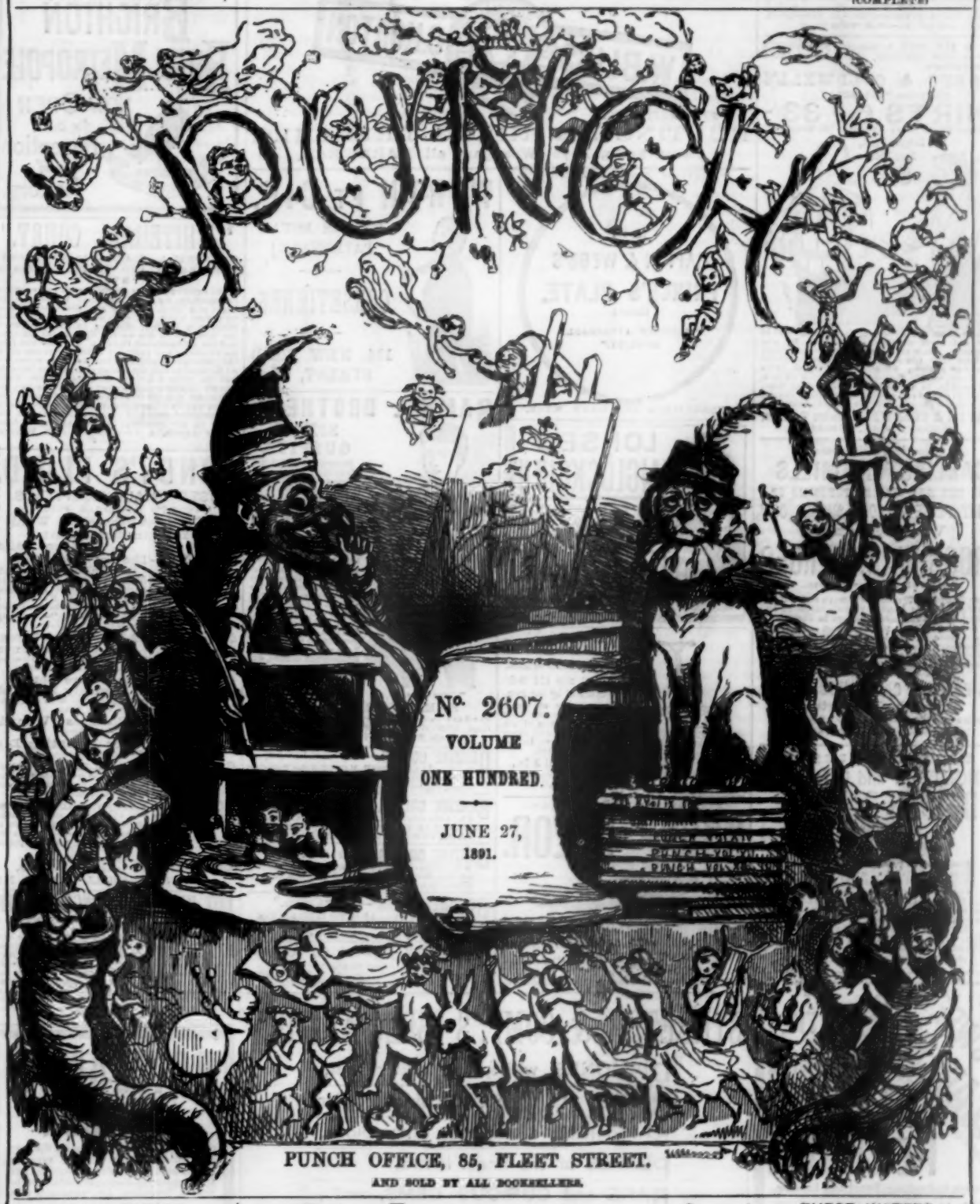

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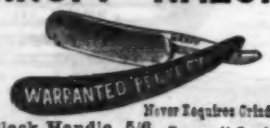

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Cools, soothes, and refreshes the face and hands in hot weather, removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness, soothes and heals Insects' Stings, Irritation, &c., produces soft,

FAIR SKIN

And a lovely delicate complexion. Warranted harmless and free from leaden poisons. Bottles, 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d. Sold everywhere.

A WAIL FROM THE TUB.

A REMINISCENCE OF SUNDAY, THE 14TH OF JUNE.

SCENE.—*Hyde Park. Demonstration in progress, with the not unreasonable object of inducing Parliament to extend the Factory Acts to small and insanitary laundries. A lengthy procession, composed of sympathetic Railway Workers, Cabmen, Journeymen Tailors, Gas Stokers, House-Decorators, Carpenters, &c., &c., all with resplendent banners and hired bands, has marched into the Park, together with some lorries and drags containing deputations of ladies from the laundry in the highest possible spirits. Once arrived, each platform chiefly concerns itself with the grievances of its own particular supporters, while a crowd of sightseers circulates, enjoying the oratory with a desultory impartiality. The usual silhouettes of gesticulating speakers appear like jerky clockwork figures above the throng. A crowd of Socialists are "remembering Chicago" in a corner. The chief centre of attraction is a drag occupied by a Philanthropic Young-lady Chairwoman, her chaperon, some leading laundresses, one or two male sympathisers, and a couple of reporters. The* Chairwoman *conducts the proceedings with the greatest possible tact and grace, but is slightly hampered by the levity of a crowd composed of factory-girls, semi-imbecile larrikins, and professional laundresses, whose burning anxiety for reform masks itself under a surface frivolity. In the neighbourhood is a lorry decorated with clean shirts, and occupied by young washerwomen fired by an enthusiasm which manifests itself in bursts of shrill cheering and lively interchange of chaff with the spectators. In the meantime, the business of this particular platform proceeds somewhat as follows:—*

The Chairwoman (with patient good-humour). Now, I'm sure you'll all be as quiet as you can while I . . . (*Hubbub, caused by a personal altercation between two Women in the crowd, and shouts of "Order!"*) Because really my doctor has ordered me not to speak in the open air at all . . . (*Here an ill-conditioned female, taking offence for some inscrutable reason, remarks loudly, "'Er doctor, indeed, she's a beauty, she is—'er and 'er doctor!" More calls to order, and extreme indignation of the ill-conditioned female at being informed that she is "no lady," and had "better 'old 'er jaw"; ribald and utterly meaningless jests by the larrikins.*) Order, *please!* (*Imploringly.*) I know you won't make it harder for me than you can help. (*A young Lady in a very tall hat and feather is heard demanding that the Gentleman in front of her should remove his "bozer," on pain of obliging her to remove it herself; the question is argued at length.*) . . You all know the purpose for which we have . . . (*Here an enthusiastic old Lady on the drag begins to cheer aimlessly, and wave a scrubbing-brush; the Laundresses on the lorry join in.*) Well, we're going to ask Parliament . . . (*Another female in crowd:* "'Ullo, there's Mrs. JINNINGS, along with the toffs! I want to 'ear Mrs. JINNINGS speak, I do!") . . . I shall now ask you to listen to a speaker—Mrs. GOFFIN—who has had several years' practical experience of laundry-work, and she will tell you, I am sure, what the hardships and injustices are which we are trying to put an end to.

[Mrs. GOFFIN, *a stout, red-faced Lady, mounts the seat with a cheery confidence, amidst roars of laughter, and shouts of "Go it, old girl!" "Don't forgit to send my shirt home next week!" &c., &c. The female in the crowd repeats her preference for* Mrs. JINNINGS' *oratory; a string of factory-girls, in high-feathered hats, having just elbowed their way into the throng, suddenly conceive a desire to "get a breath o' air somewhere," and accordingly push and trample their way out again with a Parthian discharge of refined raillery—after which* Mrs. GOFFIN'S *voice becomes audible.*

Mrs. Goffin. Why, I've been and spoke to hover forty Members o' Parlyment on the subjeck myself, I 'ave, and they was all on our side, 'cept three or four, as was lawyers—and you know what *they* are! (*The crowd expresses hearty disapproval of the Profession as a body.*) One on 'em sez to me, "My good woman, I'm against 'aving the Factory Acts. I'm all for freedom, I am!" "So am *I* all for freedom," I sez, "but . . . (*Here another disturbance takes place; a little man, with red whiskers, has mildly objected to being leant upon by a burly stranger, who bawls*—" What are you afraid on? You ain't bin fresh painted, 'ave yer? Are yer 'oller inside—or what? Ga arn—I never knoo a carrotty-'aired man good for anything yet," &c., &c.) Then there's Mr. MATTHEWS, the 'OME SECRETARY, 'e's against us, which I think 'e must be a woman-'ater hisself! (*Feeling suggestion from crowd that the* HOME SECRETARY *has suffered a disillusion in his younger days.*) But I was goin' to tell yer what we poor women 'ave got to put up with. Now there's a Mrs. HIRONMOULD, of Starch Row, Hacton Green, as I've worked for. (*A Lady in crowd, who knows* Mrs. H. "Ah, *she's* a beauty!" *Cheers for* Mrs. HIRONMOULD.) Well, I'll tell yer something about 'er—it'll jest show you what *she* is! Why, that woman, as I know myself, she actually . . . (*She relates a personal and Rabelaisian reminiscence of* Mrs. H., *to the huge delight of the audience.*) I'll tell yer another thing—I've worked for a man down at South End, Healing, and this 'll show yer the amount o' hinsult and hill-treatment we 'ave to stand, and never say nothing to. I've seed 'im, hover and hover agen, walkin' about among us in his shirt-sleeves, with 'is braces 'angin' about is 'eels! (*Cheers from the crowd; demonstration with scrubbing-brush by the old Lady in the drag.*) I 'ave indeed, and I don't tell yer no lies. (*Here a Lady in the crowd suddenly exhibits a tendency to harangue the public on her own wrongs, and has to be suppressed.*) And that man 'e'd come up to me and say, "Ain't them shirts finished yet?" he sez. "No," I 'd say to 'im, "they ain't, and I don't deceive yer." "It's time they was," he 'd say. "Beggin' your pardon," I 'd tell 'im, "it's nothink o' the kind; and, if you don't believe *my* word, you may go and call your Missis out of the back kitching, as knows more about it than you do!" An' are you goin' to tell *me* we ain't to 'ave a Factory Act, after *that?*

[*She stands down, having made the speech of the afternoon, and is rewarded by approving cries of "Good old gal!" An employer of labour is next introduced, and received at first with suspicion, until he explains that he is heart and soul with them, that he does not dread the application of the Factory Acts to his own establishment, and considers that it would be an excellent thing if all the smaller laundries were closed to-morrow, whereupon the ladies habitually employed in these places cheer him heartily.*

A Common-Sense Speaker. It's all very well for you to come 'ere and protest against the laundresses workin' too long hours, but I tell yer *this*—it's yer own fault, it's the Public's fault. You *will* 'ave yer clean shirts and collars sent 'ome every week! (*Several of the unwashed betray that this thrust has gone home.*) A fortnight ain't a *bit* too long to wait for your linen! (*Unanimous and hearty assent by people in dingy flannels.*) And if some o' these swells and aristocrats weren't so partickler, and didn't send so much linen to the wash as they do, why, it stands to reason as the hours the washerwomen 'ud work 'ud be shorter!

[*Chorus of agreement; sudden unpopularity—especially, oddly enough, with lighthearted young laundresses—of persons in the crowd whose collars are at all aggressive in their cleanliness; universal feeling that the blame has been fitted upon the right shoulders at last. More speeches; simultaneous passing of Resolution; the Processions march away with colours flying and bands playing, and, if they have succeeded in advancing the true interests of labour, no one will be more gratified than their friend, Mr. Punch.*

"I've been and spoke to hover forty Members o' Parlyment myself!"

Joseph's Joust.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, from the study of a certain "Liberal Leaflet" triumphantly draws the large conclusion that the Gladstonians have "dropped Home Rule.")

To "ride the high horse," my brave Brummagem boy,
Is doubtless, to you, a delight and a joy;
But little avails that equestrian quest,
If the fruit of your ride is the merest "mare's nest."

APPROPRIATE FOR THE SULTRY SUMMER WEATHER.—The revival of *Drink* at Drury Lane. It ought to be "iced drink."

"PALMAM QUI MERUIT, FERAT!"

"It takes time to get over such journeys and such experiences."—*Mrs. Grimwood on her Manipur adventures.*

Mr. PUNCH,
loquitur:—

TRUE, Madam, and tasteless would be the intrusion
That tactlessly took no account of the time
The praises of Britons are yours, in profusion;
The blame for a blunder, the judgment for crime,
Let Statesmen apportion; all know where the Honour
In Manipur's ill-managed business is due;
And *Punch*, whose delight is of praise to be donor,
Without hesitation awards it to *you!*

The terrible tale of that sudden disaster
Is vivid in memory, fresh on our ear;
We know how a tender-souled woman could master
The anguish of horror, the tremor of fear.
That short brave defence will long live in our story,
That long dreadful march England will not forget;
Though womanhood finds little comfort in glory,
For hearts that are aching and eyes that are wet.

Enough for to-day! When slow time has brought healing.
The tale of those hours by your lips may be told.
But proud admiration will scarce brook concealing,
And *Punch* to express it is courteously bold.
He speaks for all England. For womanly valour:
We men have not shaped the right guerdon,—our loss!
A brave woman's heart flushing red o'er fear's pallor,
Deserves—what *Punch* gives—the Victoria Cross!

"THEIR acquaintance," observed Counsel, in a recent Breach of Promise Case, "began in a 'bus." This may have been an error of expression, or a misprint, as "began *with* a buss" would have been more likely.

ANOTHER JUBILEE!—The Jubilee of the COOK Tourist System will be celebrated July 22nd by a Banquet at the Métropole. The dinner ought to be A 1 with such a COOK.

SUMMERY MUMMERY.

I DO not know how long the Summer Season at TERRY'S, now being carried on by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, is to last, but with a little dexterous management there is no reason why this excellent form of entertainment should not go on all the year round. At 8 there is *The Lancashire Sailor*, by BRANDON THOMAS, which I didn't see; but have heard a first-rate report of it from those who have, and who "know." It might occasionally change places with *A Commission*. However, this is but a suggestion, as both the pieces I saw the other night will bear a second visit.

A Commission is a short one-act piece, with a sufficiently good plot, and every part in it a character, except "*Parker*, the Maid"—and here let me enter a solemn protest against the further use of "PARKER" as the name of a lady's-maid in farce or comedy. PARKER is played out. Let her be united to "CHARLES, his Friend," and let both enjoy their well-earned retirement from the stage.

Miss LILY HANBURY plays "*Mrs. Hemmersley*, a rich young widow," which cannot be described as "a poor part." With this LILY, who looks rich and is beautiful, the poor artist—a very poor artist—one *Marshall* (without a Christian name in the bill, so why not *Snelgrove Marshall?*) well played by Dr. FORBES DAWSON, falls desperately in love. WEEDON GROSSMITH is very good as the servant—almost better as the servant than as the author of the piece, and that's saying a good deal.

The *Pantomime Rehearsal* is eminently funny; especially the first scene between the four men, Messrs. ELLIOT, DANEMORE, GROSSMITH, and BRANDON THOMAS. As for the last-mentioned, it is well worth a visit to this theatre to see Mr. BRANDON THOMAS in two pieces, first as the Model, and then as the Heavy Swell. It is a strong thing to say, but I can call to mind no actor on the stage at the present moment who could in two different characters on the same night so completely and absolutely lose his identity,—for voice, manner, action, and of course appearance are all utterly changed,—as does Mr. BRANDON THOMAS as *Gloucester* the Model, and as *Captain Tom Robinson*.

All the ladies are good. Miss HELENA DACRE looks magnificent. Then Miss EDITH CHESTER combines prettiness with fun, and the duet between her and clever Miss LAURA LINDEN is enthusiastically *encored*—and deservedly so, for it is seldom that two young actresses will "go in" for a real genuine bit of nonsensical burlesque, and win. In fact it is all good, "and if our friends in front" will accept my tip, they will not find a more "summery" form of entertainment than at Mr. EDWARDES' TERRY'S Theatre.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

HOW IT HAPPENED;

Or, Many a True(ro) Word said in Jest.

"AND the See of Truro, your Gracious MAJESTY?" asked Lord SALISBURY, as he was packing up his portfolio, previous to leaving the Presence.

"Ah!" said the QUEEN, "for the moment I had forgot"——

"Quite so, your MAJESTY, if you will graciously pardon the interruption," put in the PREMIER—"that's the very person I would suggest."

"Did I mention a name?" inquired the QUEEN, somewhat puzzled.

"Your MAJESTY," replied the noble Earl, "observed that 'you had forgot.' I would suggest that the Bishopric of Truro should be *for GOTT*." Of course it was at once settled, and a *congé d'élire* issued.

ETON JUBILEE CURIOSITIES.

[If the following have been omitted from the Catalogue, any visitor to Eton is entitled to call on the Provost, Fellows, and Head Master, and ask for an explanation.]

1. "*I'm Monarch of all I Survey.*" Original copy of ballad sung by the First Eton Ten-oar.

2. Old Sketch (landscape) of the Very Cross Roads near Surley Hall. Also portrait of SURLY HALL himself.

3. *A Night on the Brocas.*" Old poem, supposed to be the original of the scene "on the Brocken" in *Faust.* A curious mistake of GOETHE's, probably due to his not having been educated at Eton.

4. The original "funny" owned by Master JOSEPH MILLER, supposed to have provided him with the notion for his first jest.

*** Also the original jest itself, bottled in high spirits, and in a fair state of preservation. As clearly as can be deciphered, the legend is something about "an Indian," "an oarsman," and "feathering a scull," or "skull."

5. A dissertation on the text that "The weakest goes to the Wall," showing how this proverb has been for many years directly contradicted, not only in theory but in practice during the Foot-ball time; it being at Eton the strongest who invariably go to "the Wall."

6. A finely illustrated poem on a bathing subject. It is called "*The Passing of Arthur.*" The picture shows the Masters on the bank at Cuckoo Ware, while one small natational Candidate is still in a punt shiveringly awaiting the command to jump in again and swim the regulation distance. From the title, it may be taken for granted that this ARTHUR did "pass" after all. Poor little chap!

7. "*Going a Cropper off the Acropperlis at Athens.*" Another bathing subject—unsigned.

FLOREAT ETONA!

Mr. Punch (to King Henry's "holy shade"). "CONGRATULATIONS, YOUR MAJESTY, ON THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY!"

Momus on Manipur.

SENTIMENT, GORST, to your stern soul,
May seem a "Simple Simon;"
But if there *be* a cheaper *rôle*,
'Tis that of twopenny Timon!

TWIN MOTTO.—"*You mustn't speak to the Man at the Wheel*" has become a proverbial expression. It stood alone. Now it has a companion; it comes from the hand of "A Master." It is, "*You must not speak to the Gentlemen of the Jury.*" The exceptions which prove this rule are in favour of the Judge, the Counsel, the Clerk, and the Usher.

THE LOST SERGEANT.

[In a recent case before Mr. Justice CHITTY, a doubt was expressed as to whether there was still such an officer as the Sergeant-at-Arms attending the Courts. His services had not been required since 1879. After some inquiry, however, he was discovered.]

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, where wert thou?
Haply pensioned
In some remote and solitary spot;
By lips judicial never even mentioned,
The Courts forgetting, by the Courts forgot.
Far from thy kind in some provincial village,
Didst thou devote thy hoary age to tillage?

Didst thou, perchance to lower heights declining
Lately, as busman, strike for higher pay?
Or, to the lash of fate thy soul resigning,
Wear a red cap and drive a brewer's dray?
Or didst thou on a bansom seek to fleece men,
And scorn the fair, and battle with policemen?

Or, didst thou play (as often I have seen a
Musician play in snow, or sleet, or rain)
The cornet or expansive concertina
Outside a public-house, and all in vain?
Music hath charms, but public-house men mock it,
Let loose an oath, but button up their pocket.

Or, didst thou write, as some have done, a shocker,
And sell it on the stalls of Mr. SMITH?
Or, write us versicles like FREDERICK LOCKER,
Or, ANDREW-LANG-like, talk about a myth?
Or, by thine own success amazed and staggered,
Make Zulus make thee rich, like Mr. HAGGARD?

Or, like BUCHANAN, didst thou quite exhaust in
One volume such abuse as fits a barge?
Twitter and chirp like Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN,
Or make a trifle mystically large,
Like SWINBURNE, round whose verse the fog grows stronger
Just in proportion as his lines are longer?

Whate'er thou didst, where'er thou wert, we found thee.
"Behold!" we cried, "the Sergeant reappears."
Let not our welcome overmuch astound thee,
Whom we have missed through twelve unhappy years.
Restored at length to England, home, and beauty,
Sergeant-at-Arms advance, and do thy duty!

ANCIENT "BLOCK SYSTEM" AT ETON.

The Head Master. "Here's *wishing* you well!"

N.B.—The rod may not be a *whack-simile* of the original, but our old Eton Boy says *it is quite near enough*, and, "in his position at the time," as he adds with truth, "it was impossible to see it."

THE 'BUS STRIKE being at an end, the newspapers will discontinue writing *de Omnibus rebus*, and must employ themselves upon *quibusdam aliis.*

"JUST A GOIN' TO BEGIN."—*The Fourth Centenary* of the Foundation of Eton College is the Festival of the *First Saint 'Enery.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 15.—RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN back to-night, after long absence. Been up the Nile, calling on PTOLEMY and PHARAOH, and visiting scenes connected with the early life of Brother JOSEPH. Much enjoyed the trip; entered House to-night full of life and energy; suddenly pulled up; hair rose; flesh crept; blood chilled. Was it true? Could it be possible? Yes; no doubt about it. There was Prince ARTHUR still lounging on Treasury Bench with MADDEN in reserve. About a score of Members present, including WINDBAG SEXTON, looking on with his irritating smile of supreme superiority, whilst SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE moved rejection of Irish Land Purchase Bill.

Brother Dick.

"Why!" exclaimed Brother DICK, his hair still visibly rising, "when I was here last, weeks and months ago, they were discussing Irish Land Bill; Prince ARTHUR sprawled on Treasury Bench; LABBY was denouncing the Bill as pernicious; and SEXTON, having just sat down and just going to follow, looked on with sort of pitying toleration of other people who assumed to know anything of the Bill. Do I dream, or are there visions about? Think I'll go and pinch JESSE COLLINGS, and see if I'm awake."

Yes; wide awake; no mistake about the situation; still harping on the Irish Land Bill; but, thank a merciful Providence, this is the last night. JOHN MORLEY, who never shrinks from call of duty, rises, and makes one of those formal, official, somewhat tiresome protests, recapitulating objections which everyone only too familiar with through this gruesome spring and saddened summer. Then SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE cracks a few jokes; MORTON appears on scene; attempt made to Count Out; talk kept going through dinner hour. At eleven o'clock Prince ARTHUR rises; benches fill up; then, when everyone ready for Division, strangers in Gallery startled by mighty roar of execration; looking round with startled gaze in search of explanation, discover at corner-seat below Gangway a dapper figure uplifted on supernaturally high-heeled boots, with trousers tightly drawn to display proportions of limbs that would have made *Sim Tappertit* green with envy; a black frock coat, buff waistcoat, coloured tie, a high collar, a wizened countenance, just now wrinkled with spasmodic contortion, kindly meant for an ingratiating smile.

This is SEYMOUR KEAY. House may roar at him as the dog that crosses the Epsom Course when the bell rings for the Derby is howled at. He has, in return for the contumely, only a smile, a deprecatory wave of the hand and a speech. House keeps up the roar; KEAY waves his ringed hand, nods pleasantly at the SPEAKER, and at anything approaching a lull, shouts half a sentence at top of his voice. For full ten minutes contest continued. Then SPEAKER rises; KEAY sits down, glad of interval of rest, and hopeful that SPEAKER is about to rebuke his interrupters.

"The question is," said the SPEAKER, "that this Bill be now read a Third Time." Before KEAY realised situation, House is cleared for Division, and his final speech on Land Purchase Bill remains unspoken.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a Third Time by 225 votes against 96.

Tuesday.—GORST gave House to-night thorough surprise. The SQUIRE of MALWOOD brought on Manipur business; moved Resolution asking for more papers. Incidentally indicted the Government at home and in India. GORST put up to reply. An average Minister would have made an ordinary speech; GORST's reply accepted by common consent as the most extraordinary ever heard from the Treasury Bench since DIZZY left it. Instead of evading responsibilities, colouring facts, doing what Ministers usually do when in a fix, GORST simply, boldly, cynically, told the truth. The SENAPATTI of MANIPUR was an ambitious, capable, popular man who might breed mischief for the rule of the EMPRESS of INDIA. So the SENAPATTI must be got rid of at earliest possible moment, and in most absolutely complete fashion. Arbitrary this; tyrannical perhaps; unjust possibly. None of GORST's business to defend or extenuate it. All he could say was it is not a new thing; done wherever British flag waves under foreign skies; in New Zealand with the Maori King; in South Africa with CETEWAYO; in Egypt with ARABI; in the Soudan with ZEBEHR. "In India," said GORST, leaning his elbow lightly on the table, "they have always hated and discouraged independent and original talent; always loved and promoted mediocrity."

As he finished this pregnant and delightful aphorism, GORST looked up at the Peers' Gallery, where sat his Chief, GRAND CROSS, successor of CLIVE in the Government of India. His glance travelled downward, till it rested on the Treasury Bench, and fell gently on the figure of OLD MORALITY.

How DIZZY would have delighted in this speech, with this last exquisite touch! The SQUIRE of MALWOOD, in his secret breast, not less appreciative; but debate must be kept up, and he joined in the hue and cry with which Mediocrity resented this fresh and original way of treating things. Even CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN shook his head. "It is brilliant," he said, "but it is not discretion."

Business done.—A good deal.

Thursday.—Government met with awkward defeat on Factories Bill. Not quite certain to whom they chiefly owe it, whether to GORST or MATTHEWS. Question arose on SYDNEY BUXTON'S Amendment, raising the age of child-labourers to a minimum of eleven years. Debate lasted all night; a pleasant contrast to the unreality of Irish Debate; Benches crowded; audience interested; speeches practical; GORST in attendance, though doubtful whether he would speak. Usually sits in modest retirement under shadow of SPEAKER'S Chair. To-night marked slight difference of opinion from his colleagues by taking up corner-seat on Treasury Bench by Gangway, quite out of reach of hand-shake from HOME SECRETARY.

MUNDELLA, longing to be at MATTHEWS, waiting on Front Opposition Bench; MATTHEWS, earnestly desiring collision with MUNDELLA, lingered the long night through on Treasury Bench. At last dragged into arena by JOHN MORLEY. Painfully conscious of GORST on his right hand. Why couldn't he go away? Why sit there smiling when MATTHEWS floundered, and why turn over the pages of the Blue Book with such subtle air of contradiction when MATTHEWS quoted from proceedings of Berlin Conference?

As midnight drew on, excitement increased. Uncertain how Division would go. Rumours of possible defeat of the Government; AKERS-DOUGLAS moving about smiling; therefore all must be well. House surging with excitement; movement to and fro; a buzz of conversation rising above the voice of Member addressing the Chair. Only one placid figure under the glass roof. Seated in side Gallery facing Treasury Bench was J. S. BALFOUR; (no relation of Prince ARTHUR'S, *bien entendu*) Question put; Division bell rang; the bustle of eight hundred departing feet disturbed J. S. B., and, stepping carefully down from the inconveniently high Bench, he walked out to take part in the Division.

No Relation of Prince Arthur's.

"All very well, dear TOBY," he said, "talking about eleven being the age for half-timers. Eleven seems to me about the figure at which we should knock off here. When it gets on to twelve in this hot weather, I almost feel as if I could go to sleep." *Business done.*—SYDNEY BUXTON'S Amendment to Factories Bill carried by 202 Votes against 186.

Friday.—Question to-night, how would Government take their defeat of yesterday? Soon settled; at earliest moment MATTHEWS appeared at table, announced that Government "fully and cordially" accepted decision of House. It was true that they had resisted, with fullest strength, SYDNEY BUXTON'S proposal. He himself, in powerful speech, had demonstrated that, if Amendment were added to the Bill, the heavens would fall, and the British Empire would stagger to its doom. But that only his play; GORST really obliged to the House for beating them, and Clause would be added to Bill. Done accordingly. Report stage of Factories' Bill run through, and Third Reading taken.

Odd thing befell the universe last week. Happening to mention in this Diary WOOTON ISAACSON, Member for Tower Hamlets, the dissolute Artist drew fancy portrait of LEWIS ISAACS, Member for Newington; labelled it from *Dod*, "A Progressive Conservative." Oddly enough, both ISAACS and ISAACSON write themselves down in *Dod* "A Progressive Conservative." So our Artist (occasionally quite clear-headed), got mixed up with the family; descended, so to speak, from ISAAC to ISAAC'S SON. Not quite sure to which apology is due. Just as well to mention it, so that, when the New Zealander reads his *Punch* a century or two hence, he may have a clear conception of the actuality. *Business done.*—Quite a lot.

MORE RUSSIAN TYRANNY.—*Punch* is not admitted into Russia unless bound.

"THE SHODKIN."

[In a Jewish divorce case it was alleged that the petitioner and respondent had been brought together by a "Shodkin." The Shodkin, it was explained, was a person who brought about marriages between members of the Jewish community, and was paid a fee by one or both the parties.]

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."—*Merchant of Venice.*

"GIVE me new rhymes," the poet cries,
"I want another rhyme for 'bodkin,'"
And here comes dropping from the skies
That comfortable word, "the Shodkin."

Long have I racked my brain for rhymes,
I tried to drag in Mr. GODKIN;
On Friday last I read my *Times*,
Eureka! down it goes—the Shodkin.

We live by verse, and how shall we
This Hebrew middle-man disparage,
To whom religion grants a fee,
Paid by both sides, for making marriage?

Nay, Jew, we thank thee for the word,
For Fate two Jews might haply sever;
The busy Shodkin comes as third,
And swiftly makes them one for ever.

AN OPERATIC PUZZLE.

I HAD been informed that it was no use buying a book of *Mireille*, as those sold in the house were of a somewhat light and mis-leading character. So I didn't. But I had a programme, and fortunately I was able to recognise most of the singers in spite of their disguise. Also I comforted myself with the official information that the piece was to be performed, "by desire, in French." "Oho!" says I, to myself, "there is some sensible person on the Committee who doesn't understand Italian, and prefers 'French as she is sung.'" However, I recognised but one of the Covent Garden Committee men present, and he was there only in a casual sort of way. DRURIOLANUS wasn't *en évidence;* probably at home rehearsing various effects with a view to receiving the Imperial Majesty of Germany. These receptions, including "such a getting up (and down) stairs," walking with crab-like action, require a lot of rehearsal, not to mention the management of a sword which is apt to be dangerous only to the wearer, and the carrying of wax-lights, the effect of which on his official Court dress may recall to the mind of the Operatic Manager the celebrated name of GRISI. There was no one in authority to tell me anything about *Mireille*, and this is what I made out of the plot.

Mireille, Miss EAMES, charming throughout, is a happy peasant in beautiful little patent leather shoes, which, I hope, are as easy as apparently are her circumstances. She is beloved by one *Vincent*, pronounced *Van Song*, a peasant of a rather Whitechapelish - costermon - gerish-out-on-a-Sunday appearance, but picturesque withal. They are engaged; at least, if they are not they ought to be. Then comes a handsome elderly lady, disguised like a fairy godmother in a pantomime before she throws off her hood and announces her real character, and this lady, called *Taven* in the bill, is Mlle. PASSAMA, who sings a song about a *papillon*, for what particular reason I do not know, except to please the audience, which it did, being encored, and to puzzle *Mireille*, in which it also succeeded, if I might judge by Miss EAMES's expressive countenance. And here I must observe that I found my intimate acquaintance with the French language almost useless, for except an occasional "*oui*," given, as *Jeames* has it, "in excellent French," and for some allusions to "*le papillon*" just mentioned, and "*et alors*"—which didn't help me much, even when given twice most dramatically by M. ISNARDON,—I couldn't catch a single word, and as far as libretto went, it might have been, for me personally, given in double-Dutch, or the dialect of a South-African tribe.

The Wicked Vibrato Peasant with the big Toasting-cum-Tuning-Fork.

On the disappearance of *Taven*,—[she didn't take off her cloak, and wasn't a fairy, which rather put me off the scent, I admit,]—in comes a gorgeous person, six feet high at least, and stout in proportion, who, as I gathered from the programme, was *Ourrias* (what a name!), played by Signor CESTE, and sung with a kind of double vibrato stop in his organ, which seemed, when turned on full, to make the upper boxes quiver. Well, in he comes, and tells *Mireille* something—what, I don't know—but this is how the row began, as, in less than five minutes, two old men, one M. ISNARDON, dramatic and in tune, and the other, not mentioned in my programme, and therefore pardonably somewhat out of tune, enter and commence a rumpus; what the difficulty was all about I am not clear, but the upshot was that the old man in tune cursed his daughter, and the old man out of tune held back his son VINCENT, and prevented him from first assaulting and then being assaulted by the irate *Maître Ramon*, *i.e.*, M. ISNARDON. The Chorus of Unhappy Villagers forms *tableau*. End of Act the Second; in Act the First there was no action at all, and everything had gone off as pleasantly as possible.

Then, in Act III., there is a sandy desert—where?—Egypt?—Heaven, AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and the scene-painter, only know—and here comes on a mighty illigant shepherd with a pipe—to play, not to smoke—and one clever person near me was sure it was Miss EAMES in disguise, but it turned out to be Miss REGINA PINKERT, a piper of whom some present would willingly have paid to hear a little more; but she vanished, probably in search of her flock in the desert,—by the way, an excellent place for golf this desert,—and then in came *Mireille* and *Taven*, when the latter, I fancy, tells *Mireille* of the crime she has witnessed in the previous scene, which, I regret to say, I have omitted to mention from motives of delicacy. But alas! I can no longer conceal the fact. In that previous scene *Mr. Ourrias* had behaved very badly in first losing his temper, and then sticking a dagger into poor *Vincent Lubert*, who fell down behind a rock, presumably dead.

The Happy Peasant Boy with his Long Pipe.

The golf-ground is cleared off, and we are back again in front of the village church. But at this moment a person, who knew all about it, whispered, "If you want to get your cab, and escape the crush, now's the time, as the Opera is just over." So I hurried off, and to this moment I haven't the faintest idea how it all ended, and I don't quite understand how it began. However, I have recorded my impressions, confused probably, but—the music is very pretty, and Miss EAMES very charming.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

Typical British Father (according to the Home Secretary). Now, come, JANE and JIM, bundle up to your work. Look sharp!

Government Inspector. No, Mr. SIKES, I think not. Your youngsters have not touched eleven yet.

Typical British Father. But they're over ten.

Government Inspector. That don't matter. The age is altered. You'll just send your young kids back to the Board School again.

Typical British Father. Well, I call it downright robbery. Why, they supports me, they do; and what more fitter work can you find for the kids, but to support their parients with the sweat of their brow. Why, I thought the 'OME SECRETARY was all on our side.

Government Inspector. Well, he's been beat, that's all. The country don't see the fun of sending children of tender years away from their proper training, to wear out their young bodies and poison their young systems in beastly close, ill-ventilated work-rooms, and all just to bring in an extra bit of money to enable their parents, like you, to laze and loaf at home, and, maybe, spend their hardly-earned wage on drink. However, you'll have to dock it, Mr. SIKES.

Typical British Father. Well, I call it downright bloomin' robbery. It's more. It's a invasion of the sacred rights of the British working man's domestic home. It's a infringement of the liberty of the subject, that's wot it is. It's a teaching the young 'uns rebellion against their natural protectors. It's a bloomin' shame!

[Government Inspector *leads them off delighted.* Typical British Father *left swearing.*

UNSELFISH HELP BY SMILES.—"Dr. QUAIN's advice to doctors," says Mr. JAMES PAYN in the *Illustrated London News*, "always 'to look cheerful,' ought to be written in letters of gold." So it is: in notes, or cheques. When the eminent novelist has to send for Dr. QUAIN, the latter will beam on him, and tell him a good story. The labour he delights in will "physic PAYN."

THE EGOISM OF GENIUS.

Fond Mother. "DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THE EVENING PAPERS, MORTIMER?"
Minimus Poet. "WHY, IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT *ME* IN THEM?" *Fond Mother.* "NOT THAT I KNOW OF, DARLING."
Minimus Poet (pettishly). "GOOD HEAVENS, MOTHER, THEN WHAT ON EARTH SHOULD I WANT TO *SEE* THEM FOR?"

POLITICAL ASIDES;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

(*Very freely adapted from* THOMAS HOOD.)

Fond Mother. I really take it vastly kind,
This visit, my dear creature!
A family likeness here you 'll find.
(Like *hers?* Not in one feature!)

Friendly Visitor. Only too happy, I am sure,
To see the little darling,
Our family friendships *are* so pure!
(They find effect in snarling.)

Fond Mother. Well, dear, with *your* experience,
Your aid must be of value.
You 've not yet given its help immense.
(Nor, if I know it, *shall* you!)

Friendly Visitor. Ah! Good Nurse G-SCH-N, is she out,
That you the babe are dandling?
Sweet-tempered child and strong, no doubt!
(The brat wants careful handling.)

Fond Mother. G-SCH-N and D-KE are both at hand,
But I 'm so proud to show it.
The weakness *you* will understand
(Envious, and knows I know it!)

Friendly Visitor. Mothers must be as vigilant
As—say 'Bus-strikers' pickets.
It cries, dear! What does baby want?
(Half-starved, and has the rickets!)

Fond Mother. Which, think you, the best Infant's Food?
You see there are so many;
I know your judgment is so good!
(Not worth a single penny!)

Friendly Visitor. Well, dear, don't swaddle it too tight,
That ruins the digestion, [right.
And—Forster's Food I've found work
(She 'll relish *that* suggestion!)

Fond Mother. Humph! Rather out of date, I fear!
You 've slight experience—*lately*—
Next time you nurse you 'll know, my dear!
(She 'll like that home-thrust *greatly!*)

Friendly Visitor. Your nursing, dear, of course, is based
Upon my Nursery Manual.
The child looks *rayther* peaky-faced.
(Not quite a hardy annual!)

Fond Mother. Think so? Look up, and laugh, my sweet,
Show NANA she 's mistaken—
It quite begins to "feel its feet."
(With spite her soul is shaken!)

Friendly Visitor. I understand your family
Call it "The Changeling." Why so?
The family likeness *all* must see.
(It squints with the left eye so!)

Fond Mother. Oh! there are always *some* cross things
In *every* Family Party.
Your mother's heart has felt such stings!
(She 'll think of JOE and HARTY!)

Friendly Visitor. Well, well, with my advice,
And lots of Liberal Tonic, [my dear,
Your child we possibly may rear.
(That 's one for Old Sardonic!)

Fond Mother. Oh! really you are quite *too* kind!
Your own "Home-Rule Elixir"
Unfailing for your babes you find?
(Fancy *that* dart will fix her!)

Friendly Visitor. You see we breed, and nurse, our own;
We do not steal or borrow.
However, dear, I must be gone.
(To call again to-morrow!)

Fond Mother. What! must you go? Next, time no doubt,
You 'll give more Liberal measure.
Nurse G. shall see you safely out,
(With most particular pleasure!)

Friendly Visitor. Don't trouble, dear! The bell I 'll pull,
And, bid them call my cabby!
Good bye! The Babe 's be-you-ti-ful!
(*A Flabby, Dabby, Babby!!!*)

About the Last of It.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Would you kindly suggest to MR. CALDERON, in the interest of Historical and religious Art, that he should give us for next year's Academy, as companion-picture to his "*St. Elizabeth*," "*Cardinal Wolsey, in his old age, left naked to his enemies.*"—Yours, *artfully*, A SHAKESPEARIAN READER, BUT NO LATIN SCHOLAR.

A PARLIAMENTARY ASIDE.

Friendly Visitor (*effusively*). "IT IS INDEED A BE-UTIFUL CHE-ILD! (*Aside.*) *FLABBY, DABBY BABBY!!*"

"KNOWLEDGE IS INVALUABLE!"

SCENE—*Royal Commission of the Future. Commissioners present. Last Witness under examination.*

Chairman. And now, my lad, you have learned everything.

Witness (modestly). Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen, up to a certain point.

Chairman. Quite so—you have, generally speaking, an education rather better than an average City Clerk?

Witness (in the same modest tone). So I am given to understand.

Chairman. What is your father?

Witness. An artisan. But pardon me, I think I can anticipate and answer the next question. I am entirely unfit to follow my parent's calling—physically and morally. My frame has been weakened by study, and my education prevents——.

Chairman (interrupting). Just so. We can hardly expect a lad of fourteen who is good enough to floor the London matriculation taking to bricklaying? (*Murmurs of general assent.*) Well, my boy, have you tried to get a clerkship?

Witness. Alas! yes, indeed I have, my Lord and Gentlemen. I have tried everywhere to obtain employment, but without success.

Chairman (sympathetically). Dear me! Very sad! But come, my lad, we have given you something more than an ordinary commercial education—you have acquired accomplishments.

Witness. Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen; but, believe me, they are valueless. I am an excellent violinist, but there is no room for me at the theatres. It is true I might, by paying my footing, secure a place in a strolling band, consisting of a harp and a cornet, but I have conscientious scruples against earnings gained at the doors of a public-house.

Chairman. Certainly. Besides, I fancy you make too light of the difficulties of securing such a position. A Witness, who gave very much the same evidence as yourself, declared it was impossible to gain admission even to a German Band. But you have learned drawing?

Witness. Yes; but I find the accomplishment valueless as a bread-winner. I would do pastels on the flag-stones were not the supply of artists in this particular line greatly in excess of the demand. Besides, the police move them on.

Chairman. Well, my lad, what can you do for yourself?

Witness. Nothing; and consequently, my Lord and Gentlemen, I hope you will do something for me.

Chairman (after consultation with his colleagues). As you have been educated up to a point rendering you valueless at fourteen, we shall have much pleasure in recommending that your studies be continued until your education will be equally valueless at nineteen. If this scheme does nothing else, it will keep you employed for the next five years! [*Scene closes in upon the Report.*

A SCIENTIFIC CENTENARY.

Faraday (returned). "WELL, MISS SCIENCE, I HEARTILY CONGRATULATE YOU; YOU HAVE MADE MARVELLOUS PROGRESS SINCE MY TIME!"

ORATORIO, AS HANDLED AT THE C.P.

THE Tenth Triennial Handel Festival. Programme extends over three days, Monday, to-day the 24th, and Friday the 26th. The singers are Madame ALBANI, Miss MARIAN MCKENZIE, Messrs. SANTLEY, EDWARD LLOYD, BARTON MCGUCKIN, BRIDSON, and BRERETON—the last pair seeming to come in like the "two pretty men" of nursery history, 'yclept "ROBIN and RICHARD." The great organ cannot be played without EYRE and bellows. The Conductor to the musical omnibus is AUGUST MANNS, or more appropriately, JUNE MANNS. *Motto.*—"MANNS wants but little here below, but he wants that uncommonly good"—and more than good it is safe to be in the hands of the Conductor whose name is indicative of quantity and quality. *Salvete, Homines!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron is getting along with GEORGE MEREDITH'S *One of Our Conquerors.* Within the last three weeks he has already reached p. 94 of Vol. I., and here the weather, having suddenly become tropical, the Baron felt that his mighty brain "whirled, swam to a giddiness, and subsided." He has been stopped occasionally *en route;* he had come into view of "*the diminutive marble cavalier of the infantile cerebellum.*" Then he retraced his steps, puzzled a bit, but after a "modest quencher" Swivellerian libation, he hit upon a luminous passage which warned him "*in plain speech*"—and whose is plainer than GEORGE MEREDITH'S?—"*that the Bacchus of auspicious birth induces ever to the worship of the loftier Deities.*" Excellent f' faith! And then the Baron smole, as one who is interiorly enlightened smileth as he read, "*Forbear to come hauling up examples of malarious men*"—("'malarious men' is good," quoth the Baron)—"*in whom these pourings of the golden rays of life breed fogs; and be moved, since you are scarcely under an obligation to hunt the meaning*"—(here the Baron wondered within himself. Was he under an obligation or not? In *foro conscientiæ* the case was set down for that immortal date, "*To-morrow*")—"*in tolerance of some dithyrambic inebriety of narration (quiverings of the reverent pen) when we find ourselves entering the circle of a most magnetic popularity.*" Here the Baron paused. Somehow, in his search after truth, he had fallen down some seventy pages, and was on his back again at p. 33, Vol. I. Refreshment was necessary. Iced. Also a Nicotinian sacrifice, as of primitive days, when heifers adorned, not altars, but weeds, vegetables, and early produce only. *Smokeamus! Veni, vidi, visky!* 'Fore GEORGE! Your health and novel!

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"AS EASY AS A B C."

Witness of the Labour Commission (under examination). Yes, I think that employers should be forced by law to give in to their men.

Question. But should this lead to bankruptcy, what then?

Witness. Bankruptcy should be legally abolished.

Question. Should employers have no money to pay the employed?

Witness. That duty should be discharged by the Government.

Question. But how should the loss be supplied—by the imposition of new taxes?

Witness. Certainly not. Taxation should be entirely abolished.

Question. Then how could your scheme be carried out?

Witness (courteously). That is a matter I leave entirely to the discretion of the Government.

HORATIO LARKINS VISITS THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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